

The North British Review

Vol. 20

Part. 1

1854

Sas.
Librarian

Uttarpara Joykrishna Public Library
Govt. of West Bengal

052 NO 20
Vol. 20
(Pt. 1)



THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

ART. I.—*The Life and Times of Madame de Staël.* By MARIA NORRIS. London, 1853.

“THE Life and Times of Madame de Staël:” what a promise of vivid interest does not the title hold forth! What a host of images and ideas start into life at the spell of that name, and silently group themselves around the central figure! Necker, the object of her life-long worship, with his grand position, his *bourgeois* intellect, and his rare integrity;—Madame Necker, the rigid mother, the tender wife, the faithful friend—puritanical, precise, *bornée*, but not ungenial;—Gibbon, at first the phlegmatic lover, afterwards the philosophic friend, but always brilliant, fascinating, and profound;—Louis de Narbonne, perhaps the most perfect specimen then extant of the finished noble of the *ancien régime*, polished to the core, not varnished merely on the surface;—Talleyrand, the subtlest and deepest intellect of his time, and long the intimate associate of Madame de Staël;—Napoleon, her relentless persecutor;—Benjamin Constant and Schlegel, her steady and attached allies;—these men form the circle of which she was the centre and the chief.

Then the “times” in which she lived! She saw the commencement and the close of that great social earthquake which overthrew the oldest dynasty in Europe, shook society to its foundation, unsettled the minds of men to their inmost depths, turned up the subsoil of nations with a deeper ploughshare than Destiny had ever yet driven, and opened the way for those new social ideas and those new political arrangements which are still operating and fermenting, and the final issue, the “perfect

work," of which our children's children may not live to see. Her life, though only prolonged through half a century, was coeval with that series of great events which, for magnitude and meaning, have no parallel in human history; by all of which she was more or less affected; in some of which she took a prominent and not unimportant part. She was born while the house of Bourbon was at the height of its meretricious splendour and its reckless profligacy: she lived to see it return, after its tragic downfall and its dreary banishment, to a house that had been "swept and garnished,"—little better and no wiser than before. She saw the rise, the culmination, and the setting of Napoleon's meteor-star; she had reached the pinnacle of her fame while he was laying the foundation of his; and she, shattered and way-worn, was beginning to look forward to her final rest, when his career was closed for ever in defeat and exile.

But it is not of the period in which she lived that we think first or most naturally when we hear the name of Madame de Staël: it is of the writer whose wondrous genius and glowing eloquence held captive our souls in "the season of susceptible youth," of the author of the *Lettres sur Rousseau*, who sanctioned and justified our partiality for that fascinating rhapsodist,—of *L'Allemagne*, from whose pages we first imbibed a longing to make the riches of that mighty literature our own,—of *Corinne*, over whose woes and sorrows so many eyes have wept delicious tears; of that dazzling admixture of deep thought, tender sentiment, and brilliant fancy, which give to her writings a charm possessed by the productions of no other woman—and in truth of but few men.

We are not surprised at the attraction which such a subject as the Life and Times of such a woman must have had for a youthful authoress, which Miss Norris evidently is. We wish we could say that she had proved equal to the task of delineating so stirring an epoch and so rare a character. The faults and defects of the work, however, are those of youth and inexperience. There is a want of grasp; an apparent poverty of materials; an almost entire absence of all reference to the sources from which she has derived her information; an imperfect power of appreciating the political characters of whom she speaks; and a proneness—against which youthful writers should especially be on their guard—to indulge in trite and needless reflections, some of which are absolutely puerile, and one or two not only superficial but unsound. Instances to justify our criticism may be found at pp. 152, 157, 245, 276. But, on the whole, the tone of the work is agreeable, the sentiments are generally just, and the admiration for Madame de Staël which pervades every page is such as we can heartily sympathize with. We trust, therefore,

that the authoress will take our criticism in good part, and consider it as intended, not to discourage, but to warn and aid.

Anne-Marie Louise Necker was born at Paris in 1766. Both her parents were remarkable persons. Her father, James Necker, a simple citizen of Geneva, began life as clerk in a banker's office in Paris, speedily became a partner, and by skill, diligence, sound judgment, and strict integrity, contrived in the course of twenty years to amass a large fortune and to acquire a lofty reputation. While accumulating wealth, however, he neglected neither literature nor society. He studied both philosophy and political economy; he associated with the Encyclopedists and eminent literati of the time; his house was frequented by some of the most remarkable men who at that period made the Parisian salons the most brilliant in Europe; and he found time, by various writings on financial matters, to create a high and general estimation of his talents as an administrator and economist. His management of the affairs of the French East India Company raised his fame in the highest political circles, while, as accredited agent for the Republic of Geneva at the Court of Versailles, he obtained the esteem and confidence both of the sovereign and the ministers. So high did he stand both in popular and courtly estimation, that, shortly after the accession of Louis XVI., he was appointed, although a foreigner, Comptroller-General of the Finances. He held this post for five years, till 1781;—and contrived not only to effect considerable savings, by the suppression of upwards of 600 sinecures, but also in some small degree to mitigate and equalize taxation, and to introduce a system of order and regularity into the public accounts to which they had long been strangers. As proved by his celebrated *Compte rendu*, which, though vehemently attacked, was never successfully impugned, he found a deficit of 34 millions when he entered office, and left a surplus of 10 millions when he quitted it,—notwithstanding the heavy expenses of the American war. In the course of his administration, however, Necker had of course made many enemies, who busied themselves in undermining his position at court, and overruled the weak and vacillating attachment of the king. Necker found that his most careful and valuable plans were canvassed and spoiled by his enemies in the Council, where he was not present to defend them, and that, in fact, he had not and could not have fair play while he continued excluded from the Cabinet. He demanded, therefore, the entry of the Privy Council, and resigned when it was refused him, though earnestly requested to remain by those who knew how valuable his reputation was to a discredited and unpopular court, unwilling as they were to submit to his measures or honestly adopt his

plans. Necker did not choose to be so used; and he retired to write the celebrated work on the Administration of the Finances, which at once placed him on the pinnacle of popularity and fame. Eighty thousand copies were sold; and henceforth Necker was the man on whom all eyes were turned in every financial crisis, and to whom the nation looked as the only minister who could rescue them from the difficulties which were daily thickening around them.

Then followed the reckless administration of Calonne, whose sole principle was that of "making things pleasant," and who, in an incredibly short time, added 1646 millions to the capital of the debt, and left an annual deficit of 140 millions, instead of an annual excess of ten. Brienne attacked him, and succeeded him; but things went on from bad to worse, till, when matters were wholly past a remedy, in August 1788, Necker was recalled and reinstated. What he *might* have done, on the occasion of this second ministry, had he been a man of commanding genius and unbending will, it is useless and perhaps impossible to conjecture. Surrounded with numberless perplexities; beset at once by the machinations of unscrupulous enemies who counter-worked him in secret, and by the embarrassments which every predecessor had accumulated in his path; borne into power on a tide of popular expectations which no popularity could enable him to satisfy; set down to labour at the solution of a perhaps insoluble problem, face to face with a crisis which might well stagger the most dauntless courage and confuse the clearest head; famine around him, bankruptcy before him; and all other voices gradually lost in one "which every moment waxed louder and more terrible—the fierce and tumultuous roar of a great people, conscious of irresistible strength, maddened by intolerable wrongs, and sick of deferred hopes;"—perhaps no human strength or wisdom could have sufficed for the requirements of that fearful time. Perhaps no human power could then have averted the catastrophe. What Necker might have done had he acted differently and been differently made, we cannot say. What he did was to struggle with manly, but not hopeful courage, for a terrible twelve months; using his great credit to procure loans, spending his vast private fortune to feed the famishing populace of Paris; commencing the final act of the long inchoate revolution, by calling the States-General; insuring its fearful triumph by the decisive measure of doubling the numbers of the *tiers-état*, and permitting the states to deliberate in common; devising schemes of finance and taxation which were too wise to be palatable and too late to save; composing speeches for the monarch to deliver, which the queen and the courtiers ruined and emasculated before they were made

public ; and bearing the blame of faults and failures not his own. At length his subterranean enemies prevailed : he received his secret *congé* from the king in July 1789, and reached Basle, rejoicing at heart in his relief from a burden of which, even to one so passionately fond of popularity as he was, the weight was beginning to be greater than the charms.

The people were furious at the dismissal of their favourite : the Assembly affected to be so. Riots ensued ; the Bastille was stormed ; blood was shed ; the Court was frightened ; and Necker was once more recalled. The royal messenger overtook him just as he was entering Switzerland, with the command to return to Paris, and resume his post. He obeyed the mandate with a sad presentiment that he was returning to be a useless sacrifice in a hopeless cause, but with the conviction that duty left him no alternative. His journey to Paris was one long ovation ; the authorities everywhere came out to greet him ; the inhabitants thronged around his path ; the populace unharnessed his horses and drew his carriage a great part of the way ; the minister drank deeply of the intoxicating cup of national gratitude and popular applause ; and if he relished it too keenly and regretted it too much, at least he ~~used~~ it nobly and had earned it well. It would have been far better for his own fame and happiness if he had not returned to power : it could scarcely have been worse for his adopted country. His third and last administration was a series of melancholy and perhaps inevitable failures. The torrent of popular violence had become far too strong to stem. The monarchy had fallen to a position in which it was impossible to save it. Necker's head, too, seems to have been somewhat turned by his triumph. He disappointed the people and bored the Assembly. The stream of events had swept past him, and left him standing bewildered and breathless on the margin. "*Les temps étaient bien changés pour lui, et il n'était plus ce ministre à la conservation duquel le peuple attachait son bonheur un an auparavant. Privé de la confiance du roi, brouillé avec ses collègues, excepté Montmorin, il était négligé par l'Assemblée, et n'en obtenait pas tous les égards qu'il eût pu en attendre. L'erreur de Necker consistait à croire que la raison suffisait à tout, et que, manifestée avec un mélange de sentiment et de logique, elle devait triompher de l'entêtement des aristocrates et de l'irritation des patriotes. Necker possédait cette raison un peu fière qui juge les écarts des passions et les blâme ; mais il manquait de cette autre raison plus élevée et moins orgueilleuse, qui ne se borne pas à les blâmer, mais qui sait aussi les conduire. Aussi, placé au milieu d'elles, il ne fut pour toutes qu'une gêne et point un frein. Il avait blessé l'Assemblée, en lui rappelant sans cesse et avec des reproches le soin*

le plus difficile de tous, celui des finances: il s'était attiré en outre le ridicule par la manière dont il parlait de lui-même. Sa démission fut acceptée avec plaisir par tous les partis. Sa voiture fut arrêtée à la sortie du royaume par le même peuple qui l'avait naguère traînée en triomphe; il fallut un ordre de l'Assemblée pour que la liberté d'aller en Suisse lui fût accordée. Il l'obtenait bientôt, et se retira à Coppet, pour y contempler de loin une révolution qu'il était plus propre à observer qu'à conduire."*

If the society of few men is more interesting or instructive than that of the retired statesman who, having played his part in the world's history, stands aside to watch at leisure the further progress of the mighty drama, and having served his country faithfully and laboriously during his years of vigour and maturity has earned a right to repose in the decline of life; who contemplates with a mind enriched by reflection, and not soured by failure, the evolution of those great problems of human destiny *quorum pars magna fuit*, and brings the experience of the man of action to modify the conclusions of the man of thought, and who, with that serenity of soul which is the last achievement of wisdom and of virtue, and which belongs only to those who have fought the good fight, striven through the angry tempest, and reached the quiet haven—can look with a vivid interest which has no touch of scorn on the combatants who are still intent upon the battle or struggling in the storm, can aid them by his counsel and cheer them by his sympathy;—on the other hand, there are few sadder spectacles than that presented by the politician cast out from power, unable to accept his fate, and sitting unreconciled, mourning, and resentful amid the ruins of his greatness. Such was Necker in his last retirement. For a long time he said he could think of nothing but the *coup de foudre* which had overthrown him. In one short year he had fallen from the pinnacle of prosperity to the depths of disgrace and neglect; and as he had relished the former more keenly perhaps than befitted a philosopher, so he felt the latter more bitterly than became a wise man or a Christian. His mortification and regret, too, were enhanced by a somewhat morbid conscientiousness;† he could not shake off the

* Thiers. *Rév. Française*, i p 119

† "Cette terreur du remords a été toute puissante sur la vie de mon père: il étoit prêt à se condamner dès que le succès ne répondait pas à ses efforts, sans cesse il se jugeait lui-même de nouveau. On a cru qu'il avoit de l'orgueil, parce qu'il n'est jamais courbé ni sous l'injustice ni sous le pouvoir, mais il se présente devant un regret du cœur, devant le plus subtil des scrupules de l'esprit, et ses ennemis peuvent apprendre avec certitude qu'ils ont eu le triste succès de troubler amèrement son repos, chaque fois qu'ils l'ont accusé d'être la cause d'un malheur, ou de n'avoir pas su le prévenir. Il est aisé de concevoir qu'avec autant d'imagination et de sensibilité, quand l'histoire de notre vie se trouve mêlée

idea that there was something culpable in failure; he felt that he had not been equal to the crisis, and that he had committed many errors; he could not divest himself of the dread that his own measures might have let loose that tide of national fury which was now so fearfully avenging the heaped up wrongs of centuries; and the annoyance of failure was aggravated by the sense of guilt. Besides all this, too, he loved France too well not to mourn over her prospects and blush for her savagery and her crimes; so he sat in his garden at Coppet, dejected and remorseful, pining over the past, and full of gloomy forebodings for the future; and deaf to the consolations of his faithful wife and his adoring daughter. Gibbon, who saw much of him at this period of his career, says that he should have liked to shew him in his then condition to any one whom he desired to cure of the sin of ambition. - He passed whole days in gloom and silence; all attempts to engage him in conversation were vain; he felt like a vessel wrecked and stranded: "Othello's occupation was gone."

By degrees, however, this depression left him, and he roused himself again to interest and action. He sent forth pamphlet after pamphlet of warning and remonstrance to hostile readers and unheeding ears. He offered himself to Louis as his advocate, when that monarch was brought to trial, and when his offer was declined, published a generous and warm defence of his old master. The remainder of his life was passed in the enjoyment of family affection, of literary labours, and of philosophical and religious speculations; and he died in 1804 at the age of 72, happy in the conviction that he was only exchanging the society of his cherished daughter for that of his faithful and long-respected wife, who had died some years before.

On the whole, Necker was worthy of all honour and of long remembrance. History tells us of many greater statesmen, but of few better men. Without going so far as his enthusiastic daughter, who more than once declares that his genius was bounded only by his virtue, we quite admit that his weakness and indecision were often attributable to his scrupulosity, and that more pliant principles and a harder heart might occasionally have fitted him better to deal with the evil days on which he has fallen. In truth, for such a crisis as that of the French Revolution he was somewhat too much of the preacher and the prude. He was well aware of his own deficiencies. He told Louis XVI. that if

aux plus terribles évènements politiques, ni la conscience, ni la raison, ni l'estime même du monde ne rassurent entièrement l'homme de génie, dont l'ardente pensée, dans la solitude, s'acharne sur le passé."—Vie privée de M. Necker, par Madame de Staël, p. 55.

moral purity and administrative skill were all that was needed in the Government, he might be able to serve him, but that if ever the times should require a genius and a will like Richelieu's, then he must resign the helm to abler hands. His portrait and his justification may be given in a single sentence : he was a good man fallen upon times that required a great man : his failure was the inevitable one of mediocrity entrusted with a task which scarcely the rarest genius could have successfully accomplished. Disinterested almost to a fault, in a period of unexampled rapacity and corruption ; stainless and rigid in his morals amid universal laxity and license ; ardently and unaffectedly religious, in a howling wilderness of impiety and atheism ; conscientious, while all around him were profligate and selfish ; moderate, while every one else was excited and intemperate,—he was strangely out of place in that wild chaos of the old and new : the age demanded sterner stuff than he was made of—other services than he could render. “To be weak (says Carlyle) is not so miserable ; *but to be weaker than our task.* Wo the day when they mounted thee, a peaceable pedestrian, on that wild Hippogryff of a Democracy, which, spurning the firm earth, nay, lashing at the very stars, no yet-known Astolpho could have ridden !”

Madame Necker, too, was in her way remarkable enough. The daughter of a Swiss Protestant minister of high repute for piety and talent, and herself early distinguished both for beauty and accomplishments, her spotless character and superior intellectual powers attracted the admiration of Gibbon during his early residence at Lausanne. He proposed, and was accepted ; but his father, imagining that his son might well aspire to some higher connexion, was very indignant, and forbade the fulfilment of the engagement. Gibbon submitted, and moralized : “I sighed as a lover (says he) and obeyed as a son, and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of the favoured minister of a great kingdom, and sits in the high places of the earth.” They renewed their acquaintance in after years, and remained fast friends till death. There is something, to our feelings, very touching in this lasting attachment between those who had been lovers in their youth, but who had been prevented from uniting their lots in life ; and the letters of Madame Necker, many of which are preserved, give us a most pleasing impression of both her character and powers, and convey the idea of far greater tenderness and poetry of soul than, judging from other sources of information, she was generally supposed to possess. Faithfully and ardently attached to her husband, whose consolation and strength she had supplied during long years of trial, prosperity, and sorrow, and who repaid her with a fondness even more feminine than her own, she had yet much true, warm, and watchful affection to spare for

her early and now famous friend. In 1792 she writes to him from Coppet,—

“ Nous vous attendrons ici, et les charmes de votre société nous feront oublier encore une fois les peines de la vie. Nous nous réunissons, M. Necker et moi, pour vous offrir l'hommage d'une tendre amitié ; et il me semble qu'en me doublant ainsi, je répare auprès de vous tout ce que le temps m'a fait perdre. . . . Malgré votre silence volontaire, malgré le silence involontaire que j'ai gardé avec vous, vous n'avez jamais cessé un instant d'être l'objet de mon admiration, et de cette tendre et pure affection sur laquelle le temps ne peut avoir d'empire. Vos ouvrages ont fait mes délassemens les plus doux. . . . Vos paroles sont pour moi ces fleuves de lait et de miel de la terre promise ; et je crois entendre leur doux murmure : cependant je regrette encore le plaisir que j'avois à vous entretenir pendant le jour, de mes pensées de la veille. Je vivois ainsi deux fois avec vous, dans le temps passé et dans le temps présent ; et ces temps s'embellissoient l'un par l'autre :—puis-je me flatter de retrouver ce bonheur dans nos allées de Coppet ? Milles tendres amitiés.”

Again,—

“ Vous m'avez toujours été cher, Monsieur ; mais l'amitié que vous montrez à M. Necker ajoute encore à celle que vous m'inspirez à tant de titres ; et je vous aime à présent d'une double affection. . . . Nous pensons souvent, Monsieur, aux jours pleins de charmes que nous avons passés avec vous à Genève. J'ai éprouvé pendant cette époque un sentiment nouveau pour moi, et peut-être pour beaucoup de gens. Je réunissois dans un même lieu, et par une faveur bien rare de la Providence, une des douces et pures affections de ma jeunesse, avec celle qui fait mon sort sur la terre, et qui le rend si digne d'en vie. . . .

“ Quel prix mon cœur n'attache-t-il point à votre santé, à l'intérêt que votre amitié répand sur notre retraite. En arrivant ici, en n'y retrouvant que les tombeaux de ceux que j'ai tant aimé, vous avez été pour moi comme un arbre solitaire, dont l'ombre couvre encore le désert qui me sépare des premières années de ma vie. . . . L'âme de M. Necker est embrasée par la douleur des évènements, et j'ai besoin de toutes les ressources de l'amitié la plus tendre pour faire diversion aux tourmens qu'il endure. Votre conversation me donnera des moyens en ce genre, auxquels il est impossible de résister ; cependant votre bonheur m'est trop cher pour que je voulusse vous faire perdre aucun des instans de la société dont vous jouissez. Revenez à nous quand vous serez rendu à vous-même ; c'est le moment qui doit toujours appartenir à votre première et à votre dernière amie :—je ne saurois découvrir encore lequel de ces deux titres est le plus doux et le plus cher à mon cœur.”

When Gibbon left Lausanne for London in 1793 to undergo a painful and critical operation, Madame Necker writes once more :—

“ Vous m'annoncez de Douvres, Monsieur, une lettre par le

courier prochain; je l'attends encore et chaque jour avec plus d'angoisse. Je me consume en conjectures inquiétantes. Cependant il faut être juste; vous ne pouvez penser à nous aussi souvent, que nous vous rapprochons de notre cœur. A Londres tout vous ramène aux idées de ce monde, tandis que tout nous en éloigne ici; près de vous les souvenirs que vous me rapelliez m'étoient doux, et les idées présentes que vous faisiez naître s'y réunissoient sans peine; l'enchaînement d'un grand nombre d'années sembloit faire toucher tous les temps l'un à l'autre, avec une rapidité électrique; vous étiez à la fois pour moi à vingt ans et à cinquante; loin de vous, les différens lieux que j'ai habité ne sont plus que les pierres itinéraires de ma vie; il m'avertissent de tous les milles que j'ai déjà parcourus."

It is difficult to believe that the woman who at the age of fifty could write with this simple and overflowing tenderness to the friend of her youth, could be the cold and somewhat rigid puritan she is represented. There seems, however, to have been a certain reserve in her character which approached to *roideur*; she was pre-eminently a woman of principle, and lived perhaps too much by rule and line to be easy and amiable in the general intercourse of the world. This peculiarity rendered her peculiarly unfit to manage or even to comprehend her daughter's nature, which was as full of vehemence and *abandon*, as hers was of strictness and precision; and in one of her letters she intimates how much she felt the want of an "intermédiaire ou plutôt un interprète" between them. Certain it is, that she contrived to give to those around her the impression of a somewhat unamiable severity of virtue and frigidity of temperament, and though universally esteemed and greatly admired, was too faultless to be generally loved.

How such a child as Mademoiselle Necker came to spring from two parents who resembled her so little, were a vain conjecture. She was from the first the very incarnation of genius and of impulse. Her precocity was extraordinary, and her vivacity and vehemence both of intellect and temperament baffled all her mother's efforts at regulation and control. Her power of acquisition and mental assimilation was immense. At twelve years of age she wrote a drama of social life, which was acted by herself and her young companions. Her remarkable talent for conversation, and for understanding the conversation of others, even at that early period, attracted the attention and excited the affectionate interest of many of the celebrated men who frequented her father's salon; and in spite of Madame Necker's disapproving looks, they used to gather round her, listening to her sallies, and provoking her love of argument and repartee. Gibbon, the Abbé Raynal, Baron Grimm, and Marmontel, were among these *habitués* of Necker's society at that time, and we can well comprehend the

stimulus which the intercourse with such minds must have given to the budding intellect of his daughter. The frivolity of French society was already wearing away under the influence of the great events which were throwing their shadows before them; and even if it had not been so, Necker's own taste would have secured a graver and more solid tone than prevailed in common circles. The deepest interests of life and of the world were constantly under discussion. The grace of the old era still lingered; the gravity of the new era was stealing over men's minds; and the vivacity and brilliancy which has never been wholly lost at Paris, bound the two elements together in a strangely fascinating union. It was a very hot-bed for the development of a vigorous young brain like that of Mademoiselle Necker. Her father, too, aided not a little to call forth her powers; he was proud of her talents, and loved to initiate her into his own philosophic notions, and to inoculate her with his generous and lofty purposes;—and from her almost constant intercourse with him, and his tenderness and indulgent sympathy—so different from her mother's uncaressing and somewhat oppressive formalism—sprung that vehement and earnest attachment with which she regarded him through life. This affection coloured and modified her whole existence; it was in fact the strongest and most pertinacious feeling of her nature; and her delineation of it (in her *Vie privée de M. Necker*) is, in spite of its exaggeration, singularly beautiful and touching. It partook, perhaps, a little of the somewhat excessive vivacity which characterized all her sentiments: * it seems in its impressive fervour to have resembled rather the devotion of a woman to a lover she adores, than the calm and tender love of a daughter to a cherished parent. Indeed she more than once, in her writings, regrets that they belonged to different generations, and declares that Necker was the only man she had ever known to whom she could have consecrated her life.

At the age of twenty she had attained a dangerous reputation as a wit and a prodigy; she was passionately fond of the brilliant society in which she lived, but set at naught its restraints, and trampled on its conventionalities and *bienséances* in a style that

* We remember to have heard a rather amusing exemplification of this. Whilst living at Coppet, a coachman of her father's had overturned some of his guests, who, however, were not injured. When she heard of it, her first thought was, "Mon Dieu! il aura pu verser mon père." She rang the bell, and summoned the unfortunate coachman instantly to her presence. As soon as he appeared, she opened out upon the astonished victim thus. "François! savez-vous que je suis une femme d'esprit!" Poor François, not knowing whether he stood on his head or his tail, could only answer by a bewildered stare. "Sachez, donc, (she continued,) sachez donc que j'ai de l'esprit—beaucoup d'esprit—infinitement de l'esprit:—eh bien! tout l'esprit que j'ai je l'emploierai à vous faire passer votre vie dans un cachot si jamais vous versez mon père!"

was then rare, especially among young women, but which the men forgave in consideration of her genius, and the women in consideration of her ugliness. Her intellect was preternaturally developed, but her heart seems not to have been touched; she wrote and spoke of love with earnestness, with grace, even with insight,—but as a subject of speculation and delineation only, not of deep and woful experience. She made a *mariage de convenance* with as cool and business-like an indifference as if she had been the most cold and phlegmatic of women. She was a great heiress, and Eric Baron de Staël was a handsome man, of noble birth and good character. The consideration which appears to have chiefly decided the choice, both of herself and her parents, was that he was an *attaché* to the Swedish Embassy, was to become Ambassador himself, and was expected to *reside permanently in Paris*. Parisian society had now become, what it always remained, an absolute necessity of existence to Mademoiselle Necker; and in the arrangement she now made, she married it rather than the Baron. She never seems to have dreamed of domestic happiness, or at least of any satisfaction of the heart, in this deliberate selection of a husband; nor, we are bound to say, does she ever complain of not having found what she did not seek. She probably solaced herself by the proverb—true enough, but we should have thought exquisitely sad to a young and ardent girl of twenty—“*Paris est le lieu du monde où l'on se passe le mieux de bonheur.*” After the ceremony, we hear very little of M. de Staël, either from his wife or her friends. Sometimes circumstances separate them; sometimes reunite them; they seem to have lived harmoniously, but as comfortably when apart as when together. Her husband seems to have been tacitly ignored, except in as far as he made her “*Madame l'Ambassadrice.*”

The three years that followed her marriage were probably the happiest of her life. She was in Paris, the centre of a varied and brilliant society, where she could not only enjoy intercourse with all the greatest and most celebrated men of that remarkable epoch, but could give free scope to those wonderful and somewhat redundant conversational powers which were at all times her greatest distinction. We can well imagine that her singular union of brilliant fancy, solid reflection, and French vivacity, must have made her, in spite of the entire absence of personal beauty, one of the most attractive and fascinating of women. The times too were beyond all others pregnant with that strange excitement which gives to social intercourse its most vivid charm. Everywhere the minds of men were stirred to their inmost depths; the deepest interests were daily under discussion; the grandest events were evidently struggling towards their birth;

the greatest intellects were bracing up their energies for a struggle "such as had not been seen since the world was;" the wildest hopes, the maddest prospects, the most sombre terrors, were agitating society in turn; some dreamed of the regeneration of the world—days of halcyon bliss—a land flowing with milk and honey; some dreaded a convulsion, a chaos, a final and irrecoverable catastrophe; everything was hurrying onward to the grand *dénouement*;—and of this *dénouement* Paris was to be the theatre, and Necker, the father of our heroine, the guiding and presiding genius. All her powers were aroused, and all her feelings stimulated to the uttermost; she visited, she talked, she intrigued, she wrote;—her first literary performance, the *Lettres sur Rousseau*, belong to this date. They are brilliant and warm in style; but their tone is that of immaturity.

These days soon past. Then followed the Reign of Terror. And now it was that all the sterling qualities of Madame de Staël's character came forth. Her feelings of disappointment and disgust must have been more vivid than those of most, for her hopes had been pre-eminently sanguine, and her confidence in her father's powers and destiny unbounded. Now all was lost: her father was discarded, her monarchy slain, her society scattered and decimated, and Paris had lost all its charms. Still she remained; as Necker's daughter she was still beloved by many among the people; as the wife of an Ambassador she was as inviolable as any one could be in those dreadful days. With indomitable courage, with the most daring and untiring zeal, and the most truly feminine devotion, she made use of both her titles and influence to aid the escape of her friends, and to save and succour the endangered. She succeeded in persuading to temporary mercy some of the most ferocious of the revolutionary chiefs; she concealed some of the menaced *émigrés* in her house; and it was not till she had exhausted all her resources, and incurred serious peril to herself and her children, that she followed her friends into exile. Her husband, whose diplomatic character was suspended for a while, remained in Holland, to be ready to resume his functions at the first favourable opening. Madame de Staël joined her friends in England, and established herself in a small house near Richmond, where an agreeable society soon gathered round her, consisting, besides a few English, of M. de Talleyrand, M. de Narbonne, (whose life she had saved by concealing him in her house, and then dismissing him with a false passport,) M. d'Arblay, (who afterwards married Miss Burney,) and one or two female friends. Here, in spite of poverty, exile, and the mortification of failure, and the fearful tidings which reached them by nearly every post, they continued to lead a cheerful and not unprofitable life.

"Their funds (says Miss Norris) were not in the most flourishing condition; and the prospect of war did not favour the continuance of such remittances as they might otherwise hope to get; yet their national gaiety seems to have borne them through their difficulties with considerable credit to themselves. We are told that this little party could afford to purchase only one small carriage, which took two persons, and that M. de Narbonne and Talleyrand alternately assumed the post of footman as they rode about to see the country, removing the glass from the back of the coach in order to join in the conversation of those within.

"The neighbourhood they had chosen for their residence is one naturally beautiful, and so characteristically English as to seem racy and fresh to the eye of a foreigner; grateful to those storm-tossed spirits must have been the scenes of rural peace which there spread about them; and still more grateful the kindly English hospitality which awaited them. It was, indeed, a new element infused into the half city, half rural life, of the then courtly suburb; and almost every day some fresh comer brought new tidings of trouble, and desolation, and narrow escapes."—P. 164.

The harmony of this little coterie continued without interruption: "the kindly hospitality" did not. The scandal-lovers of England began to think evil things, and to whisper evil thoughts respecting the tender friendship that subsisted between Madame de Staël and M. de Narbonne; they fancied it necessary to frown upon an affection which was alien to their national habits, and some of them, Miss Burney among the rest, began to look coldly upon the colony of foreigners, who ventured to live in England as naturally and simply as they could have done in France. There was no foundation whatever for the vulgar insinuations that were whispered about; but their existence can scarcely excite surprise. For in this country we do not understand that man and woman, unconnected by family ties, can be friends without being lovers; and what we do not understand it is our custom invariably to condemn. If we ever sanction such connexions it is on the tacit condition that the affection shall be limited in its scope, untender in its character, and reserved in its manifestations. Such devoted friendship as that which subsisted between Gibbon and Madame Necker, M. de Narbonne and Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand and Madame Recamier,* are to us a mystery and offence. Yet it is impossible to read without the deepest sympathy the description of Chateaubriand, wheeled into the drawing-room of Madame Recamier, when no

* To all who wish to comprehend this peculiar and most beautiful phase of French character, we earnestly recommend a most interesting and affectionate tribute to the memory of Madame Recamier, which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for September 1849, from the pen of Mrs. Austin.

longer able to walk thither, but unable to forego the accustomed society where he had spent every evening for so many happy and eventful years,—and of the touching attentions of his friend to cheer his sinking spirits, and sustain and stimulate his failing faculties. Madame de Staël herself has left us a picture of a somewhat similar friendship,—that of the Prince Castel-forte for Corinne.

When the re-establishment of something like regular government in France in 1795 permitted the Swedish Ambassador to resume his functions, Madame de Staël returned to Paris, and passed her time very happily for the next four years, alternately there and with her father at Coppet. Then came the establishment of the Napoleonic rule, and with that ended Madame de Staël's peace and enjoyment for nearly fifteen years. Buonaparte disliked her, feared her, persecuted her, exiled her, and bullied and banished every one who paid her any attentions, or showed her any kindness. He first prohibited her residence in Paris, then in France; and exile from her native land, and from the scene of her social pleasures and social triumphs, was to her almost as dreadful as a sentence of death. Of course she repaid her tyrannical persecutor in his own coin, and with liberal interest. We need not seek far for the explanation of their mutual animosity. They were antipathic in their views, in their position, in every feeling of their hearts, in every fibre of their character. Madame de Staël was a passionate lover of constitutional liberty: Buonaparte was bent upon its overthrow. The brilliancy and varied attractions of Madame de Staël's society made her an actual *puissance* in Paris; and Buonaparte hated rivalry, and could "bear no brother near the throne." He loved incense and homage; and, after the 18th Brumaire, she would render him neither. She would not flatter him, and he could not in his heart despise her as he desired to do, and as he wished it to be imagined that he did. Then, whenever they met in society she bored him dreadfully, and he snubbed her rudely. He was cold and reserved,—she was vehement and impulsive. She stigmatized him as an enemy to rational freedom; and he pronounced her to be an intriguing and *exaltée* woman. They both loved influence dearly; and neither would succumb to the influence of the other. All the Emperor's power and prestige could not extort from the woman one instant of submission or applause,—all the woman's weapons of fascination and persuasion were wasted and blunted on the impenetrable cuirasse of the despot. Their hatred was something instinctive, and almost physical,—as natural and incurable as that of cat and dog. Madame de Staël has left a very graphic description of the impression he produced upon her;—

"Loin de me rassurer, en voyant Buonaparte plus souvent il m'intimidoit chaque jour d'avantage. *Je sentois confusément qu'aucune émotion du cœur ne pouvoit agir sur lui.* [Hinc illæ lacrimæ : the lady felt herself disarmed before the man of cold heart.] Il regarde une créature humaine comme un fait ou comme une chose, mais non comme un semblable. Il ne hait pas plus qu'il n'aime ; il n'y a que lui pour lui ; tout le reste des créatures sont des chiffres. La force de sa volonté consiste dans l'imperturbable calcul de son egoïsme. . . . Ses succès tiennent autant aux qualités qui lui manquent, qu'aux talents qu'il possède. Ni la pitié, ni l'attrait, ni la religion, ni l'attachement à une idée quelconque, ne sauroient le détourner de sa direction principale. Chaque fois que je l'entendois parler, j'étois frappée de sa supériorité ; elle n'avoit pourtant aucun rapport avec celle des hommes instruits et cultivés par l'étude ou la société, tels que l'Angleterre et la France peuvent en offrir des exemples. Mais ses discours indiquoient le tact des circonstances, comme le chasseur à celui de sa proie. Quelquefois il racontait les faits politiques et militaires de sa vie d'une façon très-intéressante ; il avoit même, dans les récits qui permettoient la gaieté, un peu de l'imagination italienne. Cependant rien ne pouvoit triompher de mon éloignement pour ce que j'apercevois en lui. Je sentois dans son âme *une épée froide et tranchante qui glaçoit en blessant* ; je sentois dans son esprit une ironie profonde à laquelle rien de grand ni de beau, pas même sa propre gloire, ne pouvoit échapper ; car il méprisoit la nation dont il vouloit les suffrages ; et nulle étincelle d'enthousiasme ne se mêloit à son besoin d'étonner l'espèce humaine.

"Ce fut dans l'intervalle entre le retour de Buonaparte [d'Italie] et son départ pour l'Égypte, c'est à dire, vers la fin de 1797, que je le vis plusieurs fois à Paris ; et *jamais la difficulté de respirer que j'éprouvois en sa présence ne put se dissiper.* J'étois un jour à table entre lui et l'Abbé Sièyès : singulière situation, si j'avois pu prévoir l'avenir ! J'examinois avec attention la figure de Buonaparte ; mais chaque fois qu'il découvroit en moi des regards observateurs, il avoit l'art d'ôter à ses yeux toute expression, comme s'ils fussent devenus de marbre. Son visage étoit alors immobile, excepté un sourire vague qu'il plaçoit sur ses lèvres à tout hasard, pour dérouter quiconque voudroit observer les signes extérieures de sa pensée." *

During her fourteen years of exile, Madame de Staël led a wandering life ; sometimes residing at Coppet ; ever and anon returning for a short time to France, in hopes of being allowed to remain there unmolested, but soon receiving a new order to quit. She visited Germany twice, Italy once, and at length reached England, by way of Russia, in 1812. It was at this period of her life that she produced the works which have immortalised her—*De la Littérature, De l'Allemagne, and Corinne*, and enjoyed intercourse with the most celebrated men of Europe.

* *Considérations sur la Révol. Française*, ii. 187. 

Nevertheless they were years of great wretchedness to her; the charms of Parisian society,* in which she lived, and moved, and had her being, were forbidden to her; she was subjected to the most annoying and petty, as well as to the most bitter and cruel persecutions; one by one her friends were prevented from visiting her, or punished with exile and disgrace if they did visit her; she was reduced nearly to solitude—a state which she herself describes as, to a woman of her vivacious feelings and irrepressible *besoin d'épanchement*, almost worse than death.† The description of her sufferings during this part of her life, which she gives in her *Dix Années d'Exil*, renders that book one of the most harassing and painful we ever read; and when we add to all that Buonaparte made her endure, the recollection of the incalculable amount of individual mischief and anguish which he inflicted on the two thousand peaceful English travellers, whom he seized in defiance of all law and justice, and detained for twelve of the best years of their life in French prisons, we are compelled to feel, that the irritating torments and privations which he was himself afterwards to undergo at St. Helena—unworthy and oppressive as they were—were nothing but a well proportioned and richly merited retribution. —

Several of the great men whose society she enjoyed during these memorable years of wandering, have left on record their impression of her genius and manners; and it is curious to

* “Je ne dissimule point que le séjour de Paris m'a toujours semblé le plus agréable de tous : j'y suis née, j'y ai passé mon enfance et ma première jeunesse, la génération qui a connu mon père, les amis qui ont traversé avec nous les périls de la Révolution, c'est là seulement que je puis les retrouver. Cet amour de la patrie qui a saisi les âmes les plus fortes, s'empare plus vivement encore de nous quand les goûts de l'esprit se trouvent réunis aux affections du cœur et aux habitudes de l'imagination. La conversation Française n'existe qu'à Paris, et la conversation a été, depuis mon enfance, mon plus grand plaisir. J'éprouvois une telle douleur à la crainte d'être privée de ce séjour, que ma raison ne pouvoit rien contre elle. J'étois alors dans toute la vivacité de la vie, et c'est précisément le besoin des jouissances animées qui conduit le plus souvent au désespoir, car il rend la résignation bien difficile, et sans elle on ne peut supporter les vicissitudes de l'existence.”—*Dix Années d'Exil*, p. 61.

† “On s'étonnera peut-être que je compare l'exil à la mort; mais de grands hommes de l'antiquité et des temps modernes ont succombé à cette peine. On rencontre plus de braves contre l'échafaud que contre la perte de sa patrie.”—*Ibid.*, p. 79.

* She says elsewhere: “Les échafauds peuvent à la fin réveiller le courage; mais les chagrins domestiques de tout genre, résultat du bannissement, affaiblissent la résistance, et portent seulement à redouter la disgrâce du souverain qui peut vous infliger une existence si malheureuse.”—*Considérations sur*, &c, ii. 285.

Madame de Staël's principal enjoyment was always in society; she had little relish for or appreciation of the beauties of nature. “Oh for the rivulet in the Rue du Bac!” she exclaimed, when some one pointed out to her the glorious Lake of Geneva. Many years later she said to M. Molé—“Si ce n'était le respect humain, je n'ouvrirais pas ma fenêtre pour voir la baie de Naples; tandis que je ferais cinq cents lieues pour aller causer avec un homme d'esprit.”

observe how uniform and self-consistent this impression everywhere was. She seems to have excited precisely the same emotions in the minds both of German literati and of English politicians—vast admiration and not a little fatigue. Her conversation was brilliant in the extreme, but apt to become monologue and declamation. She was too vivacious for any but Frenchmen: her intellect was always in a state of restless and vehement activity; she seemed to need no relaxation, and to permit no repose. In spite of her great knowledge, her profound and sagacious reflections, her sparkling wit, and her singular eloquence, she nearly always ended by wearying even her most admiring auditors: she left them no peace; she kept them on the stretch; she ran them out of breath. And there were few of them who were not in a condition to relish the piquant *mot* of Talleyrand, who—when some one hinted surprise that he who had enjoyed the intimacy of such a genius as Madame de Staël could find pleasure in the society of such a contrast to her as Madame Grant—answered, in that deliberate and gentle voice which gave point to all his sharpest sayings, “Il faut avoir aimé Madame de Staël pour savourer le bonheur d’aimer une bête!” Schiller, whom she infested dreadfully during her stay in Weimar in 1803-4, writes thus to Goethe:—

“Madame de Staël you will find quite as you have, *à priori*, construed her: she is all of a piece; there is no adventitious, false, pathological speck in her. Hereby it is that, notwithstanding the immeasurable difference in temper and thought, one is perfectly at ease with her, can hear all from her, and say all to her. She represents French culture in its purity, and under a most interesting aspect. In all that we name philosophy, therefore, in all highest and ultimate questions, one is at issue with her, and remains so in spite of all arguing. But her nature, her feeling, is better than her metaphysics; and her fine understanding rises to the rank of genial. She insists on explaining everything, on seeing into it, measuring it; she allows nothing dark, inaccessible; whithersoever her torch cannot throw its light, there nothing exists for her. Hence follows an aversion, a horror, for the transcendental philosophy, which in her view leads to mysticism and superstition. This is the carbonic gas in which she dies. For what we call poetry there is no sense in her: for in such works it is only the passionate, the oratorical, and the intellectual, that she can appreciate: yet she will endure no falsehood there, only does not always recognise the true.

“You will infer from these few words that the clearness, decidedness, and rich vivacity of her nature, cannot but affect one favourably. One’s only grievance is the altogether unprecedented glibness of her tongue: you must make yourself all ear if you would follow her.”

A month afterwards he is beginning to feel weary and satiated.

"Your Exposition" (he writes to Goethe) "has refreshed me and nourished me. It is highly proper that, by such an act, at this time, you express your contradiction of our *importunate visitress*: the case would grow intolerable else. . . . Being sick at present, and gloomy, it seems to me impossible that I should ever hold such discourses again. . . . Had she taken lesson of Jean Paul, she would not have staid so long in Weimar: let her try it for other three weeks at her peril."

Two months later he closes his notices of the lady by this merciless sarcasm:—"I have not been at all well: the weather is not kind to me;—besides, *ever since the departure of Madame, I have felt no otherwise than as if I had risen from a severe sickness.*"

Goethe's account of her is somewhat more deliberate and patient, but very similar in the main. He writes in his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*—

"The great qualities of this high-thinking and high-feeling authoress lie in the view of every one; and the results of her journey through Germany testify sufficiently how she applied her time there. Her objects were manifold: she wished to know Weimar—to gain accurate acquaintance with its moral, social, literary aspects, and whatever else it offered; further, however, she herself also wished to be known; and endeavoured, therefore, to give her own views currency, no less than to search out our mode of thought. Neither could she rest satisfied even here: she must also work upon the senses, upon the feelings, upon the spirit; must strive to awaken a certain activity or vivacity, with the want of which she reproached us.

"*Having no notion of what Duty means*, and to what a silent, collected posture he that undertakes it must restrict himself, she was evermore for striking in, for instantaneously producing an effect. In society, she required there to be constant talking and discoursing. . . .

"To philosophize in society, means to talk with vivacity about insoluble problems. This was her peculiar pleasure and passion. Naturally, too, she was wont to carry it, in such speaking and counter-speaking, up to those concerns of thought and sentiment which properly should not be spoken of, except between God and the individual. Here, moreover, as woman and Frenchwoman, she had the habit of sticking fast on main positions, and, as it were, not hearing rightly what the other said. By all these things the evil spirit was awakened in me, so that I would treat whatever was advanced no otherwise than dialectically and problematically, and often by stiff-necked contradictions, brought her to despair; when she for the first time grew rightly amiable, and in the most brilliant manner exhibited her talent of thinking and replying.

"More than once I had regular dialogues with her, ourselves two; in which likewise, however, she was burdensome, according to her fashion; *never granting, on the most important topics, a moment of re-*

flection, but passionately demanding that we should despatch the deepest concerns, the weightiest occurrences, as lightly as if it were a game at shuttlecock." *

Some years after her first visit to Germany, she came to England, and Sir James Mackintosh, who saw much of her, thus describes her :—

"On my return I found the whole fashionable and literary world occupied with Madame de Staël, the most celebrated woman of this or perhaps any age. . . . She treats me as the person whom she most delights to honour: I am generally ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon; I have, in consequence, dined with her at the houses of almost all the Cabinet Ministers. She is one of the few persons who surpass expectation; she has every sort of talent, and would be universally popular if, in society, she were to confine herself to her inferior talents—pleasantry, anecdote, and literature—which are so much more suited to conversation than her eloquence and genius." †

Lord Byron also saw much of her both in London in 1813 and at Diodati in 1816. In the notes to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, he records her virtues and attractions in a piece of elaborate fine writing, fit only for a tombstone, and which would be pronounced inflated and tasteless even there. In his *Diary and Correspondence*, however, we meet with many hasty references to her, not intended for the public eye, and therefore more likely to convey his genuine impressions. "I saw Curran presented to Madame de Staël at Mackintosh's:—it was the grand confluence of the Rhone and the Saone; they were both so damned ugly that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences." . . . "Madame de Staël-Holstein has lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjutant—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawsenhausen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be; but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance—and somebody to see or read how much grief becomes her." . . . "To-day I dine with Mackintosh and *Mrs. Stale*—(as John Bull may be pleased to denominate Corinne)—whom I saw last night at Covent-Garden, yawning over the humour of *Falstaff*." . . . "To-day (Tuesday) a very pretty billet from Madame la Baronne de Staël-Holstein. She is pleased to be

* It is interesting, after reading what Schiller and Goethe thought of Madame de Staël, to read what the lady, in her turn, thought of them. (See her *L'Allemagne*, part ii. ch. vii. and viii.) She was more complimentary than the gentlemen.

† *Memoirs of Mackintosh*, ii. 264.

much pleased with my mention of her and her last work in my notes. I spoke as I thought. Her works are my delight, and so is she herself—for half-an-hour. But she is a woman by herself, and has done more intellectually than all the rest of them together;—she ought to have been a man.” . . . “ Asked for Wednesday to dine and meet the Staël. I don’t much like it;—she always talks of *myself* or *herself*,” and I am not (except in soliloquy, as now) much enamoured of either subject—especially of one’s works. What the devil shall I say about *De l’Allemagne*? I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won’t believe me; and I know by experience that I shall be overwhelmed by fine things about rhyme, &c.” . . . “ The Staël was at the other end of the table, and less loquacious than heretofore. We are now very good friends; though she asked Lady Melbourne whether I really had any *bonhomme*. She might as well have asked that question before she told C. L. ‘c’est un démon.’ True enough—but rather premature, for *she* could not have found it out.” . . . When in Switzerland he wrote: “ Madame de Staël has made Coppet as agreeable as society and talent can make any place on earth.” . . . “ She was a good woman at heart, and the cleverest at bottom, but spoilt by a wish to be—she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable; in any other person’s you wished her gone, and in her own again.”

These extracts will serve to shew what Madame de Staël was in miscellaneous society: in the more intimate relations of life few persons were ever more seriously or steadfastly beloved. She was an excellent hostess, and one of the most warm, constant, and zealous of friends—on the whole, an admirable, loveable, but somewhat overpowering woman. On the abdication of Napoleon she rushed back to Paris, and remained there with few intervals till her death, filling her drawing-rooms with the brilliant society which she enjoyed so passionately, and of which she was herself the brightest ornament. But she survived the restoration of the Bourbons only a short time; her constitution had been seriously undermined by the fatigues and irritations she had undergone, and she died in July 1817, on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, at the age of fifty-one. Her last literary production was the “*Considérations sur la Révolution Française*,” which she began with a view of vindicating her father’s memory, and intended as a record of his public life.

We have no idea of attempting any criticism, or even any general description of her various works: such a task, if executed with care and completeness, would carry us far beyond our limits—if discharged in a hasty and perfunctory manner,

would be worse than unsatisfactory. The peculiar charm of her writings arises from the mixture of brilliancy and depth which they exhibit: a brilliancy which is even more than French—a profundity which is almost German. You cannot read a page without meeting with some reflection which you wish to transfer to your memory, or your commonplace book.* These reflections are not always sound; but they are always ingenious and suggestive. *L'Allemagne*, though incomplete and often superficial, is perhaps as nearly a true delineation of Germany as France could take in, and shows wonderful power of thought, as *Corinne* shows wonderful depth of insight and of feeling. These are the two works—*Corinne* especially—by which she will live; and both were the production of her mature years: she was thirty-eight when she wrote the latter, and forty-two when she finished the former. Yet in both there is the passionate earnestness—the vehement eloquence—the generous warmth of youth. From first to last there was nothing frivolous, artificial, or heartless, in Madame de Staël: she had nothing French about her, except her untiring vivacity and her sparkling wit.† On the contrary, a tone of the profoundest melancholy runs throughout all her writings. A short time before her death she said to Chateaubriand: “Je suis ce que j’ai toujours été—vive et triste.” It is in *Corinne*, especially, but also in *Delphine*, that we trace that indescribable sadness which seems inseparable from noble minds—the crown of thorns which genius must ever wear. It was not with her, as with so many, the dissipation of youthful illusions—the disenchantment of the ideal life. On the contrary, the spirit of poetry, the fancies and paintings of enthusiasm, were neither dimmed nor tarnished for her, even by the approach of death; she could dream of earthly

* For example, we have just met with the following in her chapter “de l’amour dans le mariage,” (*L’Allemagne*.) “La gloire elle-même ne saurait être pour une femme qu’un deuil éclatant du bonheur.” In *Corinne* we find—“Ce sont les caractères passionnés, bien plus que les caractères légers, qui sont capables de folie.” “L’aspect de la nature enseigne la résignation, mais ne peut rien sur l’incertitude.” “Les Romains n’avoient pas cet aride principe d’utilité, qui fertilise quelques coins de terre de plus, en frappant de stérilité le vaste domaine du sentiment et de la pensée.” “La vie religieuse est un combat, et non pas un hymne.”

† It was rather *esprit* than what we generally mean by “wit:” she was eminently *spirituel* in her conversation, but not a sayer of *bons mots*. Few of her repartees or witticisms have been recorded. One indeed we remember, which shows how formidable she might have been in this line. An unfortunate man, finding himself seated at dinner between her and her friend Madame Recamier, could think of nothing better to open the conversation with than the *fade* compliment—“Me voici entre l’esprit et la beauté.” Now, Madame de Staël neither chose that she should be considered destitute of beauty nor that her friend should be considered destitute of wit: she was therefore far from flattered by the *approchement*, and turned round upon her smirking victim with—“Oui! et sans posséder ni l’une ni l’autre!”

happiness, and thirsted for it still; but she felt that she had never tasted it as she was capable of conceiving it; she had never loved as she could love and yearned to love; of all her faculties, she touchingly complained, "the only one that had been fully developed was the faculty of suffering." Surrounded by the most brilliant men of genius, beloved by a host of faithful and devoted friends, the centre of a circle of unsurpassed attractions, she was yet doomed to mourn "the solitude of life." No affection filled up her whole heart, called forth all her feelings, or satisfied her passionate longings after felicity; the union of souls, which she could imagine so vividly and paint in such glorious colours, was denied to her—and all the rest "availed her nothing." With a mind teeming with rich and brilliant thoughts, with a heart melting with the tenderest and most passionate emotions, she had no one—no ONE—to appreciate the one and reciprocate the other; she had to live "the inner life" *alone*; to tread the weary and dusty thoroughfares of existence, with no hand clasped in hers, no sympathizing voice to whisper strength and consolation when the path grew rough and thorny, and the lamp burnt flickering and low. Nay more, she had to "keep a stern tryste with death,"—to walk towards the Great Darkness with none to bear her company to the margin of the cold stream, to send a cheering voice over the black waters, and to give her *rendezvous* upon the further shore. What wonder then that she sometimes faltered and grew faint under the solitary burden, and "sicken[ed] at the unshared light?" The consolation offered by a poet of our own day to the sorrowing children of genius did not always suffice for her—rarely at all times can it suffice for any.

"Because the few with signal virtue crowned,
The heights and pinnacles of human mind,
Sadder and wearier than the rest are found,
Wish not thy soul less wise or less refined.
True that the small delights which every day
Cheer and distract the pilgrim, are not theirs;
True that, tho' free from Passion's lawless sway,
A loftier being brings severer cares.
Yet have they special pleasures, even mirth,
By those undreamed of who have only trod
Life's valley smooth; and if the rolling earth
To their nice ear have many a painful tone,
They know, man doth not live by joy alone,
But by the presence of the power of God."*

Two of the most remarkable men of France were associated

with Madame de Staël both socially and historically. Both lived in her intimacy for a longer or shorter period, and both were closely connected with the great events with which she, either as an actor or a sufferer, was mixed up. Talleyrand was her intimate of the eighteenth and Benjamin Constant of the nineteenth century. They were two of the most distinctive and strongly marked characters of their day, and as such would well deserve a fuller delineation and analysis than we can afford them. Each was the type of a class and of a genus, and we question whether strict justice has yet been done to either. Talleyrand has been especially maltreated by common fame. By most who know his name, he is regarded as a second Macchiavelli—as little understood and as ruthlessly slandered as the first—an intriguing and unprincipled diplomatist—a heartless *persifleur*—the very incarnation of political profligacy and shameless tergiversation. His portraits have almost all been drawn by his foes—by those whom he had baffled, or by those whom he had deserted—by those whom his pungent sarcasms had wounded, or whom his superior address had mortified; and his own memoirs, from his own hand, are to remain a sealed book till, by the death of every one whom they could compromise, (or, say his enemies, who could contradict them,) they have become interesting to the historian alone. Talleyrand was something very different from the popular conception of him. He was a profound thinker; he had strong political opinions, if he had no moral principles; he was at least as bold, daring, and decided in action as he was sagacious in council; his political and social tact—which is wisdom so quick and piercing as to seem unreasoning—had the promptitude and certainty of an instinct; and living in constant intercourse, hostile or friendly, with the ablest men of that stirring epoch, he acquired an undisputed ascendancy over them all, by the simple influence of a keener intellect and a subtler tongue.

Far from being devoid of political predilections and convictions, his whole career, from the time he entered the States-General, shewed that both were very strong in him. He had thought deeply and he felt keenly. That much of personal feeling entered into the motives which determined him to the course he took, and that much of egotism and scorn of his fellow-men mingled with and alloyed his lofty and persevering ambition, cannot be denied, and is not to be wondered at. We must read his character and career by the light which his early history throws over it, and we shall find there enough amply to explain both his steady preference for constitutional liberty after the English model, and the ardour and determination with which he threw himself into the most active ranks of the revolutionists.

He had suffered too much under the old *régime* not to desire to sweep away a system which permitted such injustices as he had endured. He had seen too thoroughly the hollowness and rottenness of everything around him—the imbecile feebleness of the court, the greediness and impiety of the Church, the selfish and heartless profligacy of the higher ranks—to be of opinion that there was much worth preserving in the existing state of things. He had too fine a fancy and too powerful a mind not to participate in some measure in the hopes then entertained by all the more “erected spirits” of the nation, of an era of glorious social regeneration. He was a bishop against his will; he had lived in the very centre of all the elegant immoralities of Paris; and he had studied and conversed with Voltaire. He was the eldest son of one of the noblest families of France, but having been lamed by an accident arising from the combined neglect of parents and menials, he was compelled, by one of those acts of family tyranny then by no means uncommon, to forego his birthright, and accept the destiny of younger sons in that age and of that rank,—viz., to go into the Church. Without being allowed to return to the paternal roof, he was transferred from his nurse’s cottage to the ecclesiastical seminary of Saint Sulpice, and thence to the College of the Sorbonne. He was made a priest without the slightest attention either to his wishes or his character. Boiling over with youthful passions, with healthy energy, with splendid talents, with mundane tastes, he was condemned by an act of flagrant injustice to a life of celibacy, of inaction, and of religious duties which, in the case of one so devoid of devotional sentiment as he was, could only be the most loathsome and wearisome hypocrisy. What wonder that a mighty wrong like this should have sunk into his mind, and greatly modified his views and feelings, even if it did not sour his temper? At College he brooded over his mortification, and looked his destiny in the face, and deliberately took his course. With rare powers like his, he felt that obscurity was impossible, but that he must rise by a different ladder from the one he would himself have chosen. He resolved to triumph over those who had degraded him, but to whom he knew himself in every way superior; and he prepared himself to do so by sedulous and earnest study. He spoke little, he reflected much. Naturally both intelligent and ardent, he taught himself to become well-informed, reserved, and self-restrained; and from the training which the Catholic Church has always given to its servants, he learned that untiring and watchful patience, that deep insight into men, that quick appreciation of circumstances, those gentle and insinuating manners, that habitual quietude, that prompt and well-timed activity, which were his most distinguishing qualities

through life, and his chief instruments of success. When he had completed his theological studies he entered the world—to enjoy it and subdue it. He was known as the Abbé de Perigord. “Contrarié dans les goûts, (says Mignet,) il y entra en mécontent, prêt à y agir en révolutionnaire. Il y obtint, dès l’abord, la réputation d’un homme avec lequel il fallait compter, et qui, ayant un beau nom, un grand calme, infiniment d’esprit, quelque chose de gracieux qui captivait, de malicieux qui effrayait,* beaucoup d’ardeur contenue par une prudence suffisante et conduite par une extrême adresse, devait nécessairement réussir.”

He soon became agent-general for the clergy—an office of great influence and importance—and subsequently bishop of Autun, and when the States-General met, he was elected as deputy from his diocese. He was now thirty-five years of age. He at once embraced the popular side, and became prominent and powerful. His voice was raised in favour both of liberty of thought and of equality of civil rights. He supported the union of the three orders—the first great step of the revolution; he persuaded the Assembly to decide against those *mandats impératifs*, which would have made its members the mere slaves and mouthpieces of their constituents; he was one of eight who was selected to prepare the New Constitution which was to regenerate the country; he was appointed to report upon a system of National Education, and the memoir which he presented to the Assembly not only obtained an instant and vast celebrity, but formed the foundation of the plan then adopted, and which exists with little change to the present day. Besides these labours he paid special attention to the finances, which were then in a most deplorable condition; he supported the proposals of Necker; and it was on his motion that the Assembly resolved on the seizure and sale of all ecclesiastical property as belonging to the State, and on the reduction of the clergy from the position of independent proprietors to that of salaried employés. In doing this he proposed to improve the condition of the inferior clergy, while he hoped at the same time to avert a national bankruptcy. At the same time he supported the equalization of

* Talleyrand, at his first entrance into society, armed himself with that fine and subtle wit which has made him so renowned, and by one or two crushing repartees made himself both respected and feared. But in general at this period his sayings were distinguished rather for *finess* than severity. He was in the salon of the Duc de Choiseul when the Duchess De N—— was announced. She was a lady whose adventures were then the talk of all Paris, and an exclamation of oh! oh! escaped the Abbé, so loud that the Duchess who entered at that moment heard it. As soon as the company were seated round the table, the lady said, “Je voudrais bien savoir, M. l’Abbé, pourquoi vous avez dit oh! oh! lorsque je suis entrée!” “Point, Madame, (replied the Abbé,) vous avez mal entendu. J’ai dit ah! ah!”

imposts, and the entire suppression of all feudal and seignorial rights. Finally, he was appointed by his colleagues to draw up an address to the nation explaining and justifying the proceedings of the Assembly, and so admirably did he discharge this function, that he was shortly afterwards elected President by a large majority.

What might have been his course during the subsequent and more stormy phases of the Revolution we cannot pretend to conjecture. Happily for him he was saved from having to take a part in scenes where almost any part would have been questionable, objectionable, and unsafe. He had resigned, or rather abjured, his clerical functions, and early in 1792 was sent to England on a diplomatic mission, the object of which was to substitute a *national* for a *court* alliance. Thirty-eight years afterwards, at the age of seventy-six, he was again accredited to the same country on a similar errand. His first and last diplomatic acts at least were consistent and in unison. He remained in England (with the exception of a short visit to Paris) till the following year, when Robespierre proscribed him, and shortly afterwards Mr. Pitt ordered him to quit the country in twenty-four hours. His residence here, chiefly in the society of Madame de Staël, increased his admiration for our institutions, but he was ill received in the higher circles—being regarded partly as an apostate priest, partly as a reputed profligate, partly as an intriguing revolutionist. But those who knew him at this period describe him as one of the most fascinating of companions, quiet, gentle, caressing, and attentive—speaking little, but when he did speak, compressing volumes into a single phrase. Champfort relates, that when Rhullhière observed, “Je ne sais pourquoi j’ai la réputation d’être méchant : je n’ai fait qu’une méchanceté dans ma vie,”—Talleyrand, who had taken no part in the conversation, and sat at a distant corner of the room, asked, with deliberate significance, “Et quand finira-t-elle?” On another occasion, when relating some atrocity of one of his colleagues, his auditor remarked, “Mais l’homme qui a pu commettre une pareille action est capable d’assassiner.” “D’assassiner, non... (said Talleyrand reflectively).....d’empoisonner, oui.”*

Proscribed in France, and banished from England, M. de Talleyrand went to America, and, as a Memoir which he afterwards read before the National Institute testifies, did not waste his time while there. But when a better day began to dawn after the overthrow of the Reign of Terror, Chénier, at the instigation of Madame de Staël, procured a decree of the Con-

* A friend having spoken of Sièyes as “un homme profond,”—“Profond.. ce n’est pas le mot, (said Talleyrand ;) c’est creux, très creux, que vous voulez dire.”

vention, erasing his name from the list of emigrants and permitting his return. He re-entered France, and after a short interval was made Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory; but as they became more and more imbecile, and a change more and more inevitable and desirable, he was or contrived to be dismissed in the early part of 1799, and thus found himself at liberty to assist Buonaparte in his revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which it is difficult not to regard as, under the circumstances, the greatest service he ever rendered to his country. Madame de Staël never forgave his adhesion to the popular young hero.* But Talleyrand saw that France was perishing for want of a government; that her political notabilities were neither honest enough, wise enough, nor able enough to rescue and regenerate her; disorder in the finances, disorganization in the interior, and disaster abroad, all clamoured loudly for a change; and in the vigorous intellect, gigantic sagacity, and iron will of the young conqueror of Italy, Talleyrand, like most Frenchmen, recognised the Man for the crisis—*l'homme nécessaire*, as Necker termed him. The mode in which the Directory and its councils were overthrown was audacious and violent enough; but the result went far to justify the actors. Order at home and victory abroad followed in quick succession; the finances were restored; confidence was re-awakened; the funds rose,† an admirable system of administration was established; France was at once *reconstituted*, after ten years of misery, crime, and chaos; and the period from 1800 to 1807, during which Talleyrand was the principal minister, was beyond example the most glorious in her annals. It is true that much of the work of Talleyrand's earlier years was upset: much however remained indestructible. It is true that under Napoleon France enjoyed only the shadow of those parliamentary institutions to which Talleyrand was sincerely attached, and which formed part of the original constitution urged upon and adopted by the First Consul; but probably by this time the experienced Minister had begun to feel that at that crisis a

* When "Delphine" appeared, Madame de Staël was currently reported to have drawn both herself and M. de Talleyrand therein—herself as Delphine, him as Madame de Vernon. Talleyrand met her shortly afterwards, and paid her the usual compliments on the performance, adding, in his gentlest and sweetest voice, the keen sarcasm, "On m'assure que nous y sommes tous les deux, vous et moi, déguisés en femme."

† An enemy of Talleyrand having hinted to Buonaparte that the ex-abbé had become very rich, and probably by no very creditable means, the First Consul took him to task in his usual rude and *brusque* manner. "On m'assure que vous êtes très riche, citoyen; comment cela se peut-il?" "Rien de plus simple, (replied the ready-witted and imperturbable courtier;) j'ai acheté les rentes la veille du dix-huit Brumaire, et je les ai revendus le lendemain." Could there be a more effective silence, or a more delicate and subtle compliment? Buonaparte had not another word to say.

man was more important than an institution—which it must be allowed had not been attended with any brilliant success. It is true that during his period of office Talleyrand had to sanction and transact many acts of injustice and oppression to foreign nations, and to witness much tyranny at home; but he probably satisfied himself with reflecting that he was serving his chief and aggrandizing his country. He quitted office after the Peace of Tilsit, when France was at her culminating point. He set his face steadily against the Emperor's subsequent aggressions. He condemned the invasion of Spain so severely, that Napoleon, in deep indignation, deprived him of his dignity at court as Grand Chamberlain. His deep and far-seeing sagacity probably perceived that the ambition of the Emperor had blinded and impaired his genius, and that he had embarked in a course which must lead to ultimate reaction and ruin. In all likelihood this ruin was greatly hastened by his retirement from the direction of affairs, for his coolness, patience, and wisdom had often tempered the hastiness and impetuosity of Napoleon. "Le grand esprit de Napoléon et le bon sens de M. de Talleyrand (says Mignet) semblaient faits l'un pour l'autre. Ce qu'il y avait d'inventif, de fécond, de hardi, d'impétueux, dans le premier, avait besoin de ce qu'il y avait de net, de froid, d'avisé, de sûr, dans le second. L'un avait le génie de l'action, l'autre celui du conseil. L'un projetait tout ce qu'il y avait de grand, l'autre évitait tout ce qu'il y avait de dangereux; et le fougue créatrice de l'un pouvait être heureusement tempérée par la lenteur circonspecte de l'autre. M. de Talleyrand savait faire perdre du temps à l'empereur lorsque sa colère ou sa passion l'auraient poussé à des mesures précipitées, et lui donnait le moyen de se montrer plus habile en devenant plus calme. Aussi, disait-il avec une exagération spirituelle dans la forme, mais non sans vérité: 'L'Empereur a été compromis le jour où il a pu faire un quart d'heure plus tôt ce que j'obtenais qu'il fit un quart d'heure plus tard.'" La perte d'un pareil conseiller dut être un malheur pour lui, en attendant qu'elle devint un danger."†

Napoleon never forgave Talleyrand his condemnation of the

* It is interesting to see how closely this account tallies with that given by M. Thiers, in his *Consulat et l'Empire*. "Toutefois, il avait un mérite moral, c'était d'aimer la paix sous un maître qui aimait la guerre; et de le laisser voir Doué d'un goût exquis, d'un tact sûr, même d'une parole utile, il pouvait rendre de véritables services, seulement en opposant à l'abondance de parole, de plume, et d'action du Premier Consul, sa sobriété, sa parfaite mesure, son penchant même à ne rien faire."

† No government which disgraced Talleyrand or was deserted by him ever prospered long after his retirement. "Sire, (said he once, by way of explanation of the fact, to Louis XVIII.) Il y a quelque chose inexplicable en moi qui porte malheur aux gouvernemens qui me négligent."

Spanish invasion. He hated him, as he hated all who opposed his will or criticized his measures; but at the same time he knew him too well not to fear him. He suspected his designs and dreaded his intrigues; but he dared not take any decided steps against him, and Talleyrand was far too wary to give him any excuse. Under the irritating influence of these feelings the Emperor lost no opportunity of menacing and insulting the retired minister, often in the vulgarest and rudest manner. Some of these sallies Talleyrand endured with the imperturbable and impassive manner which distinguished him, some he retorted with spirit and success.* But those who read the account of the scenes which passed between these *amis d'autrefois* will find little reason either for wonder or for blame, if the ex-minister's patriotic desire for the termination of Napoleon's reign was heightened by something of personal animosity. Be this as it may, Talleyrand remained in a state of watchful inaction till the Allies approached Paris in 1814, when it became evident that Napoleon's career was ended, and that all a good citizen could do was to make the best terms he could for his country, both with the enemies who had conquered her, and with the sovereign who was to mount upon her throne. This task Talleyrand undertook with unusual vivacity and energy. After the capitulation he saved France from much misery, and possibly from a civil war, by his resolute opposition to any *mezzo-termine*, such as a regency and the proclamation of Napoleon's son, or of Bernadotte, as was once proposed. "Non, (said he to Alexander, who had a lingering admiration for Napoleon, which made him unwilling utterly to destroy him,) Non, Sire, il n'y a que deux choses possibles—Bonaparte ou Louis XVIII. Bonaparte est un prince: Louis XVIII. est un prince—tout ce qui n'est ni l'un et l'autre n'est qu'un intrigue." He therefore supported with all his influence the restoration of the Bourbons; but, cognizant of their incurable

* When the Spanish princes were brought to France they were consigned to the charge of M. de Talleyrand, who was obliged to be their host at his country-house. It was rumoured that one of them employed his forced leisure in seducing Madame de T. It is said, we know not with what truth, that Napoleon had the brutality to venture on some insulting allusion to this rumour, in conversation with Talleyrand himself. The Grand Chamberlain replied with his usual immovable calmness, "Il est vrai, Sire, qu'il eût été mieux *et pour l'honneur de votre Majesté et pour le mien* qu'il ne fût jamais question de ces Princes d'Espagne." Whether this be true or not, the following unquestionably is: When Talleyrand appeared at the Emperor's *levée* after the battle of Leipsig, the latter accosted him with his usual *brusquerie*, accused him of caballing against him, and overwhelmed him with the most vehement reproaches, ending by saying, "Mais, prenez garde, si j'étais malade dangereusement, je vous avertis, vous seriez mort avant moi." "Sire, (answered the courtier, with the most polite smile,) je n'avais pas besoin d'un pareil avertissement pour adresser au ciel des vœux bien ardents pour la conservation des jours de votre Majesté."

character, and faithful to his old political ideas, he insisted upon the promulgation of "the Charter," which established a constitutional monarchy and two Chambers. The basis of the institutions which governed France from 1814 to 1830, she owed to Talleyrand.

His next task was a far more difficult one. It was to act as minister for the foreign affairs of a conquered country, and in a camp of conquerors met to decide upon her limits and her fate. His genius was never so manifest as at the Congress of Vienna. He had to deal with sovereigns burning to avenge spoliation and humiliations which no doubt might justify the severest retaliation, and furious at the sufferings and maltreatments they had undergone; he had to persuade them to turn their vengeance against Napoleon, not against France. They had met to despoil and deal with her at their free pleasure; he had to induce them to admit her as one of the high contracting powers. He succeeded chiefly through his influence with Alexander, in obtaining a seat at their councils, and once there, his supreme ability soon gave him an irresistible ascendant: he succeeded in sowing dissension between the Allies, and at last in persuading them that it would be a bad and shallow policy to weaken France too much. But in the meantime Louis XVIII., freed from the counsels of his wise minister,* whose superiority annoyed and eclipsed him, had committed folly after folly, had disgusted the army, and alienated the returning affections of the people. Napoleon had landed from Elba, and was again upon the throne, and Louis was a fugitive at Ghent. The Allies had to commence a new war, and the crowning victory of Waterloo, and the surrender of Napoleon, placed France more completely at their mercy than before. Their indignation was, of course, more vehement than ever, and the task of Talleyrand in appeasing them incomparably more difficult; and finding his efforts of no avail, either to control the irritated monarch or pacify his furious allies, he quitted office to avoid signing the humiliating treaty of 1815. Before doing so, however, he had persuaded Louis XVIII. to issue the Proclamation of Cambrai, promising a more faithful adherence to, and a more liberal interpretation of the Charter, and greater defer-

* "Déjà de Vienne il avait écrit à Louis XVIII. toutes les fautes qu'on reprochait à son gouvernement en 1814 : l'abandon de la cocarde tricolore ; les restrictions apportées aux garanties établies par la Charte ; l'éloignement dans lequel le parti constitutionnel avait été tenu des emplois publics, presque uniquement accordés à d'anciens royalistes ; l'ignorance et la maladresse avec laquelle on avait donné la France à régir à des hommes nourris dans l'émigration, étrangers aux idées et aux sentimens de la nation nouvelle, qui avaient alarmé ses intérêts et soulevé ses haines, et l'absence d'un ministère homogène, formant un conseil responsable, dirigé par un président, et capable de gouverner."—*Mignet—Notice Historique.*

once to those notions of liberty which the revolution of 1789 had indelibly rooted in the minds of the people. He had the utmost difficulty in persuading the incurable old Bourbon that the permanence of his throne depended on his management of the democratic spirit, and that the adoption of the policy of the Legitimists would be fatal to him. The king became anxious to get rid of his importunate councillor, and by way of hinting to him the propriety of retiring, he asked him one day, how far it was to Valençay, the country-seat of M. de Talleyrand. "Je ne sais pas au juste, Sire, (replied the minister,) mais il doit avoir le double du distance d'ici à Gand;"—intimating that before he, Talleyrand, could reach Valençay, Louis, deprived of the safeguard of his counsel, would be again an exile.

From the time of his retirement he took his place in the ranks of the liberal opposition in the Chamber of Peers, and steadily set his face against the oppression and reactionary follies of the Restoration. In 1830 what he had long foreseen took place: a new revolution, patiently toiled for during fifteen years of selfishness and blunders, again drove the Bourbons into exile, and summoned the veteran diplomatist into public life once more. He gave Louis Philippe the benefit of his multifarious experience, and accepted the embassy to England, with the view of cementing that alliance between the two countries which had been the earliest object of his official life. That done, he once more retired into privacy; and died at the age of eighty-four, with faculties and cheerfulness alike unimpaired—though no man had lived through scenes more calculated to crush the one and exhaust the other.

The great crime against political morality with which he is reproached—his inconstancy—seemed at all times to lie very lightly on his conscience. He spoke of his changes without the smallest embarrassment or shame, alleging that what he served was not this or that Government, but his Country, under the political form which it had put on for the time being; that he was faithful to each Administration so long as it suited France, and wisely and honestly consulted her interests; and that he never deserted any till it had become the duty of every good citizen to do so. He has also been severely reproached with avarice and corruption, and probably the charge was not without foundation; but there is no reason to believe that he ever betrayed or sold his country or his employers for his own private interests; and at a period when it was a customary and almost an avowed transaction for Ministers to receive vast presents, called *pots-de-vin*, from powers or parties whom they had been able to gratify and serve, we can scarcely judge a man according to the purer delicacy and severer standard of to-day. This

much is certain—that, surrounded with enemies and beset with dangers at every period of his public life, he was never known to counsel a violence or to be guilty of a vengeance; he punished his adversaries by *bon-mots* alone; he was in all things a moderator and a friend of peace; and in private life he was gentle, amiable, and singularly beloved by all who were admitted to his intimacy. The character of his intellect was in many respects Italian rather than French; and to find his parallel we must go back to the statesmen who ruled Florence and Milan during the Middle Ages. His subtlety and *finesse* belonged to both countries: his patience, his quietness, his imperturbable sweetness of temper, were exclusively Italian; while there was something almost feminine in the seductive attractiveness of his manner. On the whole, if we consider the moral atmosphere in which he was born and bred, the false position in which early injustice had placed him, the fearful times in which he lived and acted—times eminently fatal to all high enthusiasm, to all fixed opinions, to all inflexible constancy—times which tried the courage of the bravest, the convictions of the most obstinate, the faith of the most earnest—we shall be disposed to judge him with unwonted indulgence, and may perhaps be justified in pronouncing him as worthy of esteem and admiration as any public man can be who lays claim to no lofty sentiment, no stern principles, and no spirit of self-denial or self-sacrifice.

Of Benjamin Constant, the friend and ally of Madame de Staël for upwards of twenty years, we have left ourselves little space to speak; and in truth his was a type of character with which, though well worth studying, we can feel little sympathy. He was a second Voltaire, almost as clever as the first, far more selfish and egotistical, and with none of his redeeming benevolence and sincerity. By universal consent he was, among men, the most brilliant converser of his age. All his contemporaries speak of his *esprit* as something perfectly wonderful and enchanting. In the tribune he was formidable from his wit and pungency. As a writer he was acute, sparkling, and subtle. His letters are models of grace and *finesse*—as heartless and affected as those of Walpole, but incomparably cleverer and more entertaining. But he was spoilt and *blasé* at a very early age—“used up” before most young men have even begun to taste the enjoyments of life. At the age of three-and-twenty his whole soul was withered and dried up:* he had tried every

* In one of his letters to Madame de Charrière he thus describes himself in 1792:—“*Blasé sur tout, ennuyé de tout, amer, égoïste, avec une sorte de sensibilité qui ne sert qu'à me tourmenter, mobile au point de passer pour fol, sujet à des accès de mélancolie qui interrompent tous mes plans, et me font agir, pendant qu'ils*

thing, and thrown everything aside; he had analyzed everything, and found everything hollow and deceptive; he had exhausted the pleasures and interests of the world, and pronounced everything to be "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." He had "travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren." His heart had become as arid as the desert sand; he was a *persifleur* to the very core; profoundly cynical and profoundly sceptical, he loved nothing and believed in nothing;* and a deep and paralyzing conviction of the brevity and worthlessness of life had desolated all feeling and destroyed all energy. He was one of the most hopeless of characters—an intellectual and self-observing libertine. He had drank at every fountain, whether of refined or illicit pleasure; *and he had analyzed each sensation as he went along.* No deep affection—no absorbing passion—no earnest or solemn thought—seems ever to have entered his heart; he was dissolute *en philosophe*; and as the poet says:—

"Where such fairies once have danced,
No grass will ever grow."

In 1790—in the midst of the heart-stirring events which were then transacting in his own country, and exciting the attention of the whole civilized world—he writes thus to the fatal friend, Madame de Charrière, whose conversation and intimacy had so greatly contributed to wither up his young spirit:—

"Plus on y pense, et plus on est *à loss* de chercher le *cui bono* de cette sottise qu'on appelle le monde. Je ne comprends ni le but, ni l'architecte, ni le peintre, ni les figures de cette lanterne magique dont j'ai l'honneur de faire partie. Le comprendrai-je mieux quand j'aurai disparu de dessus la sphère étroite et obscure dans laquelle il plaît à je ne sais quel invisible pouvoir de me faire danser, bon gré, mal gré? C'est ce que j'ignore. . . . Thomson, l'auteur des *Saisons*, passait souvent des jours entiers dans son lit, et quand on lui demandait pourquoi il ne se levait pas: '*I see no motive to rise, man,*' répondait-il. Ni moi non plus, je ne vois de motifs pour rien dans ce monde, et je n'ai de gout pour rien."

durent, comme si j'avois renoncé à tout. . . . Comment voulez-vous que je réussisse, que je plaise, que je vive?"

* The work of Constant, "*De la Religion*," which occupied him at intervals for ~~thirty~~ years, is the only one of magnitude he has left behind him; and it is characteristic of the man that the first portion and outline of it was written on the backs of packs of playing cards. After his strange piece of political inconsistency, (joining Bonaparte during "the Hundred Days,") he wrote an exculpation of himself to Louis XVIII., which was favourably received, and he was pardoned. A friend complimented him on the occasion: "Eh bien, votre mémoire a réussi; elle a persuadé le Roi." "Je ne m'étonne pas; (replied Constant) *elle m'a presque persuadé, moi-même!*"

Six months later he writes again :—

“ Ce n'est pas comme me trouvant dans des circonstances affligeantes que je me plains de la vie : je suis parvenu à ce point de désabusement *que je ne saurais que désirer* si tout dépendait de moi, et que je suis convaincu que je ne serais dans aucune situation plus heureux que je ne le suis. Cette conviction et le sentiment profond et constant de la brièveté de la vie me fait tomber le livre ou la plume des mains, toutes les fois que j'étudie. Nous n'avons plus de motifs pour acquérir de la gloire, pour conquérir un empire ou pour faire un bon livre, que nous n'en avons pour faire une promenade ou une partie de whist.” . . .

He was in this deplorable state of mind—the disenchanted man of pleasure, the unbelieving epicurean, the subtle analyst of himself—when he first (in 1794) met Madame de Staël in Switzerland. The effect she produced upon him was instantaneous and lasting; and she would have cured him of his cynicism and *Voltairisme*, if the malady had not been too deep-seated for radical recovery. She made him at once almost earnest and enthusiastic. For the first time we find in his letters a tone of seriousness and a capacity of admiration. He speaks of her thus to his old friend :—

“ Je la crois très active, très imprudente, très parlante, mais bonne, confiante, et se livrant de bonne foi. Une preuve qu'elle n'est pas uniquement une machine parlante, c'est le vif intérêt qu'elle prend à ne ceux qu'elle a connus et qui souffrent.”

And a few days afterwards he says :—

“ Depuis que je la connais mieux, je trouve une grande difficulté à ne pas me répandre sans cesse en éloges, et à ne pas donner à tous ceux à qui je parle le spectacle de mon intérêt et de mon admiration. J'ai rarement vu une réunion pareille de qualités étonnantes et attrayantes, autant de brillant et de justesse, une bienveillance aussi expansive et aussi cultivée, autant de générosité, une politesse aussi douce et aussi soutenue dans le monde, tant de charme, de simplicité, d'abandon dans la société intime. C'est la seconde femme que j'ai trouvée qui m'aurait pu tenir lieu de tout l'univers, qui aurait pu être un monde à elle seule pour moi : vous savez quelle a été la première. Madame de Staël a infiniment plus d'esprit dans la conversation intime que dans le monde; elle sait parfaitement écouter, ce que ni vous ni moi ne pensions; elle sent l'esprit des autres avec autant de plaisir que le sien; elle fait valoir ceux qu'elle aime avec une attention ingénieuse et constante, qui prouve autant de bonté que d'esprit. Enfin, c'est un être à part, un être supérieur tel qu'il s'en rencontre peut-être un par siècle, et tel que ceux qui l'approchent, le connaissent et sont ses amis, doivent ne pas exiger d'autre bonheur.”

Benjamin Constant was faithful through life to his early admiration for this remarkable woman : he lived much with her

both at Paris and at Coppet ; he accompanied her to Germany ; and was henceforth one of the greatest ornaments of her brilliant circle. Of the life they led at Coppet, the following delicious picture is given by Sainte-Beuve :—

“ Les conversations philosophiques, littéraires, toujours piquantes ou élevées, s’engageaient vers onze heures du matin, à la réunion du déjeuner ; on les résumait au diner, dans l’intervalle du diner au souper, lequel avait lieu à onze heures du soir, et encore au-delà souvent jusqu’ après minuit. Benjamin Constant et Madame de Staël y tenaient surtout le dé. C’est là que Benjamin Constant, que, plus jeune, nous n’avons guère vu que blasé, sortant de sa raillerie trop invétérée par un enthousiasme un peu factice, causeur toujours prodigieusement spirituel, mais chez qui l’esprit, à la fin, avait hérité de toutes les autres facultés et passions plus puissantes, c’est là qu’il se montrait avec feu et naturellement ce que Madame de Staël le proclamait sans prévention, *le premier esprit du monde* : il était certes le plus grand des hommes distingués. Leurs esprits du moins, à tous les deux, se convenaient toujours ; ils étaient surs de s’entendre par là. Rien, au dire des témoins, n’était éblouissant et supérieur comme leur conversation engagée dans ce cercle choisi, eux deux tenant la raquette magique du discours, et se renvoyant, durant des heures, sans manquer jamais, le volant de mille pensées entre-croisées.”

Under the influence of Madame de Staël’s enthusiasm, Benjamin Constant entered the career of politics, and soon distinguished himself as liberal in opinions and *frondeur* by temper. But though always eminent, he was never powerful. An unrivalled converser, an eloquent orator, a brilliant and most interesting writer, he yet could never attain a position of real influence or high consideration, and accomplished less than many men of far inferior capacity. Why was this ? It was simply that all the display of his consummate intellect was an unreal show ; his heart was dust and ashes ; his character was a shifting sand. He had no strong convictions, no settled principles, no earnest purpose. He was a liberal politician, who neither esteemed nor loved his fellow-men—a student and professor of religion, who yet held no creed and could attain to no faith—a man who had skimmed the surface of every emotion, but never penetrated to the depth or the dignity of a passion. A mocking spirit presided over his whole being ; to him there was nothing reverend ; for him there was nothing sacred. He had early profaned the Temple of the Lord ; and the *mens divior* fled from the desecrated shrine, and left it empty, desolate, and unclean.

- ART. II.—1. *Del Rinascimento Civile d'Italia*. Per VINCENZO GIOBERTI. Parigi e Torino. Due volumi. 1851.
2. *Rome et le Monde*. Par N. TOMMASEO. Capolago et Turin, 1851. *Roma e il Mondo* di NICCOLO TOMMASEO. Capolago, 1851.
3. *Il Professore Nuytz ai Suoi Concittadini*. Torino, 1851.
4. *Lucques et les Burlamacchi; Souvenirs de la Réforme en Italie*. Par CHARLES EYNARD. Paris, 1848.
5. *Archivio Storico Italiano*. Appendice XXIII. *Cedrus Libani*. Con Note. Per cura del P. VINCENZO MARCHESE de Predicatori. Appendice XXV. *Lettere Inedite di Fra Girolamo Savonarola*. Firenze, 1849-1850.
6. *Dealings with the Inquisition, or, Papal Rome, her Priests and Jesuits, with Important Disclosures*. By the Rev. GIACINTO ACHILLI, D.D. 2d Edition. London, 1851.
7. *A Historical Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his Times*. By L. MARIOTTI. London, 1853.
8. *I Valdesi; ossia i Cristiani-Cattolici secondo la Chiesa Primitiva*. Cenni Storici per AMEDEO BERT. Torino, 1849.

ALL Italy is panting for an *avvenire*. The better part of all that deserves to be called her modern literature is occupied with the forecasting of THE FUTURE. It is but lately that we have begun, as a nation, to occupy ourselves with the thoughts and feelings, the hopes and fears, the state and prospects, of the Italian people. We were wont to say that Italy had her past and her eternity, but no present. It is not so now. We have watched the progress of an Italian revolution, begun with a Papal amnesty and ended with the capitulation of Venice; and since the restoration of the old *régime* we have had more than one indication of a spirit impatient of the control of Pope and Kaiser. Italy is looking forward to a future, and waiting with "earnest expectation" for the development of—she knows not what. Shall it be the Mazzinian Republic, one and indivisible? Or the united democratic Italy of Gioberti, with the two centres of Rome and Turin? Or Rome of the people—the Rome of Niccolini—of Cola da Rienzi—of Arnaldo da Brescia? Or shall a reformed Pope, laying aside his triple crown, dwell apart in some sacred city, the president of a permanent kirk-session of friars, monks and bishops, according to the programme of Tommaseo? Or shall some monarch of the house of Savoy consolidate the kingdoms and duchies of the peninsula into one powerful Empire, and raise Italy again to her old pre-eminence? The only point on which all agree is this, that the old systems are worn

out, and that Italy has need of new principles. But *what are those principles?* What say the prophets?

The man who in modern days—at least since the time of Alfieri—has done more than any other to mould the mind of Italy, is unquestionably VINCENT GIOBERTI. It is singular that both the tragedian and the philosopher were Piedmontese—natives, that is, of that part of the peninsula which till lately, in its language and feelings and character, was scarcely more than half Italian. Is it an indication and an earnest of the Sardinian leadership in the political and intellectual movements of a people who are striving to regain their place among the nations? We do not stop to answer such a question; but among the thinkers and writers, the patriots and exiles, moderate or revolutionary, the Balbos and D'Azeglios and Mazzinis, who have influenced the Italian character for good or evil, we must give the first place to the Turinese Abbate.

Vincenzo Gioberti was born in Turin on the 5th of April 1801. After a brilliant educational career, he was ordained priest in 1825, and soon afterwards was appointed court chaplain at Turin. Banished in 1833, without any formal process, on account of his liberal tendencies, the remaining nineteen or twenty years of his life were spent chiefly in exile. After remaining a few years in France, he began to teach philosophy in a private seminary at Brussels. His first writings were philosophical, viz., "La Teorica del Sovrannaturale," published in 1837; the "Introduzione allo Studio di Filosofia," in 1840, following out the subject of the former treatise, and combating the principles of Kant and Victor Cousin in favour of the old catholicism of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Buonaventura; three volumes more in 1842, entitled "Errori Filosofici di Antonio Rosmini;" and then the treatises "Del Bello e del Buono," on the principles respectively of Taste and Morals. Gioberti had made himself a name as a great thinker and a great writer, when in 1843 he took Italy by storm in his famous "Primato." The sum and substance of the book was the moral and civil pre-eminence of Italy over the nations of the earth. As Germany is the leader in learning, France in politics, and Britain in industry, so the ideal primacy—the creative influence—belongs to Italy. By geographical position; by race—for the Italians bear impressed on their countenance the severe majesty that marks the first-born; by creative power, in literature, in painting, and music, the primacy has been demonstrated. Three times Italy was the mistress and teacher of Europe; with arms, in the supremacy of Pagan Rome; with religion, in the supremacy of the Popes; and lastly, with the culture of letters and the fine arts in the era of the Medici. To raise up fallen Italy to her old

place among the nations, Gioberti rested his hopes on the ideal authority of Rome, and the military leadership of Piedmont. For more than five centuries—since the time of Dante's treatise "*De Monarchia*"—the Ghibelline idea had been gaining ground in Italy, not exactly in Dante's sense, but at least as anti-Guelphic. The profound Macchiavelli had detected in the civil power of the Popes a principal cause of the weakness and division of Italy, and had embodied the idea in formulas never to be forgotten. In that very year, 1843, when Gioberti raised so boldly the dishonoured banner of the Popes, the whole land was ringing to the trumpet-voice of Niccolini, with its "burden" of woe to Rome,—

" Voce dall' Oriente,
Voce dall' Occidente,
Voce dai tuoi deserti,
Voce dall' eco dei sepolchri aperti,
Meretrice, t'accusa! Inebriata
Sei del sangue dei Santi, e fornicasti
Con quanti ha re la terra!" *

But with powers of argument and eloquence in which he scarcely found an equal, with singular courage in taking up a doubtful principle, and with a breadth of liberalism rare in the priestly order, Gioberti threw himself into the conflict of systems; and for a time, the wiser ancients, with Dante at their head, and the wiser moderns that group around Alfieri and Niccolini, were overborne by the neo-Catholic enthusiasm. Let it be well understood that it was Vincent Gioberti that created the Italian frenzy for the reforms of Pius IX: men dreamed that they saw in him the ideal Pope of the "*Primato*." Those days of amnesties, civic guards, and constitutions, have passed away as a dream when one awaketh, and without delusion we can look at the stern and dismal realities. The old theory and the new have both been tried; Italy has exulted over a reforming Vatican, and again has bowed her head in shame that ever she could have believed a Pope; and before the world the sage Macchiavel has vindicated his old pre-eminence as "*maestro di color chi sanno*."

We might speculate on what the consequences might have been had not a division of the two parties in the conclave of 1846,—the one bent on keeping out the stern Lambruschini, the other on excluding the moderate and more liberal Cardinal Micara,—thrown the votes on a third man *whom neither party had proposed*, and issued in the election of one of the most ob-

* Arnaldo da Brescia. Niccolini still lives in Florence, but unable to appreciate "the voice of singing men and singing women" as before. His muse is silent.

scure of the princes of the Church. Lambruschini was the heart and soul of the old Gregorian Government, and it is difficult to teach an old ———. We are afraid we were on the point of using a very homely proverb. The old Cardinal Micara did not very long survive to witness the varied fortunes of the Papacy, and we suppose he would not have lived longer had he himself been elected Pope. We are not sure, however; for what with the *acqua tofana* and other things of that kind, a Life Assurance Company would be sadly put about at Rome. And then, on the other hand, there was the old Cardinal Della Genga, for example, bending under the weight of seventy-four, who entered with tottering steps the Conclave of 1823, and said with dolorous voice to his friends who wished to elevate him to the tiara, "Don't think of me,—it would be useless to elect a corpse." No sooner, however, had he been declared Pontiff-elect than the old gentleman brightened up, and lived very fairly for more than five years as Pope Leo XII. We must not forget that there was another Cardinal who should have had in his favour the influence of Austria in 1846, had not the Conclave with almost unprecedented haste concluded its business in three days, before Metternich had time to send in his "exclusives." This was Jacques Monico, Patriarch of Venice, "whose devotion to the house of Austria was perhaps his most notable quality; a pious old man, who frequented the soirées of the Viceroy and played at cards; and when the laws of the game required that he should say *Vive l'amour!* cried *Vive Marie!* to save decorum." (*Rome et le Monde*, p. 39.) Such is Tommaseo's picture of that Patriarch of Venice who blessed the banners of the Venetian Republic, and hailed *ex cathedra* the roar of the lion of St. Mark, but, after the capitulation, hastened to Vienna with consummate impartiality, to lay a copy of Latin verses at the feet of the Emperor of the Romans. We confess a sort of fancy for speculating on the Pontifical government of this pious old gentleman playing cards in the Quirinal, *mais reveçons à nos moutons*.

We shall not pause now to speak of Gioberti's controversy with the Jesuits, nor of his political career in Piedmont, as deputy for Turin, and as Prime Minister of Sardinia. Returning into voluntary exile in 1849, after having lived to see the blighting of his hopes for Italy, the indefatigable Abbate devoted the remainder of his life in Paris to smoking cigars, and writing another enormous book on Italian Reform. The times were changed. The man whom Pope and Cardinals had delighted to honour, and to whose fame the Roman College of the Sapienza had coined a medal, was now a dangerous revolutionist, a dreamer of vain dreams. The congregation of the Index, with

one sweeping sentence condemned all his books, past, present, and to come; and the Curci and Tapparelli of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the Jesuits who had climbed again into the high places, sang *To Pean* over the fallen ecclesiastic. We need scarcely record the rest. The philosopher was found dead in his chamber in the Rue de Parme, in Paris, on the morning of the 26th October 1852. He had died of apoplexy, and when found he was lying on the floor, holding his spectacles with one hand, and clutching his dressing-gown with the other. On the bed from which he had fallen lay open the "*Promessi Sposi*," and *Thomas-a-Kempis*. His country gave him an honoured sepulchre, and he rests among his own people, in the city which had excluded him during fifteen years of his laborious life. Peace to his ashes, and as we shall have no more books of his to review, we would tread lightly on the grave of the departed.

The two volumes on the "*Rinnovamento Civile*," were the last manifesto of the great philosopher. As might be expected, every effort was made by the Italian Governments (always excluding Sardinia) to prevent their entrance into the Peninsula. But stolen waters are sweet, and the book was not only introduced but read everywhere. Naples is unquestionably the most difficult place in Italy for the introduction of such merchandise, yet Gioberti's volumes, though under the ban of Pope and King, were read by all the educated youth of Naples. Parties were formed for the purpose, fifteen dollars were subscribed, and a copy was bought at five times the price, and read in succession by the whole party, the last reader obtaining the volumes as a reward for his patience. In Tuscany Government-spies were sometimes "suborned," and drove a brisk trade in the contraband commodity; and cases were heard of in which the book was quietly deposited beyond the reach of the police in the bags of the Austrian courier. We are on pretty safe ground in stating such facts, as there are ways and means in Italy for "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

The work is described in the introduction (*Proemio*, p. xxvi.) as "*una breve critica del moto passato e una dialettica del futuro*." We don't know exactly what Gioberti's ideas of length might be, but when an octavo volume of 750 pages is "a short critique on the past," and ditto ditto of 860 pages, a "short ratiocination on the future," we have at least a fair starting-point for our calculations as to the probable extent of a lengthened treatise. We are not going to attempt an analysis of the matter contained in 1600 pages.* The first volume is

* We give in a note the titles of the chapters, which convey a good idea of the nature of the work :—BOOK I.—ERRORS AND MISFORTUNES.—Chap. I. The Italian

devoted to an attack on parties in general. Like a black knight of old romance, the Abbate enters the lists against everybody, and one champion after another falls under his heavy lance. First comes a fair maliguer, the Princess Belgiojoso, who is disposed of easily in a note to the Proemio. Then come the Democrats and Puritans, or pure Republican party; the Conservatives and Municipalists, with their narrow provincial ideas; the *codini* and the *retrogradi*, all of whom are treated according to their demerits, real or supposed. Last of all, in one stupendous chapter, he impales Pope Pius; and in another he weighs in the balance the *Re tentenna*, the subject alike of praise and blame, the faithless and patriotic, the fickle and decided, the feeble and magnanimous, Charles-Albert of Savoy.

Now as we are writing on Protestantism in Italy, we can afford to pass over in silence the men of one idea, the champions of that Italian party "which appropriately takes the name of *young*," the long-haired and bearded "heroes of the caffè," the cigar-smokers *par excellence*; but we must say one word on Gioberti's mode of dealing with the memory of Charles-Albert. In the "*Gesuita Moderno*," he eulogized Charles-Albert as having anticipated by at least twenty years the writers of the Italic idea, so that these merely put in words the facts of Charles-Albert, instead of teaching him to put into facts their words. (*Ges. Mod.* iii. 572.) This was delicate praise, Gioberti says now; it was *glutteny* such as kings require; "a dainty dish," in short, "to set before a king;" and this clearness of perception was merely attributed to him *by rhetorical artifice*, for the purpose of leading the slow-thinking monarch into the ideas attributed to him. No one could call this a lie, as it deceived no one, and was done for the public good. (*Rinnovamento*, i. 706.) We fear the worthy *Abbé* had learned a lesson from the *Gesuita Moderno*; and it is somewhat amusing to find such a confession in reference to a book written in vehement denunciation of Jesuit dishonesty. It may be quite true that the age is progressing towards democracy, and that the future triumph of the democratic orders is certain; but Piedmont has already a constitution, the liberty of election,

Revival (*Risorgimento*.) II. European Politics from 1815. III. The French Revolution of 1848. IV. Foreign Discipline. V. Civil Sense. VI. The False Doctrines of the Conservatives. VII. The False Doctrines of the Democrats. VIII. Political Parties in Italy. IX. and X. Municipalists and Conservatives. XI. The Puritans and Democrats. XII. National Policy. XIII. Pio Nono. XIV. Charles-Albert. XV. Recapitulation of the Contents of the First Book. BOOK II.—REMEDIES AND HOPES.—Chap. I. Italian and European Renovation. II. Monarchy and Republicanism. III. The New Rome. IV. and V. The Piedmontese Hegemony (*i.e.*, Leadership.) VI. Democracy and the rule of Demagogues. VII. Italian Civil Science. VIII. Writers. IX. Civil Genius. X. The Italian Primacy. XI. Future Prospects, and Conclusion of the Work.

a free press, and a national parliament; and for the good faith which maintained all these, the whole land is debtor to the Subalpine king. We know that very much is still wanting in Piedmont, but we think Gioberti might have appreciated more highly the sacrifices of Charles-Albert, and the difficulties of his successor in maintaining a constitutional government in the very centre of the continental re-action. Piedmont has unquestionably the leadership, or hegemony to use Gioberti's word; and she may keep that rank and save the monarchy for a time, even though the progress of the age be towards democracy. No attempt must be made to overturn the monarchy so long as it solves the problems of the day. The army is monarchical by disposition and custom, and so also is the greater portion of the people in Piedmont. Piedmont is the only free state in Italy, but according to Gioberti's estimate it is no longer Italian and national, but simply Subalpine and municipal. It must then become progressive, democratical, and national. The Saccardi laws were a good beginning, but only a beginning. The Church will of course resist all similar legislation, and Rome will have recourse to her usual weapons—interdicts and excommunications; but Gioberti counsels strongly the contempt of interdicts when they are unjust, and cites the example of the "pious Venice," that defied the Pope and kept her orthodoxy. The progress of public opinion in Piedmont is towards the complete separation of the two jurisdictions of Church and State; but the process of separation must be gradual. Meanwhile the statute-book "should be purged of certain ridiculous relics of the dark ages," especially the old laws that bear on heresy, or on the teaching of doctrines contrary to the religion of the state. "I should be curious to read a commentary on the Apocalypse, or a treatise on mysticism written by the Curialists of Turin, and to know if even the Israelites and the Waldenses of Piedmont are obliged civilly to admit the apostolicity of the Romish Church, the worship of saints, and the primacy of the Pope." (Vol. ii. p. 225.) And again elsewhere, "All praise be to Piedmont, which, instead of imitating the vile examples of Tuscany and Naples, and the Ecclesiastical States, respects the opinions of others, and permits the Israelites, the Waldenses, and the other Christian communities, to raise temples and altars that they may worship in peace the God of their fathers." (Vol. ii. p. 654.) Piedmont is thus at least *solving practically* some of the great questions of the day; and we doubt whether that future diet at Rome, which is to determine the conditions of the Italic unity, will solve them better.*

* No Italian can give up the idea of Rome as the seat of dominion. But Italy from its elongated shape cannot (Gioberti says) be brought under the influence of

At all events, Pius IX. has not done so; and the author of the "Primato" has certainly a right to speak plainly on the Papal experiment. We cite a few of Gioberti's sentences, curtailing some of them, but without altering the sense:—

"Pius IX. is certainly the most singular of princes. His reign may be divided into two distinct and contrary epochs, the second of which consists in destroying the work of the first . . . like Clovis of France, who burned what he once adored, and adored what he once committed to the fire; and like Penelope, who undid at night the web woven during the day. (Vol. i. p. 620.) He forbade his children to fight for Italy against the Austrians, and invited the Austrians to fight against Italy and his children. But it is not Pio Nono who does these things; he is ruled by others, like his predecessor himself in his old age: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.' (Vol. i. p. 671.) . . . Strange, that the Romans should be less civilized than Turks or barbarians! That a Pope should be bosom friend of the King of Naples! Would it not have been strange had St. Paul applauded Nero, or the Son of God eulogized Herod after the slaughter of the Innocents! . . . Are the hopes of paradise any reason for making the present world an *inferno* to those who are the subjects of the Supreme Hierarchy? But so it is. To the scandal of all good Catholics, the most unhappy of all the peoples of the earth, is that which heaven has committed to the keeping of the Pope. (P. 680.) The issue will be the ruin of the Catholic faith in Italy. Let the Pope then listen. Four centuries ago, Savonarola preached reform; Rome did not listen to him, but burned him. The ashes of the martyr were scarcely cold when Luther drew the half of Europe from the Papacy. . . . Italy will perhaps find one to follow her." (Vol. i. p. 685.)

What then is to be done? Shall Pius IX. act over again the part of that Celestine V. whom the Church has put into the calendar as a saint, but whom Dante has immortalized in a

one great central city, as France is influenced by Paris. Hence Rome and Turin must be the *two centres* of the renovation. The past movement was the Italian revival: "the renovation may be considered as the political millennium of the peoples, and as it were a regeneration or civil palingenesis, which will combine the realism of reason and of nature with the evangelical idea, cancelling the original stain of the Congress of Vienna, and of the old feudal and imperial jurisprudence of Europe!" (Vol. ii. p. 40.) The democratic orders will prevail; but the demagogues must be kept in check, for the sake of harmony, which runs some risk of being disturbed by the multitude of counsellors. In fact the emblem of the great popular assemblies was the ark of Noah—"the most ancient representative assembly known; '*omne animal, secundum genus suum, universaque jumenta in genere suo.*'—Genesis vii. 14." (Vol. ii. p. 402.) All this we hope is clear and satisfactory. It is at all events an illustration of the fact, that a Romish priest, "though thou shouldst bray him in a mortar," will retain some traces of his quality still.

somewhat different sense by one line in the *Inferno*, as the Pope

“Chi fece per viltate il gran rifiuto?”—*Inf.* iii. 60.

This is a vital point, and we give the substance of Gioberti's answer. The old Italic school of Dante, and Macchiavelli, and Sarpi, and the modern school of Alfieri, and Giordani and Leopardi, have held firmly the principle of the separation of the two powers in the Papacy. Gioberti departed from the Arnaldine and Dantesque tradition to try another way; but, *that mode having failed*, he is now justified in contending against “Rome political,” as an enemy incapable of improvement. (Vol. ii. pp. 137-138.) The constitution—lay government—and the federation—were the three great reforms preached for Rome of the Risorgimento. All this failed. The constitution, granted with a blessing from the great window of the Quirinal, has been withdrawn with an anathema; a gowned ruler disgraces the city of the Cæsars — *præsidet sacerdos muliebri ornatu*; Italy is still divided, and Rome “the enemy of the whole world;” and therefore the author of the *Primato* returns to the old Italic school of Macchiavel and Dante. The “Mia Roma” so fondly cherished in 1846, is now among the dreams and Utopias; and Rome ecclesiastical cannot, therefore, be the *perno*—the pivot—of the Renovation. The new Rome of the future is *the head of a revival that acknowledges not the Pope for its leader*, for “the Catholic orders contain in themselves a principle of regeneration without the concourse of the chief priesthood, or even in spite of it.” The nation may, on its own authority, resume the powers that have been usurped by the priesthood in ages of ignorance—such as education, the matrimonial contract, the regulation of holidays, mortuaries, &c.; and against such exercise of authority, censures, interdicts, excommunications, and other clerical reprisals, are to be treated as mere *brutum fulmen*. Besides, Rome, now the liege of Austria, and the Pope, now vassal of the Emperor, must become free. That old museum of a Papal city, with its mixture of the sacred and the profane, of crusades and indulgences, of blessings and curses, of evangelical morality and Pagan politics, must be accommodated to the new order, and made to correspond to the new life of Italy. Hence Gioberti proposes a sort of contribution of the Catholic world for the “Sustentation” of the Head of the Church, who is henceforth to give up his present profane trappings of “Papa-Re,” and retire into private life. To get accustomed to this entirely evangelical mode of living, he had better leave Rome, with its seducing memorials of former power, and not return till he has been thoroughly used to it. Such, in serious and sober earnest,

is the idea of the "Nuova Roma." We shall give our own judgment of it afterwards; meanwhile, no reader of the "Rinnovamento" can refrain from paying his tribute of admiration to the vigorous argument and surpassing eloquence with which Gioberti has maintained it.

Another of the great Italian writers whose books have made a deep impression on the country, is NICCOLO TOMMASEO. He is, we believe, a native of Dalmatia, but his history is Italian, and even his original Sclavonic name, with its harsh gutturals, has been softened down into the more musical Tommasco. It is not the first time that a great teacher has arisen on those shores of the Adriatic. St. Jerome was a native of Illyria. Tommasco has not only made himself a great name in Italian literature, but has had his full share in the political struggles of the country, and especially in the misfortunes of Venice; and the book now before us, like almost every Italian book that is worth the reading, was written with the pen of an exile. We would speak of it with all the respect due to misfortune and to genius, and with all charity towards a devoted adherent of the Church of which he draws so woful a picture. *He* also had looked for a Pope whose virtues would have atoned for the vices of the Borgia and the Medici, and who would have ruled the Church like the first of the Gregories. Throughout this series of beautiful Essays, St. Gregory is his model of a Pontiff—occupied with the cares of all the churches, and yet refusing the title of Universal Bishop—writing letters on all possible subjects—directing patriarchs, and resisting princes—sending clothes to needy bishops, and ransoming slaves in the Roman marketplace; "even the youth of that isle which owes to Rome her faith, and consequently her moral and civil culture, and which sends back Lord Minto in return for St. Augustine." But instead of the Papacy of Bossuet or of the Fathers, he finds a Pope patronizing the lottery, paying spies, hiring *sbirri*, managing theatres, giving laws for opera-dancers, and getting up exhibitions of Girandolas and the Moccoletti, as if his business was to minister to the amusement of an infant world. If Cardinal Mai, he says, had discovered in our days a volume entitled "Sancti Gregorii Papæ registrum Epistolarum," he would have hid it in some corner of the Vatican library to avoid comparisons. We might extract pages of the most elegant vituperation, and pages again of the most earnest pleading, when the great *littérateur*—grave as a Doge of Venice—makes his appeal "to the conscience of Pius IX." But the conscience of Pius IX. seems to "accuse or excuse" precisely according to what suits himself, and his principles of political ethics vary according to the circumstances to which they are applied. Tommasco's own

illustration is most appropriate: "The Pope recognised and accepted the French Republic of 1848, and should, on the same principle, have accepted the Roman Republic of 1849." "Pourquoi punirait-il les Romains qui n'ont pas expressément chassé leur souverain, dès qu'il bénit ceux qui ont le plus expressément du monde chassé le leur?" (P. 201.)

The sum and substance of *Rome et le Monde* is this — THAT THE TEMPORAL DOMINION IS A STONE OF STUMBLING TO THE PAPACY, and that the Supreme Pontiff should despoil himself of his secular authority, for the very independence and glory of the Church. We need not follow the demonstration of a truth for which no Protestant needs the elaborate argument of Nicholas Tommaseo. It is sufficient to indicate the outline: That there are no traces of the temporal dominion in the Gospel: that it is not sanctioned by the example of Christ, of the Apostles, or of the primitive Popes: that the Gospel, on the contrary, is "a simple and sublime antithesis between the perishable kingdom of the sword and the eternal kingdom of love:" that "the jurisprudence of conscience" is the proper domain of the priest: that the temporal power is not necessary to the Papacy, but, on the contrary, is a positive evil: and finally, that the Pope is not independent in point of fact, though reckoned among monarchs, for he is a vassal of Austria, the slave of kings, the slave even of the bankers, "et le père des croyants a peu de crédit."

Tommaseo takes true Protestant ground when he bases his argument on the Word of God; but a sincere Romanist must know that Rome never absolutely requires the authority of God's Word in favour of a cherished dogma, and that for more than twelve centuries the infallible Church has sanctioned, by Popes and Councils, that very temporal dominion that has made the Pontifical States "le parc réservé de l'esclavage," and reduced the Roman Campagna to a desert, "peopled only by the historic Manes." The donation of Constantine, forged or not; the public recognition of the power which the Roman Bishops gradually wrested from the distant Cæsars of Byzantium; the donation of Pepin and Charlemagne to the shrine of St. Peter, constitute a title which to Rome is equal to the Gospel. Besides, the very Pope whom Tommaseo chooses as his model Pontiff belongs to an age of transition; of errors formed, but not fully developed; of great evils and mysteries of iniquity, "working," but in part withheld; an age of premises without their conclusion.* A re-

* In other places Tommaseo approaches nearer to the Protestant ideas; as, for example, when he demonstrates that the Patriarchs of Antioch and Constantinople were equal to the Bishop of Rome; that the stone on which Christ built His Church was not in Rome only, but in the whole world; that Councils may reprove and condemn a Pope; that the Pope was originally but priest, the Papa of the

forming Church, tracing its way backward to the springs from which the living waters flow, can never stop at the age of Gregory I. "The primitive Church is the Church of the Bible, the Church of apostolic times. When your appeals to antiquity are successful in demonstrating the existence of any doctrine in opposition to Biblical doctrine, you have only demonstrated an ancient error, and nothing more,"*

But practically, what is to be done to meet all those evils which Tommaseo has described so well? Let the Pope abdicate his temporal authority. "Rome, the seat of a Pope without a diadem, would be the capital of the world." Let him even go out of Italy. But no—it is better he should remain—Italy could not afford to lose him. Perhaps a small dominion might be granted him, "that he might give an example of well-doing even in civil government." A city might be left him, and perhaps it is best to say Rome, for the people there are used to it, and would regret Samuel as soon as Saul came among them. Or it might be better—let us see—yes, we should say it would be decidedly better—to fix on a second-rate city, or even a very small one—a new San Marino—a mathematical point—a kind of mean between something and nothing—"le milieu entre le quelque chose des hommes et le rien de l'évangile!" Here the humble Pope would live, like the Fathers of the Desert in the old frescoes, with bearded abbots all about him, and the generals of the various orders in little huts apart; a great ecclesiastical society; a reformed Propaganda, reading, writing, and printing books, for the whole Catholic world. We suppose heretical interests will have very much declined by this time, and we wonder whether the new Papal city, in fitting out its huge printing establishment, might not buy up the types of the British and Foreign Bible Society? But, seriously, we have given in other words the very ideas of the author. Are we not right, then, in saying that Italy is panting for—she knows not what?

The opinions which COUNT TERENCE MAMIANI, once at the head of the Papal Cabinet, has expressed regarding the Papacy in his "*Lettera Ortodossa*," are almost the same as those of Tommaseo.† Rome he describes as the most ignorant of all the capitals of Europe: its religion as peurile and monkish. In Papal Rome, he asserts, private and political liberty are impossible, as even the Statuto of 1848 contained clauses that nullified

Greeks, and the Abbé of the monks, having the same meaning of spiritual Father; and that St. Paul as well as St. Peter was called "Prince of the Apostles."

* See the admirable letters of Dr. Desanctis on "Popery and Jesuitism at Rome in the Nineteenth Century," p. 59.

† *Lettera Ortodossa sul Papato*, da Terenzio Mamiani. Genova, 1851.

it, and made it a mockery. What, then, do his followers require?—A reform of the Papacy? The Gallican liberties? The four propositions of Bossuet? Or is Count Mamiani prepared to fall back on the old alternative, which he himself put so strongly, when he defended the Papal Government in the Roman Chambers, against the party that decreed its downfall—“In Rome only two governments are possible, either the Pope or Cola da Rienzi?”

In the last volume of his History of the Roman States, Signor FARINI, now so well known to the English public from the translation of his book by Mr. Gladstone, has given a doleful picture of the present state of the Papal dominions. In his letter to Mr. Gladstone, appended to the volume, he sums up the matter thus:—

“Finance ruined; commerce and traffic in the most wretched condition; the contraband trade revived; all the immunities and jurisdictions of the clergy restored; taxes and tolls in excess, without rule or measure; neither public nor private security, nor moral authority, nor native army, nor railways, nor telegraphs; studies neglected; not a breath of liberty, nor even the hope of a tranquil life; two foreign armies; the state of siege permanent; atrocious revenge; raging sects; universal discontent. Such is the Papal government at the present day.”—(*Lo Stato Romano*, vol. iv. p. 307.) And again—“Assassination and revenge are a custom; theft and robbery a profession; smuggling an industry, and blasphemy an elegance of discourse.”

Signor Farini then takes note of the conditions necessary to the existence of the temporal power of the Pope; such as, harmony with the national life—alliance with the nation—representative government—public liberty—lay administration. But reasoning from the past, and considering that for six centuries Italy has been crying out against the secular rule of the Popes, Signor Farini concludes that many generations will descend to the tomb before the destruction of that fatal authority which has been usurped, or conveyed by the gift of kings to the successors of St. Peter. That very mixture and confusion of the temporal with the spiritual, which is the root of the evil, is also a principal source of its strength, and pledge of its permanency. The Pope may abdicate for himself, like the ill-fated St. Celestine, but he cannot change the Papacy, and another Papa-Re would sit down in the seat on the seven hills, though a saint should leave it empty for a day. Tell us, then, Signor Farini, is the *cordon sanitaire* to be drawn for ever round the unfortunate Romans?

That there is little to be hoped for from the head of the Catholic Church—from the College of Cardinals—from the

priests in general—the leaders of Italian liberalism not only admit, but assert in terms so strong that we need not be at the trouble of bringing forward on such a point any argument of our own. In Tommaseo's judgment, the priests are ignorant, and the prelates, for the most part, are a walking curse. And still more strongly Gioberti affirms, that "many of those who reign in the name of the Holy Pontiff would sell not only the city, as in the days of Jugurtha, but the temple itself, if they could find a buyer!" And again—"The policy of Pius IX. is a rock on which the Church would break, if she were not immortal!" What further need have we of witnesses?*

It is pleasant to turn from the fine theories of the great writers, to something more business-like and practical. Of all the Italic capitals the least interesting is TURIN. Severe and dignified, with its long formal streets, and huge square palaces, monotonous as stone and lime can make them, the Sub-alpine city sits silent and solemn on the Dora and the Po. It has no history, at least none worth remembering. It has no imperishable names to tell of; no Dorians dwelt there as in the proud old palaces of Genoa. It has no monuments for a world to gaze at, like the *triste* and fallen Pisa. It has no literature. Even in the time of Alfieri, the very language of the peninsula was almost contraband in Turin, and the great tragedian fled from it to Florence, that he might hear the people talk Italian. Its court, gloomy and bigoted, never even sought to rival the brilliancy of the Medici, the Este, or the Gonzaga. It had no Pulci or Boccaccio to "set the table in a roar;" no Ariosto to sing of ladye loves and belted knights; no Tasso to weep for Leonora. Its stiff and stately princes, its Amadeos and Immanuels, the very puritans of Roman Catholicism, had turned the palace into a cloister; and when we *do* hear in history of the royal Turin, it is in connexion with some new edict in favour of the Romish faith, or some new order to the troops to march

* "Whose is this Church?" Gioberti asks, after enumerating acts of Papal barbarity. "Whose is this Church? Of Moloch or of Christ?" . . . "But the prebends! This is the Babel to which sacrifice is offered on the holy places."

. . . "The Church has no longer the flower of talent, but the husks, there is not an example of a state so miserable, not even in semi-barbarous regions, as Rome. It has become a nest of idle (and often corrupted) nuns and friars."

. . . "Antonio Rosmini wrote a good book on the Five Wounds of the Holy Church, but the wounds are more than five; and the first of these is the temporal power, of which the illustrious Roveretan has made no mention." . . . "What wonder, then, that Protestantism lurks in Italy, and that Geneva and London make proselytes in Rome itself, since Rome is far less learned, less honest, less humane and Christian, than the countries that are not Catholic, and that there disorders are of every day occurrence, which elsewhere are impossible." We quote such passages at random from the second volume, abbreviating as before, but without changing the sense.

against the poor Vaudois of Piedmont. Ten years ago, the Jesuits darkened every street; and friars of every hue, black, white, and grey, issued in long procession from its churches. It was a city of priests, with an army to defend them. The clerical *corps* amounted to nearly 23,000 individuals, from a population of little more than four millions. Out of a state revenue of eighty-five millions of francs, the clergy drew nearly fourteen millions. The Church was nowhere more prosperous than in Piedmont. We cannot point to many satisfactory changes brought about by the ill-fated revolution of 1848, but this at least is certain, that a brighter day has dawned on the Sub-alpine capital, and Turin is now the centre of all that is properly Italian.

"The constitution," says Farini, "has availed more than a victory to Victor Emmanuel, and has almost retrieved the disaster of Novara." This is the secret of Sardinian prosperity. The House of Savoy has kept faith with the country, and exiles from every state of Italy have flocked to Turin. Under a free constitution the energies of the people have been put forth, and the resources of the whole country developed. While other Italian cities are decaying, and the population of some of them reduced by thousands, in about eighteen months of 1851-52, no fewer than 110 houses, containing about 7000 rooms, were built in Turin. Rome sits widowed on the Tiber, among the monuments of a glory that has departed; the palaces of Venice are mouldering away on the lagoons; the grass is growing on the streets of Mantua, as if it were a city of the pestilence, but new life is beating in the heart of Piedmont. While the miserable policy of Duke Leopold of Tuscany has ruined the trade of Leghorn, lately the first of Italian seaports, a liberal government has given Genoa an impulse that promises to put her keen merchants, and her hardy seamen, at the head of all her rivals. But far more than this. Since the 7th of May 1848, the civil and political equality of the citizens, notwithstanding difference of creed, has been established by the fundamental laws of Piedmont. The Siccardi Laws of April 30, 1850, have swept away the clerical immunities. The parliament is contending for freedom of Education, and for laws to establish the validity of civil matrimony against the exclusive pretensions of the Roman curia. The Jesuits were banished in 1848, and have not been permitted to return. And the programme of the popular party, which is gaining strength every day, includes three other points of prime importance: 1st, The *incameramento* (state distribution and control) of ecclesiastical property. 2d, The reduction of the number of bishoprics. 3d, The suppression of the convents. It is felt that commerce must suffer as long as lands are held in

mortmain, and that the present system of ecclesiastical revenue supports a party in the state unfriendly to the progress of the nation. The tendency of public opinion in Piedmont is unquestionably towards the complete separation of Church and State; and when Rome is in question, it is difficult in any other way to defend "the liberty of the subject." But, for the present, without going so far, another way is being tried.

For centuries there have been controversies between the Curia Romana and the Catholic princes of the House of Savoy, turning not on matters of faith, nor even of discipline, nor on the spiritual authority of the Pope as head of the Church, but chiefly on prerogative and jurisdiction. The royal nomination of bishops—investment for the *temporalia*—the oath of allegiance—the exequatur—are the usual constitutional check imposed by the Roman Catholic governments on the pretensions of the clergy. Piedmont, representing the principles of nationality and reform, or of free institutions, could scarcely have avoided coming into collision, of late, with the Court of Rome, and with Austria, which represents the opposite principles of foreign dominion and despotism; and, besides, in her own borders she has to contend with the old reactionary and ecclesiastical parties, or, as Gioberti calls them, in his own expressive language, "politici miopi di corte o'di campanile." In short, there has been an open war between Rome and Turin since the Papal restoration in 1850. We have not forgotten the Siccardi Laws, and the deathbed of Santa Rosa; and Piedmont has not forgotten them. Rome has plied the Index,* menaced the ministers, appealed to the Catholicity of the king. Instead of going over the history of these contentions of Court and Curia, we have thought it better to shew what the exact ground is that the liberal party in Piedmont occupies in respect to the Papacy. We cannot do this better than by noticing at some length the pamphlet of PROFESSOR NUYTS, which we have placed at the head of this Article, without entering on the negotiations to which it gave rise.

A brief of Pius IX., of date August 22, 1851, condemned the doctrines contained in two text books of Professor Nuyts, professor of ecclesiastical law in the University of Turin. The brief forbids the printing and sale of his books, and makes the

* The Index has prohibited such works as "I Valdesi di Amedeo Bert;" "Vita di Alfieri;" "Botta, la Storia d'Italia;" "Roma ed il Mondo, di N. Tommaseo," and all the works of Vincenzo Gioberti. The bishops have also prohibited within their own jurisdiction, some of the best and most popular newspapers of Turin, such as "L'Opinione," and "La Gazzetta del Popolo." Naples has taken the lead in maintaining the catholicity of its literature, and has prohibited the Tragedies of Æschylus, Humboldt's Cosmos, and Goldsmith's Roman History.]

very possession of them an offence against the Church. The Professor refused to acknowledge the validity of the brief—1st, Because no brief is valid in Piedmont, until it has received the royal exequatur; and 2^{dly}, Because penalties manifestly unjust are invalid *in foro conscientiae*. But, besides, he defends himself against the censure of the Sovereign Pontiff, and boldly appeals “to his fellow-citizens.” This is a new move in Catholicity. Luther appealed from the Pope to a general council; the Jansenists appealed to a Pope well informed, against the decision of a Pope badly informed; Professor Nuyts addresses his defence to his fellow-citizens of Turin, and his pamphlet is no trifling matter to his opponents. “Who are you?” they said to Tommaseo, when he wrote on Rome and the world, “Who are you, collector of synonyms, to dare to lecture from a desk the ministers of the Church of God?” But Professor Nuyts is on his own ground; his foot is on his native heath, (if there be any about Turin,) and his name is John Nepomuck. By what deplorable want of foresight his godfathers and godmothers gave him in his baptism the name of the Bohemian saint, who stands with his crown of gilt stars on the bridge of Prague, we cannot imagine. The patron saint of silence, with his finger on his lip, is not surely the proper name-father of a professor who writes a pamphlet “to his fellow-citizens” against a decision of the head of the Church! But the title gives no fair idea of a work which is as unassuming, and as little accommodated to mere popular taste as Clarke’s *Demonstration*, or Euclid’s *Elements*. It consists of a series of propositions and historical proofs, which certainly, like the bones in the valley of vision, or the heads and particulars of old Presbyterian preaching, are “very many and very dry.” But, for intrinsic value, the pamphlet is worth volumes of clap-trap. The three great subjects treated of, are, the powers of the Church, the Pontificate, and Matrimony. The author professes himself to be a Catholic, submissive to all that the infallible Church has decreed in matter of dogma. He takes as his basis the Scriptures, tradition, and the acts of the primitive Church. The perpetuity of the Church implies, he holds, its infallibility in the declaration of the truth of which it is the depositary; but this infallibility does not extend to discipline, nor to moral laws not confirmed by Revelation. He acknowledges the hierarchy, the seven sacraments, the primacy of the Pope, and, in short, generally the Roman Catholic dogmata. We shall select a few prominent points.—I. As to the powers of the Church. 1. The Church has no power to use force. This he maintains against all deadly. 2. The Church has no temporal power, direct or indirect: Christ’s kingdom is not of this world; the weapons of the

Church's warfare are not carnal. 3. The civil government has an indirect negative control in things sacred, so as to defend itself against ecclesiastical encroachments. It is possible the Holy See may not have understood him, but whether it has or not, he defends his proposition as true. He condemns, however, the Erastianism of the English and the Greek Churches, which acknowledge Queen Victoria and the Czar as their respective heads. The government of the Church he holds to be distinct from the civil government, and to belong to the Church itself; but civil government for purposes of self-defence has an indirect negative control in things sacred. 4. The right called *Exequatur*, or the royal *Placet*, belongs to the civil power. Ecclesiastical decrees are invalid in a state, till approved or sanctioned by state authority. The exequatur has, in fact, existed in Savoy for three centuries; it exists in all Europe, and its use has been admitted by the Holy See in concordats entered into with the different states. The condemnation then of this proposition in the year of grace 1851, Professor Nuyts considers as a defiance of all the states of Europe; and he takes the Holy Father to task for reproving him for teaching the youth of Piedmont the laws of the state to which they belong. 5. The civil government may revoke any temporal or extra-official powers which it has given to the bishops, such as the *Foro Ecclesiastico*. The Papal brief he regards as directed against the state, and not simply against him; and the lesson he derives from recent proceedings is this—that no state should enter into concordats with the Holy See, except in extraordinary cases, as, by so doing, it barter away a part of its rights to a power not very scrupulous in the use it makes of concessions.—II. As to the Pontificate. 1. The Pontificate may be transferred, from the bishop and city of Rome to another bishop and another city, either by the act of a general council, or of the whole Christian people. Popes have been deposed by councils, and the Church would exist even if Rome were destroyed. 2. The full power of the Pope, and his interference in all the affairs of the Church, commenced only in the middle ages; and such interference ought to be limited, as otherwise it would do injury to the Church. Christ gave the spiritual power not to Peter alone, but to all the apostles, whose successors are the bishops: all of them He sent to preach and administer the sacraments: to all of them He gave the power to bind and loose—*i.e.*, to rule and govern. 3. The definition of the national council admits no other new definition, and the civil government may demand that the administration of the Church in its jurisdiction be conducted on these terms. 4. The Pope is not infallible. The Gallican Church declared this in the famous propositions of

1682, and a great part of the theologians deny the Papal infallibility. The Church, the pillar and ground of the truth, is infallible; but several Popes and Fathers of the Church acknowledged the personal fallibility of the Supreme Pontiff, and the very brief of Pius IX., (in which so many mistakes have been shewn,) proves it in point of fact. 5. The too arbitrary power of the Pontifical See, contributed to the separation of the Eastern from the Western Church. This is a historical fact, and cannot be denied. 6. The compatibility of the temporal dominion with the spiritual power of the Pope is a disputed point. This is also a historical fact—would the Holy See prohibit history? The Saviour and his apostles pronounced on this point. Matt. xx. 25-27. 2 Cor. x. 3, 4. 2 Tim. ii. 3, 4.—III. As to civil matrimony. 1. The marriage contract *per se* is not a sacrament, but the sacrament is added to it, and consists in the nuptial benediction. The sacrament is only accessory to the contract.* The idea of sacrament arises from the Latin translation—sacramentum—of the Greek word meaning *mystery* in the text cited, Eph. v. 32. The discussion of this question of civil marriage occupies 60 pages of the 180 which the pamphlet contains. He concludes with a bold defiance of the thunders of the Vatican, which shall never remove him one hair's-breadth from his convictions, conscious as he is of his own rectitude, and of the impotence of a sentence which is unjust and without a cause. This pamphlet represents the views of the great liberal party in Piedmont.

Now it is usual, in tracing the history of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, to cite passages from Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and others of the great Italian writers, as indicative of incipient Protestantism. We are no doubt too much disposed to overrate the importance of such passages. The "Bard of Hell" was no Protestant in disguise; it is the Romish theology of the middle ages that he has made immortal in his verse; and yet no man, bowing to the symbol of St. Peter's keys, ever denounced

* "It is a dogma of the faith that Marriage was elevated by the Lord Jesus Christ to the dignity of a sacrament; and it is a point of the doctrine of the Catholic Church, that a sacrament is not an accidental quality, superadded to the contract, but that it is of the very essence of marriage, in such sort that the conjugal union between Christians is not legitimate unless in the marriage sacrament, out of which there is nothing but a mere concubinage. A civil law, which, in supposing the sacrament divisible from the contract of marriage for Catholics, pretends to regulate its validity, contradicts the doctrine of the Church, usurps its inalienable rights, and, in practice, places in the same rank concubinage and the sacrament of marriage, by sanctioning both the one and the other as equally legitimate."—(*The Pope's Letter from Castel Gondolfo to the King of Sardinia, September 19th 1852.*) The Pope allows to the law only the regulating of the civil effects of marriage. We are not defending the Sardinian bill on the subject, but merely giving both views of the case.

the popes more terribly than Dante. There are popes in the boiling cauldrons of his Inferno, and the Prince of the Apostles declaims in Paradise against the false priest who had usurped his place on the Seven Hills,—

“Quegli che usurpa in terra il loco mio,
Il loco mio, il loco mio, che vaca
Nella presenza del Figliuol di Dio!”—*Par.* xxvii.

Boccaccio's scandalous stories are very justly in the Index. It was from no zeal for “the beauty of holiness” that the gay Florentine amused the Lady of Anjou with the hundred tales of the Decameron. Petrarch, himself a Churchman not over rigid in his morals, singing the praises of another man's wife, and troubled at times with the up-bringing of his own illegitimate children, was surely not the man to write indignant sonnets against the Mother of Harlots, or to denounce in his epistles the Babylon of the Rhone. Yet he did both, and we northerns, easily caught with clap-trap, cite him as a witness in favour of a purer faith. Still there can be no doubt that the poets, the humorists, the story-tellers, and the letter-writers, *did* prepare the way for Luther and Calvin. We have brought forward at length the opinions of the great Italian writers, and of the party which they represent, on the present condition of Italy under the Papacy; but on such evidence how far have they advanced towards those Protestant doctrines of which the Church accuses them? We shall first cite their own words on the subject.

“The Papacy,” said Pellegrino Rossi shortly before his death, “The Papacy is the last living grandeur of Italy!” And so, according to Vincent Gioberti, Rome must still be the central seat of the authority of the Church. To substitute any other worship in Italy for the Catholic he holds to be impossible. The age, he believes, is manifestly tending to theological indifference, and the conversion of a whole people is henceforth, humanly speaking, impossible. The Protestant humours which are at work in Italy, he lays at the door of prelatrical misdoings, but any effort to change the religion of Italy he pronounces to be useless. The Bible, he says, cannot supply the place of Church authority, for so many doubts have been raised on its genuineness, inspiration, and interpretation, “that the Scriptures alone would rather imperil than aid the faith. So that at the present day, the Bible being insufficient to lead to faith, only faith can make us believe in the Bible. But how can faith conduct to the Bible without the Church?” (Vol. ii. 649). This is clearly put, and striking in point of antithesis; but we take leave to ask, Did Vincent Gioberti ever read the older *dictum* on this very point—“So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God?”

(Rom. x. 17.) And if he read this, did he receive it as the word of Him who is the light, and in whom there is no darkness at all?

In the same way the eloquent Tommaseo, with all his new plans of reformation, professes his devoted attachment to the Catholic Church, and denounces most energetically the idea of Protestantizing Italy. "The sky of Italy," he says, "will not bear the twilight of the Reformation." Protestant opinions might be seriously propagated for a time, but could not continue long in the peninsula; and to those who are labouring in such a cause, he says, "Believe me, you may be strong enough to rob some souls of the holy heritage of the faith of their fathers, but never strong enough to change the conscience of a nation like a worn out or useless vesture." (Sect. v. 41.) With all our respect for the writer of "Rome et le Monde," we must say that his ideas of Protestantism seem to have been all drawn at second hand from Bossuet, and his ideas of England from the most wretched newspaper authorities. It is to us an entirely new view that Protestantism has caused the political feebleness of Prussia, and the hunger and misery of Ireland. (P. 322.) It was *Popish* Ireland that suffered in 1846-47, and not her Protestant neighbour; and Tommaseo's own declaration, that the Papal rule has turned the Roman Campagna into a desert, might have furnished him with a better reason for the Irish famine than he at least has given. But it is pitiful that the Italianized Dalmatian should seem in these matters so little in advance of the Morlach priest, who asked an English traveller not long ago, if Lord Byron were still alive? and whether the Protestants believed in hell?*

Farini, also, in his letter to Mr. Gladstone, censures as *most foolish and pernicious* the advice given to the Italian liberals, to conspire against the spiritual power of the Pope, and to make war on religious belief. He "condemns and despises" the vain efforts against that unity of belief which is one of the principal elements of Italian nationality. Religious faith, he says, is not sufficiently strong in the peninsula to admit of much success in any system of sectarianism, and the Protestant propaganda wins over chiefly those who had become incredulous. (*Lo Stato Romano*, vol. iv. 342.)

We shall cite yet one other witness. The Marquis Gualterio, in his admirable History of the Revolution in Italy, gives some account of the conduct of the Duke of Lucca—that Duke Charles Louis, whom Giusti had satirized so happily:—

* Paton's Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic. Vol. ii. p. 43.

“ Di Lucca il Protestante Don Giovanni
Che non è nella lista de tiranni
Carne ne pesce !”

This eccentric Prince, who is very properly described as “neither flesh nor fish,” had renounced the Papacy at Trieste, and greatly alarmed old Pope Gregory, who dreaded Anglican influence in Italy. But the Duke after a very short period of probation, recanted again at Venice in the Chapel of the Patriarch; thus following very closely the example of that king of France who

“Marched up the hill, and then marched down again.”

“His levity,” says Gualterio, “carried him soon into exaggerations; and whether from his natural tendency to these, or from the influence of radicals even out of Italy, he went to such lengths in the spirit of reform, that he did not hesitate to raise by his example the most dangerous banner—that of Protestantism in Italy. This, which ought to be the last of the follies of the radicals, had its sad example in a prince; which circumstance greatly disturbed the Court of Rome.” (*Gualterio*, vol. ii. p. 62.)

Now, we ask, what is the meaning of all this? Italy, by the confession of all her great writers, needs new principles. From whence are they to come? From heaven or from earth? But, so far, *the principles on which all her reformers seem unanimous are these three*:—1. The abolition of the temporal power of the Pope. 2. The denial of Papal infallibility. 3. Liberty of conscience—the right of reading, thinking, and speaking. God’s word and man’s word must not be under the regime of priests. This last is not so strongly held as the other two, but still it is held. Now, we ask, what are these but the principles of the Reformation of the sixteenth century? They are not the whole of the Reformation, but they are a part; and the sum of the whole matter is this, that after three centuries the Italian liberals can propound nothing better than the old reformers propounded. It is true the whole Italic school, with a few exceptions, holds the idea of an ecclesiastical unity, a holy Catholic Church, and this they hold in common with the very Churches which they repudiate; for however they may differ in minor points, the Churches of the Reformation never gave up the idea of Catholicity. But the Italic school would embody this idea in material form, and represent it by one head—a Pope with spiritual authority only—a fat old gentleman in scarlet, “hailing” from the Vatican. Yet we ask, have the Italian liberals ever considered how far this spiritual Papacy, even if the temporal power were abolished, would bear on that other principle which they maintain, viz., liberty of conscience, the right of examination, freedom

of education, and of worship, with the liberty of the press? The Pope has only *spiritual* authority in Piedmont, and yet he obstructs the progress of the nation.

What is it then that makes Italy still so tenacious of the *prisca fides*? so unwilling to admit even the name of Protestantism, while holding principles unquestionably in opposition to the present theory of the Church? One point we must premise—that the Italians have no theological training. The educated Italians are in the main perfectly indifferent on the subject of religion; they have not got over the French training of the last century. For fifty years the popular literature of the educated Italians has been French. The better classes were French in their ideas, French in their manners, and—when they wrote books—French in their style. It was under such a training that Pietro Giordani complained so bitterly that in Tuscany no books were read but foreign, and that in Florence itself—the very cradle of the language—scarcely a man who could read spoke Italian. Hence the scepticism of the higher classes. But scepticism is scarcely the right name—it is indifference. Ask them what is meant by the Mass, by Transubstantiation, or any Romish doctrine, and they do not know, nor do they care. Ask them if the soul be immortal, and the chances are that they do not know whether or not: they have not thought on the subject, and perhaps the question has scarcely ever seriously presented itself. We are not libelling them: we appeal to any educated Italian whether this be not a fair picture on the whole? And hence heresy of any kind has never been very deep in Italy. “A tendency to infidelity,” as Mariotti says, “by the side of an abject superstition has been unfailingly evinced by the Italian mind at all times;” and he scarcely needed to draw a proof from the thirteenth century “when the citizens of Florence familiarized themselves with the sight of such men as Farinata degli Uberti, Cavalcanti and his son, musing about their streets with downcast heads, busy, if report spoke truth, with the solution of that arduous problem, ‘If, peradventure, it could be satisfactorily made out that God was not.’”—(*Fra Dolcino and his Times*, page 47.) All this does not of course apply to the lower classes, whose tendency is not to infidelity, but to gross superstition. And it is also a matter of some importance that English literature is now fast supplanting French on the Continent of Europe, and that the English language has become a requisite of Continental education.

This being premised, we return to the question of the moral influences and powers by which the Roman Catholic religion maintains its hold on Italy. The *first* is undoubtedly that by which it commends itself everywhere. It offers a plain matter-of-fact mode of salvation to all who wish to be saved, without any

direct personal dealing with the Creator. The sinner's salvation is presented as something to be done for him by a priest; a transaction; an affair to be negotiated by a ghostly agent who deals in such matters, and has power to bless or ban. And this idea is modified for every class of mind; for the lazzarone on the Santa Lucia, or the gay lady on the Toledo; for the beggar on the steps of the Pincio; or the noble in a Roman palace. The Church guarantees salvation to the unlettered peasant who kisses a cross by the wayside, or who enters a church, dips his finger in the holy water, confesses, and is absolved. The man of education and refinement, who has tried every system but the right one, without attaining to a sense of security, finds rest at last to a troubled spirit in the bosom of an infallible Church. And even by that figment of Purgatory, with its chance of "playing an after-game for salvation," the Church has a marvellous hold on men who are unwilling to deny themselves and take up their cross, but who have no objection that their money should be spent on masses when it can no longer serve themselves. This is the foundation that shall be destroyed—the covenant with death that shall be disannulled; these are the refuges of lies which the overflowing scourge shall pass over, and the hail shall sweep away. "They have healed the hurt slightly, and said Peace, Peace, when there is none." But even such a peace in a matter so momentous they wish not to disturb.*

Again, *secondly*, the system makes full provision for all the varieties of the sentimental and æsthetic. There is unquestionably a poetry in Romanism—not by any means of the highest order, but which all the more on that account commends itself to a whole people. The wayside cross, the symbol of Redemption, has a meaning in it—alas that superstition should have perverted it! There is a certain beauty in the idea of the wayside shrine with its faded fresco, or rude engraving, or little weather-beaten image, where the wayfarer stops for a moment, and with uncovered head whispers his "Ave Mary." The pictures on the convent-walls, the Transfiguration, the Agony in the Garden, or the Last Supper, on which whole generations of monks have gazed with reverence till they grew familiar with every face, and felt as if these silent images were real things, and *they* but "coloured shadows on the wall;" the dingy image above the altar of a private chapel, before which some noble family has kept a silver lamp burning for centuries; the church, with its proud monument above the ashes of a noble household, or the simple slab

* We refer here to Archbishop Whately's profound treatise on "Romanism traced to its origin in Human Nature;" and to Dr. Candlish's admirable Lecture on the same subject. Our purpose does not demand a fuller examination.

which some father has dedicated "sibi et suis;" the carved Madonna, set up on some spot where "grace" has been received; the graven letters silently calling on men from every tombstone to pray for the departed; all these appeal to those sentimental feelings which border on the religious. And then, besides, Rome has her miracles and marvels for vulgar minds, gross beyond description, but exactly suited to her purpose. The shoeless Neapolitan shouting applause when the blood of St. Januarius has liquified, the Paduan watching intently while a snuffy priest exhibits the tongue with which St. Anthony once preached to the fishes, the Roman kissing the bronze toe of St. Peter, or crossing himself before the black stone in Santa Sabina that the Devil once threw at Saint Dominic, have all some definite and palpable object before them, not very refined to be sure, but *on them* refinement would be thrown away. The "great attraction" of a village church, and even of a city church, is generally a Madonna with a blue silk gown, and white satin slippers, and perhaps with a crown of silver on her head—a Virgin Mary beaming in all the beauty of a waxen doll, and like Tennyson's Lulian "glancing with black-beaded eyes." Or it may be a little smoky wooden figure of the child Jesus, carved perhaps by Nicodemus or St. Luke, and preserved in a glass case for the veneration of the faithful; or some other "idol" all covered over with medals and crosses, and watches, and hearts in silver, and every form of votive offering. In point of mere taste the Romish churches are generally gross in the extreme. •But on the other hand, the Ambrosian Liturgy chanted in the great cathedral at Milan, or the Miserere in the Sistine chapel, make us feel how completely Rome has laid hold of the imagination, and inwrought her system with the associations of all that man counts holy. And she has made provision for every order of enthusiasts. The mystic may follow the seraphic St. Francis, or live in silence, or go a begging; the student may become a Benedictine, or enjoy his leisure in the shady Vallombrosa; the zealot may hunt out heretics, and the intriguer could not have a finer chance for exercising his peculiar talents than by making himself a Jesuit. Materialism and spiritualism are both to be found in the Church of Rome; but from the greater objectivity of the Southern mind, the grosser forms prevail. We think this adaptation of Popery to the principles of our fallen nature accounts for its influence, and even for its progress, without the necessity of supposing any great genius in the priesthood. We are very apt to overrate the ability of the Romish clergy. But what genius directs the Papacy at present? We cannot discover many traces of it in Pius IX., nor in the Sacred College; Consalvi was the last great Cardinal. It is true, if men give up principle, and act as the Jesuits do in

any way that may secure a given end, they may for a time overreach honest men who are hampered with a conscience; and this goes far to account for their success. In Italy, at least, the general opinion of the liberal leaders is, that the modern Papacy is singularly wanting in that tact and penetration which for ages were characteristic of Rome.

There is yet a *third* reason, which we can do little more than indicate. The Church of Rome represents, or professes to represent, the idea of ecclesiastical unity. It is, or professes to be, the one holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. The Italian can scarcely imagine a Christianity apart from that which has its seat on the Seven Hills. It is the historic Church of Italy. It reaches back to the times when the early Christians emerged from the catacombs, to the days when Paul stood before Nero. It has its long line of two hundred and sixty Popes, from St. Peter down to John-Mary Mastai Ferretti. It was a Pope that gave his blessing to St. Helena and Constantine. It was a Pope that went forth to meet the armies of Attila. It was a Pope that sent Augustine and his monks to the barbarous Britons. It was a Pope that headed the Lombard League against the Hohenstauffen Emperors. It was a Pope that blessed the swords of the crusaders. These are no light matters in Italy; and deplorable as the present condition of the Papacy is, we can scarcely wonder even at the words of Pellegrino Rossi. The whole associations of the people must be changed ere Italy shall refuse to acknowledge the so-called successor of the Prince of the Apostles. We put the case strongly; for it is idle to imagine that the truth has but a feeble enemy within those tottering walls of Rome. Thank God, the truth is mighty, and will prevail, even in that land of Madonnas and graven images; but the contest will not be a light one. The Romish Church is now zealous, united, organized. She is plying even the press at Naples, at Imola, at Florence. Her fanatics are haling men and women to prison, and wearing out the saints of the Most High. Her restless Jesuits have spread their net-work over Europe, and are preparing to put forth something of that zeal with which Loyola arrested Luther and turned back the Reformation. The Church of Rome, tested by the documental evidence of the New Testament, cannot stand the trial for a moment. The Bible and the Papacy are utterly and palpably at variance. But she has a power, and she has kept it well. She has withstood the wars of German emperors,—she has survived the fierce onslaught of Luther,—the mild evangelism of Melancthon,—the unanswerable argument of Calvin. She has borne the remorseless exposures of the Magdeburg centuriators, and still unblushingly puts forth the same old fallacies as before. She has borne

the wit of Voltaire,—the ridicule of the French philosophers,—the Atheism of the Revolution. It is very easy to demonstrate the utter unsoundness of her dogmas, to expose the contradictions of her infallible councils, to laugh at the outrageous absurdity of her pious legends; but Rome has borne all this before, and can bear it all again; and neither reason nor ridicule will by themselves overthrow a system that has laid hold so strongly on the principles of our fallen nature, nor overturn a Church that has struck its roots into the history of thirteen centuries!

There is surely hope somewhere; but let us not rest too much on the weapons of a merely intellectual warfare. It was earnestness that won the battle of the Reformation. The first martyrs of the faith were men “baptized for the dead.” They overcame, and how else can we prevail?—“they overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death.” We are ready to take up Tommaseo’s own beautiful language, descriptive of the early witness for the truth, “*Il vint armé de son dévouement et de son amitié pour Jésus; il vint, il mourut, il vainquit. Ce fut là la diplomatie des martyrs. Ils tenaient à la mort!*” There are other grounds of hope which we shall intimate afterwards.

But the Italian Reformation, as propounded by the great writers, is political and not religious,—a Reformation that would perpetuate at least a spiritual Papacy. Now, granted that there was every human virtue in the man selected as the Supreme Pontiff of a Church that holds the traditions of Rome, what could he do? Could he deny and abrogate the ten thousand absurdities that have been attested by the ring of the fisherman? Could he proclaim in the face of the world the utter falsehood of those time-hallowed superstitions, on which, stone after stone, the priesthood reared its system? Is he not bound to admit every lie that infallibility has endorsed for thirteen centuries? He may be a man and a brother;—

“But, like the prince enchanted to the waist,
He sits in stone, and hardens by a charm
Into the marble of his throne high-placed.”*

We have no faith in any reformation that leaves untouched the dogma of the Papacy, and we speak now merely in reference to the civil prosperity of the Italian States. The fatal influence of a false religion, worse than the miasma of the Pontine Marshes, hangs over the dominions of the Church. It was not the temporal but the spiritual power of Pius IX. that broke up the army that took the field against Austria in 1848. It was

* Casa Guidi Windows. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. We recommend this vigorous Poem to every lover of Italy.

the threat of a disruption in the Church that the Austrian ambassador left as a thorn in the side of the Holy Father, when he left the Palace of Venice, from which the Austrian arms had been torn down by the Roman populace. We admit the full force of Macchiavel's declaration in reference to the effect of the temporal power of the Popes in preventing Italian unity, but assuredly too much has been made of those few words of the Florentine Secretary; and, at all events, for six centuries, all attempts at reformation in that direction have been utterly ineffectual. Is the attempt to be made again? Books and arguments have failed, as Tommaseo can testify, and should the Pope be *compelled* to abdicate?

“Or di a Frà Dolcin dunque che s'armi!”

SIGNOR MARIOTTI must have been somewhat “hard-up” for a hero, when he sat down to write an octavo volume on those six lines of Dante. We knew very little, we confess, of Fra Dolcino and the fair Margaret of Trent, except that they were burned by Rome, as many a better man and woman were before and after them. But we did not want to know very much about them, and after reading three hundred and sixty pages or thereabouts, we know very little of them still. We marvel how Signor Mariotti had the patience to wade through the mass of barbarous Latin that contains the history of that old heresiarch. Guerrazzi, in his singular autobiography, cites somebody who describes an unfortunate poet that had mistaken a quantity, condemned by Apollo to read the taking of Pisa in Guicciardini,—a punishment considered in Parnassus as equivalent to the galleys. We do not exactly “homologate” the profanity of the wit in reference to the great historian; but we fancy the “*Historia Dulcini*” might be fairly introduced in a graduated scale of penalties for self-infliction. That Signor Mariotti has written a most readable book, even on such a subject, no one can doubt; but we do not think the present work will sustain the reputation he has acquired by “*Italy, Past and Present*.” The fault is very much in the subject; the purely historical part is not very interesting, and theology is not Signor Mariotti's *forte*. At the same time the book is valuable, as giving the Italian idea of reformation, and it ought to dissipate many of those misconceptions which are rife in England in regard to the tendencies of Italian parties. We are not much interested in the question, whether the heresiarch of the thirteenth century held the principles of the St. Simonians of the nineteenth! and that “vast conspiracy against Rome,” which *might* have brought about a violent reformation two centuries before Luther's time, was never as formidable to the Papacy as Garibaldi's legion. Signor

Mariotti has made too much of that poor weakling of Parma who founded the party of the Apostolic Brethren, and has given an undue importance to his successor Dolcino, who was burned at Vercelli on the 1st of June 1307. The sect of the Apostolic Brethren was founded about A.D. 1260, and Dolcino's Apostolate began in 1300, the jubilee year from which Dante dates his vision. The Apostles, as they called themselves, were a sort of Roman Catholic Quakers, making small account of the sacraments, and of external discipline, but pretending to an inward spiritual guidance. Repudiating and denouncing the wealth of the clergy, they formed themselves into a society, somewhat resembling the Franciscan order, and soon came into collision with the Church. Dolcino and his followers, amounting to three or four thousand, retreated to the ridges of the Alps, where they defended their "Mormon camp" for a whole year, against the crusaders of the Bishop of Vercelli, till at last reduced by hunger, they were defeated on the Maunday Thursday of 1307, and their leaders soon afterwards burned as heretics. "If these were the men of Belial, as their enemies inform us, assuredly at no time, and in no country, did the devil do less for his servants."

We should not think it worth while to enter on such a history, had not such a man as Signor Mariotti evidently put forth his volume as a book for the times. Throughout, a certain modified communism is advocated, and Fra Dolcino is set forth as the champion of Italian Protestantism, that is, of that Protestantism which has been handed down from Arnaldo da Brescia to Cola da Rienzi, and from Rienzi to Mazzini. The greatest representative of this principle, or at least the best known, is Arnaldo. "He had stood by the side of Abailard during his conflict with St. Bernard, a more dreaded and uncompromising champion than his highly gifted but somewhat too amiable master." His one idea was, that temporal power, wealth and greatness, are incompatible with the mission of a true Christian ministry; and hence his hatred to the court of Rome. "From the days of Crescencius to those of Rienzi and Mazzini, a foe to the Papacy has ever been a hero to the Romans." (*Fra Dolcino*, p. 51.) This, in short, has been the one great Italian heresy:—"All dissent there might be reduced to sheer anti-Papism." The reformer, then, whom Signor Mariotti has chosen as the representative of Italian Protestantism, was "a Pope-hater and a patriot;" but his ideal of a Church "comprehended the whole Roman hierarchy as it then existed: Benedict, Dominic, and Francis, were Dolcino's angels and saints." (P. 214.) "He was a staunch, uncompromising Papist." The apostolic brethren attempted merely a reform of the Church, not a reformation of religion; they would have reformed the existing orders, but not abolished them; they would

have changed the discipline, but left untouched the dogma of Romanism. This was Dante's idea, Arnaldo's, Macchiavel's,—“The religious and political questions were then as they are now, indissolubly, eternally blended in Italy.” (P. 297.) As to the political question, Signor Mariotti says,—

“Baffled again and again were all attempts to undo the fatal work of Pepin and Charlemagne, and the Vatican is still standing, and the ugly Pope is still there, cutting Italy in twain, precluding all chances of unity and real peace for that country, and doing his utmost to resist human progress, to fetter down thought all over the world. How long, O God?”—(Pp. 310-311.)

But the apostolic brethren resembled most closely the mendicant orders of the middle ages, especially the Franciscans. St. Francis of Assisi has left his impress on that whole century to which Dolcino's history belongs. The mendicant orders, springing up in the wild fanaticism of the thirteenth century, had attained their apotheosis in the fourteenth. The greatest poet and the greatest painter of the age did honour to the begging friar of Assisi. Dante, in words that could not die, depicted him as coming to wed the true bride of Christ—Poverty—that, deprived of her first husband, had remained for eleven hundred years and more “without a single suitor till he came.” And Giotto's fresco in the great Church of Assisi represents St. Francis placing the wedding-ring on the finger of that ragged bride, at whom the very dogs are barking. It was the age in which Pietro da Morone—the St. Celestine of the Calendar—was born a full clad monk, with a frock on, and a cowl on his head. The author of “Fra Dolcino,” like most of his class in Italy, is sadly lacking in what the phrenologists call “veneration.” To him St. Francis is simply an idiot, and the Franciscan a kind of ecclesiastical Harold Skimpole, who had no objection that other men should live by their industry, if they only allowed him to live on them. The Dominican inquisitor, in the same way, is simply a Churchman, who had a *penchant* for roasting his neighbour. But Signor Mariotti is very much mistaken if he imagines he can explain in this way the history of the religious orders; and the flippant style of “Fra Dolcino” is by no means the best suited for the treatment of such a subject. The religious system of the Apostolic brethren, as far as we can gather it from passages which Signor Mariotti has very properly left untranslated, seems to have been a most equivocal one; and yet “Dolcino spoke Christ's own language, and there is no doubt but that at Rome or Avignon, at Parma and Vercelli, our Saviour himself would in those days have fared little better than Sagarelli and Dolcino. He would have found men who styled themselves his representatives

on earth, who would condemn Him on the strength of his own words, and crucify him in his own name." (P. 299.)

We must limit ourselves to two other points in connexion with Signor Mariotti's volume. The *first* is the free-and-easy style of dealing with religious dogmata, and what we take leave to call a very imperfect apprehension, even as a matter of history, of that doctrine on which the whole Reformation was founded. The reformers *did* avoid all connexion, or "solidarity," as Signor Mariotti would say, with Sagarelli and Eon de l'Étoile. Most likely they had never heard of such precursors, and we imagine they were not much the losers by their ignorance. But the historian of Fra Dolcino says of the Churches of the Reformation,—

"In the bosom of those time-serving denominations, new communities have been at all times, and are still, springing up,—the Methodists, Quakers, Shakers, Mormons, and a hundred other sects of 'literal Christians,' all of them true to Dolcino's fruitful ideas, though they may never have heard his name—all of them, in spite of some oddities and absurdities, active in the development of true apostolic Christianity. By the Reformation of the sixteenth century nothing has been positively determined, except the vital, holy, ever-blessed principle of unbounded freedom of inquiry. . . . Suffice it, that the human race cannot retrograde. Truth may shift its ground from Jerusalem to Rome, from Rome to Oxford, from Oxford to a Mormon city, but never releases its hold of the earth. Men will sound Christian evidence to its depth, they will strip the sanctuary of its vail, they must needs see God face to face." (P. 323.)

Now no one can say that the man who sympathizes about equally with John Wesley and William Penn, with Joe Smith and Dr. Newman, is at all tight-laced in his religious system.

The *second* point we wish to notice, is the evident desire of Signor Mariotti to establish a connexion between Fra Dolcino and the Waldenses of Piedmont. But the Waldenses are *not* a sect dating their origin from Peter Waldo, and "the poor men of Lyons." The old Church of the Vaudois valleys was not a mendicant order springing up in the bosom of Roman Catholicism. Has Signor Mariotti never studied the Waldensian history elsewhere than in the fragmentary treatise of Mons. Bert? On his own shewing, the principles of his apostle touched no vital dogma of the Church—"Luther and Calvin would equally have repudiated him." And how can a writer so accomplished attempt to identify the principles of such a leader with those of a Church which accepted the whole Reformation of the sixteenth century? With this protest we cite the beautiful passage in

which Signor Mariotti has done justice—as he has done elsewhere, if we mistake not—to the present position of the Waldensian Church:—

“Now the descendants of Waldo’s disciples, ‘the poor men of Lyons,’ are still living and flourishing. They are, perhaps, the only ‘mendicant’ sect,—the only apostolic community that has been preserved,—preserved not perhaps without some great providential design. The torch of freedom and truth which they fed at so dear a cost in their Alpine wilderness, is not only still allowed to burn bright and serene in their native valleys, but shines at this present moment in the midst of some of the most polished, of the only free cities of Italy. The Waldenses are invading Piedmont. So long as the Sardinian States enjoy even the phantom of constitutional government, awarded to them by Charles Albert, who, to his eternal honour be it spoken, was always fain to shew as much justice and mercy to his Protestant subjects as he dared,—so long as Waldensian chapels are erected both at Turin and Genoa,—so long as Italian versions of the Bible, and even Protestant tracts and journals, such as ‘La Buona Novella’ of Turin, openly circulate there, the cause of Dolcino must be looked upon as anything but lost, even in that last citadel of Popery,—in Italy itself. Such virtue as may lie latent in the pure doctrines of the Gospel has now a chance of full development, even in Italian lands” —Pp. 318-319

Such is Signor Mariotti’s estimate of the doctrines of Fra Dolcino, but we suppose no one will deny that, had he not occupied six lines of Dante, his very name would have been forgotten, and that no Italian reformer ever appealed to his example, not even Savonarola.

The real representative of reform in Italy is SAVONAROLA. None other had such power when living,—none other has left such a name behind him. In his fame and his misfortunes he stands by the side of Campanella and Giordano Bruno. Both Raphael and Fra Bartolommeo have preserved the features of the great Dominican. Till the middle of the last century the Florentines were wont, every 23d of May, to strew flowers on the spot of the piazza of the Signory, where the pile of the martyr was erected. He died under the sentence of the infallible Church, and yet the Dominicans of St. Mark’s hold him to be a martyr for the truth, and a Dominican father of more than usual erudition now comes forward to defend his orthodoxy. We are accustomed to rank him, and justly enough, among the “Reformers before the Reformation,” though the mysticism of the Prior of St. Mark’s differed widely from the evangelism of Luther and Melancthon. He was a poet, a mystic, and a demagogue; and those English and German writers who would de-

scribe him as a reformer of the Saxon type, entirely mistake the character of the man. In all his feelings he was an Italian, with the "*rarum acumen*," and tendency to extremes that characterize his countrymen. A cowed preacher, with lank visage, expounding in his own wild way the terrible visions of the Apocalypse;—a prophet, announcing wo to the land and the city, and predicting the chastisement and reformation of the Church, the chastisement and renovation of Florence;—a priest, denouncing the priesthood, denouncing the Sovereign Pontiff himself as no true Pope, and as no true Christian;—an enthusiast, offering to prove his doctrine, and even to sustain it with miracles, in presence of a general council;—such was Savonarola. It would be idle to look for a clear and connected theological system, in the evangelical sense, from such a preacher. We might find in his discourses more than one passage in which Luther's doctrine of justification is taught, but certainly we would find hundreds that teach the very opposite. And this is to be expected both from the man and from his times. His was an age of transition, when parties were in deadly strife, and old systems were breaking up; and Savonarola was a mystic and not a divine. He may not have been full-frocked at his birth, like St. Celestine, but he was thoroughly and unmistakably the "*frate gavotto*." It is a great relief to turn from English attempts at depicting Savonarola to the naive old Tuscan doggerel in which Fra Benedict has preserved the history of his master. The rhyming chronicle, which Padre Marchese has now rescued from oblivion, was compiled in prison, "*da Frate Benedetto da Fiorenza*," in 1510. The writer was a miniature-painter, and a friar of St. Mark's. On the 6th of August 1498, when the *arrabbiati* assailed the convent, and when Fra Bartolommeo, the great painter, hid himself in fear, the undaunted Benedict took arms to defend his master, forgetting that the weapons of his warfare were not carnal. It appears that he had more than one score to wipe out by penance, for he describes himself in his imprisonment as "*Friar Benedict, homicide*." In short, he might almost pass for the original of that wild Fanfulla, the fighting friar in d'Azeglio's romance of Niccolò de' Lapi. We know nothing that gives such a fresh and life-like description of the Prior of St. Mark's as these rude verses of the miniature-painter. They are older, and ought to be received as more authentic than the biographies of Pacifico Burlamacchi, and of the Count Gian Francesco della Mirandola. Absurdities we are to expect in the monkish history of those days, and in Padre Marchese's very careful notes we have documents, signed by monkish hands, "*to the glory of God and of His saints, and in faith of the truth*," attesting prophecies and miracles, which are described with ex-

ceeding naïveté.* One thing is evident, that until the manuscripts of the Florentine libraries shall have been examined, no very perfect biography of Savonarola can be written. Something has been done in this way of late, and the name of Savonarola has acquired an influence again as the champion of democracy and reformation. We have not much confidence certainly in any attempts at reform within the limits of Roman Catholicism, and the great Italian parties have not advanced beyond the preparatory stage of destroying and breaking up. All that the Gioberti school has proposed is a modernizing of the Church,—a sort of Frenchified Romanism; and the tendency of the Mazzinian party is to deify humanity. Man, as man, is the prophet of God,—the people is supreme,—the voice of the people is the voice of God,—the Lord Jesus Christ is not the Redeemer of a lost world, but an apostle of progress. Undoubtedly that party is preparing the way for something better, but it is chiefly by their iconoclasm.

Savonarola is the real connecting link between the old Italic denunciation of Papal abuses and the Gospel teaching of the reformers. We have mentioned Philip Burlamacchi, or Fra Pacifico, as he was called, as the biographer of Savonarola. He was a Dominican friar, of the distinguished family of THE BURLAMACCHI OF LUCCA. His nephew, Francesco Burlamacchi, was "Anziano," and afterwards "Gonfaloniere," or Mayor of the Republic of Lucca, and is still remembered for his ill-fated attempt to free Italy from the heavy yoke of the Pope and the Emperor. For years his plan had been elaborated in secret; he had corresponded with the sons of Filippo Strozzi, the great Florentine, who had written that line on his prison wall before his death,—

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor;"

he had sought to unite all that was free and noble in the land for one great attempt; but the conspiracy failed, and he was beheaded in 1548. When the great conspirator was silently

* We give a specimen of the style of the chronicle :—

"Il quale avendo in otto anni ridotto
El viver buon nella città del Fiore,
E profetato quel dovea al tutto!"

Other of the same author, such as the "*Fons Vitæ*," and the "*Fasciculus*," abling in their titles the ascetic works of the day, remain, we be-
ted. The "*Archivio Storico*," in which Padre Marchese has published
as Libani" of Fra Benedict, and the letters of Savonarola, is a continua-
tion of Muratori's great collection of books and documents, illustrative of Italian
history. Padre Marchese is himself a friar of St. Mark's in Florence,—Sa-
vonarola's Convent; and it will not surprise any one to learn that on account
of his writings he has been banished from Tuscany.

brooding over his scheme of Italian regeneration, a "better hope" was introduced into Lucca. The Italian Bible of Brucchioli began to circulate there. About the year 1541, an Augustinian monk came to Lucca, as Prior of the Church of San Fridiano. He was a Florentine by birth, of noble family, and had been educated among the monks of Fiesole. He had made the tour of Italy, and in profound learning Calvin himself was scarcely superior to Peter Martyr Vermiglio. The Bible of Brucchioli was then read in secret, just as Diodati's is at present, and little tracts of the Reformers were circulated from hand to hand, as the tracts of Dr. Desanctis are in our day. The authorities of Lucca made an effort to stay the progress of the heresy, and when reading the decrees of the "Magnificent Signory," enacted and issued three centuries ago, we might almost imagine that we were reading the Edicts of the Grand-Duke Leopold II. of Tuscany. But the truth prevailed, and the Prior of San Fridiano became a preacher of the reformed faith. Some of the first families of Lucca embraced the truth, and it cannot be out of place to allude to some of these. Paul III. and the Emperor Charles V. met at Lucca in September 1541. We cite now from M. Eynard's most interesting little volume:—

"Never since the days when Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey, founded there the first Republic, had Lucca seen such a concourse of grand personages, of princes and sovereigns within her walls, as was collected during that solemn week around the two monachs. One night the Emperor was awakened by an unusual noise; groans and cries mingled with the sound of many footsteps. He learned that a noble lady, living near the palace, had given birth to a son. Charles wished to present the infant for baptism, and to give him his name. The Pope officiated. That child, son of Michael Diodati and of Anna Buonvisi, was the father of Giovanni Diodati, one of the great theologians of Protestantism, whose translation of the Bible in Italian has been the subject of the incessant anathemas of Rome."—(*Lucques et les Burlamacchi*, pp. 96, 97.)

The admirable volume of Dr. M'Crie on the History of the Reformation in Italy, notwithstanding its defective—and we might say unavoidably defective—information on some points, still stands unrivalled—the one book on Italian Protestantism. Among those who have "illustrated" a portion of that history, M. Eynard has done good service by his little volume on Lucca and the Burlamacchi, and we only regret that his researches have not been carried further. "Une pensée Genevoise," he says in his Introduction, "a présidée à la publication de ce fragment:" and no doubt this is very natural, especially to one inclined to moralize on the solidarity "entre nous et nos pères." The name of the Burlamacchi no longer exists at Geneva, but the blood of

the ill-fated Gonfaloniere flows in the veins of several hundred families of Calvin's city. Michael Burlamacchi, the eldest son, espoused Clara Calandrini, whose family was as distinguished as his own. A female of that house had given birth to Thomas of Sarzana, who became known to the whole world as Pope Nicholas V.; and to whom in particular Glasgow is indebted for the privileges of its University. When persecution began to rage in Italy, the Burlamacchi and others determined to leave houses and lands but to hold fast the truth. The families of Lucca that had embraced the reformed faith began to emigrate in 1555; the Mei, the Arnolfini, the Balbani, the Micheli, the Calandrini, the Turrettini, the Diodati, and others, whose names are still frequent in Lyons and Geneva. They bore elsewhere that saving truth which had elevated and ennobled them, and which had brought with it a promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come; and from that period Lucca declined. But even in France, the exiles from Italy fell on evil days, the days of the wars of Condé and the Huguenots. Their protectress was the Duchess Renée of Ferrara, who had returned to France, and retrieved that weakness for which she had borne the stern reproof of Calvin. Her Chateau of Montargis was a "Hôtel Dieu" for the persecuted of France and Italy. There Clara Calandrini, the wife of Michael Burlamacchi, gave birth to a daughter in 1568. The child was presented for baptism by the Duchess Renée, and received her name. Renée Burlamacchi became the wife of Cæsar Balbani—himself a Lucchese—and afterwards by a second marriage she became the wife of the well-known Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, the friend and counsellor of Henry IV. We cannot but follow the history of this singular family. Of the brothers and sisters of Renée Burlamacchi, one brother married a Diodati, and another a Calandrini: her sister Susanna was married in the Italian Church of Geneva to Vincent Minutoli; her sister Camilla to Francis Turrettini, and her sister Magdalene to Giovanni Diodati, "minister of the Holy Gospel." The children of Michael Burlamacchi are now spread over the whole world, and M. Eynard traces the blessing of God on his descendants even to the eleventh generation. Of the theologians alone, who belong by descent or alliance to the family of Michael Burlamacchi, are Edward Diodati, Louis Gaussen, J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, the five Monods, Théophile Passavant, Charles Rieu, Charles Barde, Charles Duplessis, and many others well known as preachers of the faith of Christ at the present day.*

* We think Mons. Eynard might have made his book much more interesting by tracing more fully the history of the exiles from Lucca. A brother of Giovanni Diodati—Theodore Diodati—settled in England as a physician, and married a lady of fortune. His son Carlo was a school-companion of Milton in St. Paul's school, and

Though no other Italian city had such a number of converts as Lucca, yet there is one portion of the history of Italian Protestantism that we hope to see adequately treated ere long, viz., the Reformed Church at Ferrara. The Duchess Renée, herself the daughter of a king, ranks with our own Elizabeth, with Jeanne d'Albret, and Marguerite of Valois, in the history of the Reformation. In the halls of the Ducal Palace of Ferrara, under the wings of the Eagle of Este, she had gathered an assembly that rivalled in genius and learning the proudest names of France or Navarre. There, Calvin was concealed for a time under the name of Charles Hèpeville. His room is still shewn in the palace, where it has been consecrated as a chapel, to purge its walls of heresy. There, Clement Marot, grave or gay, sang those psalms of praise that are still sung in the Reformed churches of France and Switzerland, or touched a lighter chord like a troubadour of Provence. There, Mark Anthony Flaminio, one of the finest scholars of the day, who translated the Psalms of David into Latin verses more elegant than Buchanan's, studied the doctrines of the Reformation, and all but avowed them openly. There, Olympia Morata, the most learned lady of the Renaissance, composed her hymns in the language of Pindar and Sappho. M Jules Bonnet, the writer of a graceful biography of Olympia,† has promised a more elaborate work on

was well-worthy, both from his scholarship and his personal qualities, of the friendship of our great poet. Some of the familiar letters and Italian sonnets of Milton are addressed to Carlo Diodati, or Charles Deodati as he is called by the English biographers. When visiting Florence, Milton stole away for a few days from the brilliant society of the Medicean city to visit Lucca, the native place of the family of the Diodati, and when in Geneva, he made the acquaintance of Giovanni Diodati—the uncle of his friend—who is so well remembered still for his translation in French of Father Paul Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent, and still more for his admirable translation of the Bible in Italian. One of Milton's earliest trials, on his return to England, was the loss of his Italian schoolfellow. He died young, when he had just begun to exercise his skill as a physician. Carlo Diodati is supposed to have been the "simple shepherd lad" described in *Comus* as "skilled in every virtuous plant and healing herb," and in "simples of a thousand names," and of whom *Thyrsis* says,—

"He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing:
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy."

It was in memory of his friend that Milton wrote the *Epitaphium Damonis*.—

"Et Thuscus tu quoque, Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe"

The readers of the Latin poetry of Milton can judge of the strong feeling of the English bard, when he hung his wreath of "immortels" on the grave of the brilliant young Italian.

* "Vie d'Olympia Morata. Episode de la Renaissance et de la Réforme en Italie. Par Jules Bonnet. Paris, 1851." The work is somewhat meagre in historical materials, and the style, to our taste, is too sentimental and slip-sloppy; but we welcome any effort in this direction. We wish, by the way, that the French writers would spare us the awful havoc of the fine sounding names of Italy. "Tito

the history of the Duchess Renée. Fulvio Peregrino Morato of Mantua had been drawn to the Court of Ferrara by Alphonso of Este; and his daughter Olympia, born in 1526, and brought up at Court with the daughter of the Duchess Renée, became ere long the brightest ornament of Ferrara, even in those days of its literary renown. But she embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and neither the gracefulness of a high-bred lady, nor the gentleness of a follower of the Lamb of God, could avail her longer. In company with her German husband she fled from Ferrara, and spent the remainder of her short life in German towns, the very names of which her Italian tongue could scarcely pronounce. Worn out with many trials, she sank at length ere she had completed the age of twenty-nine, having reached in those few years the proudest literary elevation that had ever been attained by an Italian lady. The glories of heaven floated before her eyes as they closed for ever—a heaven to her of light ineffable, and of flowers brighter than the roses of Sharon or the lilies of the valley. Her husband and brother died a few days after—victims to the plague that was then desolating the German towns, (A.D. 1555,) and side by side the German Professor and the two Italian exiles rest under the slabs of one of the churches of Heidelberg.

We may regret with her biographers that her books and manuscripts were lost in the burning of Schweinfurt; but we regret still more that her devotional songs were composed in Greek and Latin, and not in the tongue of Petrarch and Tasso. Had they been written in her own native language, they might have taken their place beside the Hymns of Luther and the old Psalms of Clement Marot. They might have been sung now, three centuries after her death, by a Reformed Church in Italy. But the Reformation left few traces in the Peninsula. In the popular recollection its memorials have perished, and it is difficult to add a Protestant watchword to the cry of Italy! Italy! And yet in the sixteenth century the truth had spread from Venice and Milan down to the remote Calabria. Lucca was at that time, like Florence at present, the centre of the evangelical movement; Ferrara, Pisa, Siena, and Naples had each its Reformed Church. Venice, the mart of Italy, traded in the books of the Reformers; and through the merchants of Venice, the writings of Luther and Melancthon made their way into the very dominions of the Pope. Translations of the Bible in the vulgar tongue were not wanting. From the year 1471, when

Ilive" and "*Quint Curce*" are mere travesties of our old Latin friends; and why should the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto be cut down continually into the "*Roland Furieux d'Arioste*," or *Michael Angelo* be reduced to plain "*Michel Ange*!"

the Italian version of Nicolò Malermi, monk of Camaldoli, issued from the well-known press of Vindelino de Spira, edition after edition was printed in the language of the country, and for seventy years the presses of Venice sent forth Italian translations either of the whole Bible or of the New Testament.* It is deeply instructive to trace the causes that contributed to the overthrow of a Reformation so hopefully begun. The *first* of these was unquestionably the Inquisition—the relentless persecution carried on by Caraffa and Ghislieri, whether as Inquisitors or as Popes. The latter—known in history as Pope Pius V.—signalized his exaltation to the tiara by the martyrdom of three eminent Italians, Zanotti of Padua, Antonio Paleario of Milan, and Pietro Carnesecchi of Florence. Olympia Morata died in exile. Faventino Fannio, the preacher of Romagna, was strangled in his prison at Ferrara. But it is sufficient to refer to Dr. M'Crie for the names of those who suffered for the truth, and for the history of the poor Waldenses of Calabria, “butchered to make a Roman holiday.” But there were other causes which are worthy of special notice in these days, and we merely indicate a few of these.—1. The timid policy of the Reformed. We cannot blame those who went into exile, and carried the truth elsewhere; but the feeble conformity of some to the practices of Rome, though convinced of the truth of the new opinions, was soon followed by its usual consequences. It is impossible for any length of time to serve the Lord and bow in the house of Rimmon: and the Saviour's words convey no promise of blessing even here to those who shrink from confessing him before men.—2. A second cause was that want of union which has so often ruined the hopes of Italy. There was no one pre-eminent Italian Reformer: no Luther—no Calvin—no Knox. Peter Martyr, who should have taken such a place, was too soon obliged to fly. But it is questionable whether any one Italian could have acquired a paramount influence; for,—3. Erroneous doctrines soon crept in to break up the Italian Church. Who has not mourned over the fall of the most eloquent of its preachers—the dark-eyed Capuchin, Fra Bernardino Occhino of Siena? Signor Mariotti has noticed the tendency of Italian theologians in all ages to Antitrinitarianism. (P. 42.) Arianism, he says, lingered in the Lombard provinces from the days of Alboin, when the long-haired Northerners set foot in Italy. At all events, Siena, lighter and more frivolous than France, as

* We may mention the version of Bruccioli from the Hebrew and Greek, and the Italian Bible of Sante Marmochini, following more closely the Latin Vulgate. The first was prohibited as filled with Lutheran heresy. The crowning work was the version of Diodati, which issued from the press of Geneva in 1607. Geneva and Lyons continued the work which Venice had begun.

Dante had described her long before, began the work of corruption in leading away a party of the Reformed from the creed of Athanasius. The family of the Socini belonged to Siena. The speculations of Laelius Socinus, on the subject of the Trinity, though not going the whole length of the opinions afterwards known as Socinian, did much to shake the faith of many. Melancthon wrote with all the energy of which his mild and timid nature was capable against the Platonic spirit of the Italians, their taste for subtle and curious questions, and their Athenian thirst for something new. Besides erroneous doctrines on the subject of the Trinity and the Atonement, the unhappy controversy on the Eucharist divided the Reformed Church in Italy, as it had done in Germany and Switzerland. We might refer to the influence of the Platonic Academy—to the writings of Servetus; but we have no wish to pursue such a subject. The Reformation failed to take root in Italy, and the Italian people—with very few exceptions—are not aware that it ever existed in their land at all.

THE MODERN EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT, then, if we except the Waldensian Church, has little connexion with the past. The truth has sprung up in Italy, but not from the buried seed of the Reformation. It is true, some use has been made of the memorials of other days, and by none better than the descendants of the exiles of the sixteenth century. The banished men of Lucca are returning in their children's children. The Bible that is now read is Diodati's. The lady who did so much for the truth in Tuscany, before an Evangelical work had been heard of, was a Calandrini. In this way the land is receiving back its banished. But in general the influences at work are modern. We cannot refer to them at length, but we must specify first of all the great historic demonstration that has been given of the Papacy, and given in such a way as to destroy the faith of the nation in that system of which the Pope is the political head. Reforming Italy can no longer trust in a Pope. The compatibility of the Papacy with civil liberty was tried in the most favourable circumstances; the hour had come, and the man; and never since the days of the Lombard League had a Pope risen to such an elevation as Pius IX. When he protested against the occupation of Ferrara, and threatened to arm his subjects in defence of the Papal territory, he became in popular estimation a new St. Leo, going forth to meet another Attila—or rather a new Alexander ready to stand forth against another Barbarossa. To the Papal influence in Italy the recoil has been most fatal: and on minds so prepared the good seed of the Word of God has not fallen in vain. It has taken root in

Tuscany, in Piedmont, in Rome, and the cases of Count Guicciardini and the two Madiai (to name no others) shew that the increase has been to the glory of God. To enter into this matter would require a volume—a volume however which had much better not be written. “O that mine enemy would write a book!” the Romish Church might say, for she is already no little indebted to the English mania for writing and speech-making. Let it be well understood that all that is published in England in reference to the Evangelical work in Italy goes back at once to Rome for the information of the police and the Propaganda. If any good is to be done in such a case, it must be done without noise or note of invasion. There are some whose policy is to attack directly and openly, and to address both priests and people very much in the tone in which our old friend Faithful concluded his defence at Vanity Fair, “As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say, (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail and the like,) that the Prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit to be in hell than in this town and country. and so the Lord have mercy upon me!” Now this system won’t do, and neither the wisdom of the serpent, nor the harmlessness of the dove requires it. With logic on the one side and the police on the other, the odds, for the moment—at least, are against us. “The Turks they did as they were bid,” notwithstanding the Consul’s learned argument from Vattel and Grotius, and the case would be much the same in Italy. True charity blows no trumpet before its alms, and they who do God’s work in Italy must be content with that “recompense of reward” which is better than all the applause of Exeter Hall—even that reward which their Father “who seeth in secret” shall bestow upon them openly. But while we discourage all those proclaimed and open invasions that call forth in opposition to them the whole strength of an offended nationality, we have no sympathy with the attempts made at times to slip in the Gospel under the gabardine of the friars. In Piedmont we have seen Evangelical tracts with a crucifix and a Roman Catholic title on their cover; and even London issues occasionally the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament as printed in “Via Regia,” and issued “by authority of the Head of the Church.” Now this is true, but it is a mere witticism; and we object to a *double entendre* on the title-page of the Word of God. Such a system deceives nobody—the Italian is the last man to be caught with guile. Like the diplomatist who puzzled all the diplomatists of Europe, and acquired a reputation for marvellous depth, by simply telling the truth, an honest and straightforward policy is the best one. We are quite aware of the defence that may be made for a

clap-trap title-page, but it is *low*, and therefore in our eyes reducible to the class of mortal sins. Perhaps we should not comment on a matter so trifling, but the Italians are far too prone to small modes of deception as it is, and therefore the example should never come from England. At the very least, as long as we can catch men otherwise, we had better avoid the "craft" that catches them with guile.

As to the real progress that has been made in Italy, we trust this has been to a certain degree manifested by our brief notice of the tendencies of the popular literature. The country whose great writers speak out so boldly against the corruptions of the Church, must be to some extent prepared for a better system. And nowhere has the truth made more rapid progress for the last few years than in Italy. From its centre in Florence, it has spread first to the Tuscan cities, and then upwards to Turin, Genoa, and Nice, and downward through Romagna to the very city of the Church.* In Tuscany, the evangelical cause has endured a grievous persecution, of which the whole of Europe has heard. It has not been possible to give the same details of "witnesses," buried alive in the dark dungeons of Rome. In Piedmont, the difficulties have been less, and the work more cheering. But we have already more than exhausted our space, and therefore we can merely allude to other dangers which threaten the work *from within*.

The *first* of these is the danger of mixing up the political element with the religious. In Tuscany and Piedmont this has not been done to any great extent, and we merely refer to it as a *danger* to be avoided. But in Dr. Achilli's book it comes out clearly. We have nothing to do with Dr. Achilli's history: we have heard of it *pur troppo*. His book is unquestionably clever, and eminently readable. In all matters in which we can test its accuracy, it is singularly correct, even to the minutest facts; and this is certainly needed, for many passages are of such a kind as to create a painful suspicion that we are reading a romance, in which conversations are imagined and recorded for the occasion. Dr. Achilli blows his own trumpet sufficiently loudly to dispense with our aid: and we shall not say one word *against* him: but we must refer to his "Italian Church." We are not aware of any party in Italy that consider Dr. Achilli

* It would be idle to attempt stating numbers. One fact may be mentioned. During the last two years, about forty individuals in Florence alone have been imprisoned, or banished, or have gone into voluntary exile, for the sake of the Word of God; and of all who have been tried, only three have yielded to priestly influence, and the persuasions of a carnal policy. And the case of the *Madiai* shews how much the Florentines had to bear. We speak only of such cases as are publicly known: eternity alone will reveal "the secrets of the prison-house."

as their representative, and at all events his programme of reformation is too Mazzinian for our taste. The Bandiera are among his model men—zealous reformers of the religious and political abuses of Italy. “O blessed spirits,” he says, “without doubt ye were visited with heavenly consolation, at the extreme moment of your separation from this miserable life.” (P. 273.) Now we withhold no honour that is due from the brothers Bandiera, but we trust the hopes of Italy do not hang on an insurrection in Calabria or Milan. Dr. Achilli cites with approbation a short speech of a member of the *Circolo Popolare* of 1849, ending with this proposal—“I propose that our *Circolo Popolare*, instead of remaining under the auspices of Pio Nono, should be placed under the immediate protection of God himself. To which end I move that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who died for our salvation, should be declared the only Head and Lord of the *Circolo Popolare*, and that his statue should be placed here accordingly.” (P. 314.) Dr. Achilli at once affixed his name to the proposal, and finds it impossible to express his satisfaction “at so signal a manifestation of sincere religious feeling.”

A second danger arises from the excessive tendency to individualism, or rather to levelling doctrines in regard to the Church. The doctrines of the so-called Plymouth Brethren are exactly adapted to the extreme Radical tendencies of central Italy; and supported by friends in England, and to some extent—perhaps unconsciously—by the Evangelical Society of Geneva, they have made already considerable progress. All ministerial order is scouted as an invention of men, and any brother is permitted to teach and administer the ordinances. In Florence, even women have presided in meetings and dispensed the Lord's Supper, taking all the duty except the simple breaking of the bread. Now all this is very idle. It is impossible to engraft a spiritual Bloomerism on the Church of Apostles and Prophets. But it is worse than idle; it is mischievous, and tends to engender contempt for the Word of God, whose authority is so set aside. As to the whole system supported by such a party, we do not much fear it. It is a system that is not found in the Bible, or rather it is the negation of a system that is found there, and hence it cannot long continue. But for the present it tends more than anything else we could name to break up the evangelical party in Italy, and to substitute a very narrow sectarianism for the Catholicity of the New Testament. And such has been its influence in causing division, that we believe were it not for persecution, which has hitherto kept the Church together, the reformed party in Tuscany would soon fall in pieces.

And this is the last danger which we have time to indicate—

the danger of divisions. The great evil in every Italian movement has been want of unity. Talk of a nation! Every province in Italy is the enemy of every other: every town preserves the leaven of the old factions of the middle ages. In the most civilized of Italian states, Leghorn, in 1849, stood out against all Tuscany, and kept the Republican flag still floating, when the rest of the country was crying back her lost Duke Leopold. Lucca can scarcely work along with her old rival, the Medicean capital; and it was only in 1848 that repentant Florence, in a sudden burst of brotherly kindness, restored the chains of conquered Pisa. The war of independence had scarcely begun, till the Italian army was broken up for ever, by the jealousies of the contingents from the various states, and Charles-Albert kept the field alone. And in religious matters, every town has its saint with its peculiar *culto*. A Sicilian cares nothing for St. Januarius, the idol of the bare-footed Neapolitan, and the Neapolitan never dreams of doing homage to St. Rosalie. Rome, the cage of every unclean bird, includes them all, but in popular feeling they are rivals, the old-smoked Madonna of one town or village out-bidding her fac-simile in another. This fatal tendency to divisions begins to manifest itself already. We cannot speak of the means of consolidation, and therefore can only refer to the WALDENSIAN CHURCH, which has our fullest sympathy, and which is associated in our mind with the best hopes of Italy.* We must break off here, but we trust ere long to be able to do more justice to the position of the old church of the Vaudois valleys.

* We beg to refer in the meantime to the last chapters of "Scenes and Impressions in Switzerland and the North of Italy, by the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond," in which the amiable writer has stated with great clearness and justice the claims of the Waldensian Church. We could wish to see those chapters printed separately, and circulated extensively among the friends of Italy.

- ART. III.—1. *The House of the Seven Gables: A Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston, U. S., 1851. 8vo.
2. *The Scarlet Letter: A Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston, U. S., 1850. 16mo.
3. *The Blithedale Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. London, 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.
4. *Hyperion: A Romance.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London, 1853. 8vo.
5. *Kavanagh: A Tale.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston, U. S., 1851. 8vo.
6. *The Wide Wide World; or, The Early History of L. Montgomery.* By ELIZABETH WETHERELL. [*Pseud., i.e., Miss E. WARNER.*] 1852. 8vo.
7. *Queechy.* By ELIZABETH WETHERELL. London, 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.
8. *Tales.* By EDGAR ALLAN POE. London, 1845. 8vo.
9. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. London, 1852. 8vo.

HOWEVER much we may regret that such a thing should be, it cannot be denied that in the present day the novelist and the poet rival the preacher in the influence and importance of their instructions. This truth is become such a truism that we should not have repeated it but for a corollary which is of great significance, although it has been hitherto almost neglected in criticism and practice: it is, that the responsibility of the poet and the novelist, for the wholesomeness of their instructions, is also scarcely inferior to that of the preacher. If a minister of the gospel deviates a hair's-breadth from the well-defined convictions of his congregation, his audience falls away, and he will never hear the last of it; and, as for an error of practical morals, it would be regarded with such horror if it came from the pulpit that the occurrence of such defalcations is absolutely unknown among us. But, as many of us keep our best suit of clothes and conduct for the Sabbath, so we have our Sunday and week-day doctrines; and to be orthodox one day is regarded as salt sufficient for the seven. In our Sunday sermon we demand a bright and spotless reflection of revelation, and on Monday we fall to recreating ourselves (mark the etymology!) with some novel or poem, which, if we had character and courage to set its secret sins in the light of God's countenance, would horrify us with its profound infidelity and insane perversion of moral truth. We rejoice in the elegant and consistent worldliness of Mr. A.;

refresh our spirits with the "liberal" views of Mr. B., the graceful apostle of the graceful form of Atheism called Pantheism; or follow Miss C. in her delicious and nerve-dissolving analysis and apotheosis of the relations between the sexes, quite contented if these admirable geniuses preserve towards our religion the kind of respect which all well-bred people will of course award to "present company,"—that is to say, a verbal reservation sufficient to guard against the speaker's being called to account for his language without more pain and explanation than the occasion would seem to deserve. Whether such habits of reading are compatible with the existence of a right Christian conscience, we do not undertake to declare. We only call attention to the fact, that such habits do widely prevail among persons calling themselves Christians, and that the vast majority of the works of imagination and fiction which come from the press in the present day are as Pagan as works produced in the atmosphere of Christian influence can be.

The above remarks have been suggested partly by the appearance and surprising popularity in Britain of certain American novels, especially those of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and of Elizabeth Wetherell, which exhibit a gratifying contrast to the general run of modern novels, and partly by the publication of other works, in the same country, which are of a directly opposite nature, although that opposition is so carefully veiled under a pseudo-Christian phraseology that it may not be apparent to most readers.

We had occasion, in a recent number of this Journal, to speak our opinion concerning American poetry, and we did it with a candour which, as it seems, was not pleasing to the self-love of our transatlantic brothers. We had to point out and to prove the fact that America has not yet produced one poet whose name has a chance of surviving the trial of a hundred years. We did this with no unfriendly feeling. America is a new thing upon the face of the earth. Great nations, in their youth, have commonly produced great poets; but America has had no youth. The youth of America was that of Britain; and the great poets who lived before, and even after, the national schism, belong as much to her literature as they do to ours. In fact, the very notion of two literatures in one language is an absurdity. If English literature, since the political independence of America, has flourished best at head quarters it is no more to be wondered at than that the press of London should have been more prolific of good books than that of Liverpool.

The spirit of romance, however, has not been so strictly metropolitan in its choice of an abiding place as that of poetry.

If Coleridge, Wordsworth, Burns, and Tennyson, have had no rivals in America, it is not so with Dickens, Marryat, Bulwer, and Currer Bell. Against these names America may boldly set her Stowes, Coopers, Longfellows, and Hawthornes, in whom there is no mistaking an independence and originality which hold out high hopes of the share which the writers of America are destined to take in the English literature of the future.

In proceeding to notice a few of the leading works of recent American fiction, we beg that our readers, particularly our American readers, will not attribute to us a fondness for fault-finding, if, in some cases, we dwell with greater emphasis upon the errors than upon the excellencies of the works noticed. All the books at the head of this Article have received in Britain a welcome of unmistakable heartiness. The critic's chief duty is to point out faults and virtues which do not manifest themselves to the hasty reader. If the writers herein to be noticed had missed their meed of popular applause, they should have had little else than praise from us; as it is, they can well afford to be called, for once, to a somewhat strict account of their shortcomings.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, a name that must be familiar to most of our readers, has distinguished himself in England chiefly by three very remarkable tales,—“*The House with the Seven Gables*,” “*The Scarlet Letter*,” and “*The Blithedale Romance*.” These works are the most forcible in the imaginative line that America has yet produced. Nothing in her poetry is half so poetical, and yet they are not more so than imaginative prose has a right to be. The most striking features in these tales are the extraordinary skill and masterly care which are displayed in their composition. “*The House with the Seven Gables*” may be charged with a little redundance of description; but in the other stories named it would be difficult to pick out a page that could be omitted without loss to the development of the narrative and the idea, which are always mutually illustrative to a degree not often attained in any species of modern art. When Mr. Hawthorne begins one of his stories he seems to become so perfectly absorbed with his leading moral—which, by the way, is not always unexceptionable—that he no longer has eyes or memory for anything in the universe but for exactly those things which will serve him best for illustrations and arguments and steps in his poetical proof of the moral proposition he sets out with. With all this rigid adherence to his point, there is, however, no sense of hardness, difficulty, and confinement in his style. His language, though for an American extraordinarily accurate, is always light and free; his illustrations and incidents, though often startlingly odd, and, for the moment, apparently unrelated,

have never the air of being far-fetched, but seem rather to be the best possible for the occasion; and the narrative, though curiously elaborated, is so well *contrasted* and *proportioned* in its several parts, that it makes, when we have finished, an impression full of simplicity and totality. His tales always deserve a double reading, one for the story and one for the art, which is so complete that it is scarcely possible to comprehend all its bearings on the first perusal, though that which we do comprehend on the first perusal is of itself entirely satisfactory and sufficient. This is a great test of the genuineness of an imaginative work. In proportion to its truth, depth, and power, a work of art is like a work of nature, a mountain, for example, which exhibits a clear and organic outline in the distance at which nothing else can be seen; on a nearer approach the blue and perpendicular surface resolves itself into an orderly system of subordinate peaks, forests, and ravines, and these, on a closer acquaintance, exhibit their geological and botanical characteristics; all is order and proportion, view it how you will, carefully or carelessly, near or far off, with the telescope, the naked eye, or with the microscope. Shakspeare's plays are the rivals of nature in this excellent composition of parts; and in the same direction, though at a vast distance, the tales of Hawthorne follow.

Notwithstanding all this artistic excellence there are certain very serious defects in Mr. Hawthorne's tales. We will notice the two faults which chiefly strike us. One is mainly artistic, the other mainly moral. The artistic fault is the continual, and certainly the very effective, though faulty, use of the *supernatural*. Now, the supernatural, as Mr. Hawthorne uses it, is perhaps an allowable means of effect in a work which is only meant to endure for the day and hour in which such work is written and read; but Mr. Hawthorne's tales are too permanently valuable to admit, legitimately, of so large an admixture of an element of effect which fails upon the second reading. Mr. Hawthorne manages the supernatural so well, he makes it so credible by refining away the line of demarcation between the natural and supernatural, he derives profit so ingeniously from the existing tremor of the public mind, arising from what is seen and said of mesmerism, electro-biology, spirit-rappings, and Swedenborgian psychology, that we could have made no objection to one trial of his faculties for rendering nightmares compatible with daylight and open eyes; but when the thing is done over and over again, and the sober and admirable nature of his stories continually overwhelmed with this insane supernature, it loses its value. Nature being a thing of beauty, is a joy for ever; but a trick, however skilful and astonishing, is not worth seeing more than once. Mr. Hawthorne should, moreover, recollect

that, in the course of a few years at most, the class of phenomena upon which he relies for his most vivid colouring will certainly either sink to the sober level of natural facts, or will be exploded as impostures and vapours of enfeebled brains. The "supernatural" is only interesting beyond other things so long as it continues to vibrate between the credible and the incredible. The credible, however exalted, is nature,—the absolutely incredible is a lie, and neither nature nor supernature. If ever clairvoyance and spirit-rappings become established *facts*, they will immediately fall into the domains of nature; *spiritual* nature, indeed, but still nature; and they will be no more "extraordinary" or "supernatural" than any of those moral phenomena whose realities daily plague or pacify the conscience, although they fail to present any very distinct and tangible substance to the eye of the mere understanding. When this comes to pass all the "supernatural" colouring of Mr. Hawthorne's tales will resemble the prominent "lights" of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures, which, through some fault of the artist, have all changed to blackness and vacancy. It must be further remarked, that Mr. Hawthorne's error in this matter is not wholly artistical; he is damaging the cause of truth in endowing with such a wonderful semblance of reality things in which he himself has no settled faith. He is unconsciously taking part with the charlatan whose proceedings he thus powerfully describes and denounces:—

"I heard, from a pale man in blue spectacles, some stranger stories than ever were written in a romance; told, too, with a simple unimaginative steadfastness, which was terribly efficacious in compelling the auditor to receive them into the category of established facts. He cited instances of the miraculous power of one human being over the will and passions of another; insomuch that settled grief was but a shadow beneath the influence of a man possessing this potency, and the strong love of years melted away like a vapour. At the bidding of one of these wizards, the maiden, with her lover's kiss still burning on her lips, would turn from him with icy indifference; the newly made widow would dig up her buried heart out of her young husband's grave, before the sods had taken root upon it; a mother with her babe's milk in her bosom would thrust away her child. Human character was but soft wax in his hands; and guilt or virtue, only the forms into which he should see fit to mould it. The religious sentiment was a flame which he could blow up with his breath, or a spark that he could utterly extinguish. It is unutterable the horror and disgust with which I listened, and saw that if these things were to be believed the individual soul was virtually annihilated, and all that is sweet and pure in our present life debased, and that the idea of man's eternal responsibility was made ridiculous, and

immortality rendered at once impossible, and not worth acceptance. But I would have perished on the spot, rather than believe it.

"The epoch of rapping spirits, and all the wonders that have followed in their train—such as tables upset by invisible agencies, bells self-tolled at funerals, and ghostly music performed on Jews' harps, had not yet arrived. Alas, my countrymen, methinks we have fallen on an evil age! If these phenomena have not humbug at the bottom, so much the worse for us. What can they indicate, in a spiritual way, except that the soul of man is descending to a lower point than it has ever before reached, while incarnate? We are pursuing a downward course in the eternal march, and thus bring ourselves into the same range with beings whom death, in requital of their gross and evil lives, has degraded below humanity! To hold intercourse with spirits of this order, we must stoop and grovel in some element more vile than earthly dust. These goblins, if they exist at all, are but the shadows of past mortality, outcasts, mere refuse stuff, adjudged unworthy of the eternal world, and, on the most favourable supposition, dwindling gradually into nothingness. The less we have to say to them the better, lest we share their fate!"

The other charge we have to make against Mr. Hawthorne is a far graver one, and not unallied with that with which we have now been engaged. The fault in question is that of making the moral subserve the art, instead of the art the moral; and furthermore, of even distorting moral truth, in order to obtain artistic effect. Mr. Hawthorne's mind is much too discerning to allow of a verdict of "not guilty," or of "quite unintentional error." In Mr. Hawthorne's hands, the Christian faith is strangely mixed up with a nightmare feeling of fatality, a combination which certainly produces a very strong artistic effect, but which, as it is formed at the expense of Christian reality, we do not hesitate to condemn. Again, the great fundamental truth of all morality, that God's violated laws vindicate themselves, is obscured by the frequent employment of supernatural means of restoring the equilibrium destroyed by sin. Mesmerism, magic signs in heaven and earth, witches, and evil persons endowed with a fiendish ubiquity and omniscience, are not needed, or employed, to work out the moral harmony of the world; and to use them as Mr. Hawthorne does, is to do as much as lies in his power, to weaken his reader's apprehension of the most solid and self-sufficient of all realities. Those who have not perused any of Mr. Hawthorne's works, will scarcely understand or credit the statement of the very extraordinary impression which those works are calculated to leave upon the mind. Upon laying down one of these books, we seem to have been living in a world of bad dreams, and horribly consistent insanities; the author's wonderful power of describing, and of harmonizing, the strangest characters and incidents, gives, for

the time, a strong impression of the possibility and reality of such events and persons; and so long as this impression remains, vibrating in the heart and mind, the ordinary realities of life seem to totter, and to become insubstantial. This impression is always of a strongly moral kind; but the morality is often partial and perverted, and sometimes unchristian, if not anti-christian.

Each of Mr. Hawthorne's works has such an admirable totality and unsuperfluousness in itself, that it is impossible to give our readers a due notion of its merit, by any abstract or extracts. We hope, however, to give them insight enough into one or two of his tales, to send them to the originals for further satisfaction of an awakened curiosity.

To begin with "*The Scarlet Letter*:" In the sombre puritan youth of America, Hester Prynne, during the absence of her husband, who has not been heard of for some years, gives birth to a daughter. The authorities of the American town, greatly scandalized at a crime almost unheard of in their simple community, take the matter in hand, and after vainly attempting to elicit from the unfortunate culprit, the name of him who has brought this disgrace upon her, condemn her to sit for some hours on a scaffold in the market-place, exposed to the gaze of the whole town, and to wear ever after, on her breast, a letter embroidered in brilliant scarlet, to mark her as the adulteress.

During Hester's exposure on the scaffold, the elder ministers call upon her pastor, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, a young man of extraordinary power in preaching, and greatly beloved by all the town, to exhort her once more to name the father of her child. After some hesitation he consents, and solemnly conjures her, if she feels it to be for her soul's welfare, to do so. He reminds her that by concealing his name, she encourages, nay, forces him, as it were, to hypocrisy, while, by declaring it, she may indeed bring him to shame in this world, but may be the means of saving his soul from perdition hereafter. Hester remains immovable, and sits alone, through the long hours of agonizing shame, to which her crime has brought her. During her exposure, her husband returns. He is an old and deformed man, and on finding his young and beautiful wife in this terrible situation, feels no tenderness nor pity, but is at once seized with an overwhelming desire to revenge himself upon his rival. He visits Hester in the evening, and extorts from her a promise that she will never discover him; for he is quite unknown in the town. After this, he makes himself known as a physician, under the name of Roger Chillingworth, and getting a suspicion that the man he seeks is no other than the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, whose declining health and settled and mysterious

unhappiness, together with other symptoms, seem to justify this idea, he gradually attaches himself to him, as a medical adviser, and contrives, at last, to take up his abode with him.

The reader is, by degrees, made aware that Chillingworth's suspicions are well founded. This young minister, who is regarded as a pattern of holiness, whose sermons are blessed by numerous conversions,* and who, perhaps, of all the community, is the most highly extolled, carries about with him the consciousness that he is, in reality, linked in common crime with the poor despised woman of the scarlet letter. He is frequently tempted, when he hears the town ringing with his praises, to step down from his pedestal, and declare himself an adulterer; but cowardice invariably stops him from what he believes to be his distinct duty. His fiendish physician has ample scope for his revenge, in harrowing the sensitive mind of his patient by harping on subjects most likely to call up his remorse, and his sense of guilt; and the minister, though unconscious of the cause, soon acquires a dread of Chillingworth which makes his constant surveillance an intolerable burden, in itself sufficient to embitter life. In this constant struggle between the longing to ease his conscience, and the dread of exposure, seven years pass away. One night the minister rushes from his room to the scaffold where Hester had passed her dreadful trial.

“It was an obscure night of early May. A pall of cloud muffled the whole expanse of sky, from zenith to horizon. If the same multitude which had stood as eye-witnesses while Hester Prynne sustained her punishment, could now have been summoned forth, they would have discerned no human face above the platform, nor hardly the outline of a human shape, in the dark grey of the midnight. But the town was all asleep. There was no peril of discovery. The minister might stand there, if it so pleased him, until morning should redden in the east, without other risk than that the dank and chill night air would creep into his frame, and stiffen his joints with rheumatism, and clog his throat with catarrh and cough; thereby defrauding the expectant audience of to-morrow's prayer and sermon. No eye could see him, save that ever wakeful one which had seen him in the closet, wielding the bloody scourge. Why then had he come hither? Was it but the mockery of penitence? A mockery, indeed, but in which his soul trifled with itself! A mockery at which angels blushed and wept, while fiends rejoiced with jeering laughter! He had been driven hither by the influence of that remorse which dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister, and closely linked companion, was that cowardice which invariably drew him back, with her tremulous gripe, just when the other impulse had hurried him to the verge of disclosure. Poor miserable man! What right had infirmity like his to burden itself with crime? Crime is for the iron-nerved, who have their choice either to endure

it, or, if it press too hard, to exert their fierce and savage strength for a good purpose, and fling it off at once! This feeble and most sensitive of spirits could do neither, yet continually did one thing or another, which intertwined in the same inextricable knot, the agony of heaven-defying guilt and vain repentance.

"And thus, while standing on the scaffold, in this vain show of expiation, Mr. Dimmesdale was overcome with a great horror of mind, as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that, in very truth, there was, and there had long been, the gnawing tooth of bodily pain. Without any effort of his will, or power to restrain himself, he shrieked aloud; an outcry that went pealing through the night, and was beaten back from one house to another, and reverberated from the hills in the back ground; as if a company of devils, detecting so much misery and terror in it, had made a plaything of the sound, and were bandying it to and fro.

"*'It is done!'* muttered the minister, covering his face with his hands. *'The whole town will awake, and hurry forth, and find me here!'*

"But it was not so. The shriek had perhaps sounded with a far greater power, to his own startled ears, than it actually possessed. The town did not awake."

* * * *

"The minister grew comparatively calm. His eyes, however, were soon greeted by a little glimmering light, which, at first a long way off, was approaching up the street. It threw a gleam of recognition on here a post, and there a garden fence and here a latticed window pane, and there a pump, with its full trough of water, and here again, an arched door of oak, with an iron knocker, and a rough log for the door-step. The Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale noted all these minute particulars, even while firmly convinced that the doom of his existence was stealing onwards, in the footsteps which he now heard; and that the gleam of the lantern would fall upon him in a few minutes more, and reveal his long-hidden secret. As the light drew nearer, he beheld within its illuminated circle, his brother clergyman,—or to speak more accurately, his professional father, as well as highly valued friend, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who, as Mr. Dimmesdale now conjectured, had been praying at the bed-side of some dying man.

"As the Reverend Mr. Wilson passed beside the scaffold, closely muffling his Geneva cloak about him with one arm, and holding the lantern before his breast with the other, the minister could hardly restrain himself from speaking. *'A good morning to you, venerable Father Wilson! Come up hither, I pray you, and pass a pleasant hour with me!'*

"Good heavens! Had Mr. Dimmesdale actually spoken! For one instant he believed that these words had passed his lips. But they were uttered only within his own imagination. The venerable Father Wilson continued to step slowly onward, looking carefully at the

muddy pathway before his feet, and never once turning his head towards the guilty platform. When the light of the glimmering lantern had faded quite away, the minister discovered, by the faintness which came over him, that the last few moments had been a crisis of terrible anxiety, although his mind had made an involuntary effort to relieve itself by a kind of lurid playfulness.

"Shortly after, the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chillness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break and find him there. * * * *

Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

"Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light airy laugh, in which, with a thrill of the heart—but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute—he recognised the tones of little Pearl.

"‘Pearl, little Pearl!’ cried he, after a moment’s pause; then suppressing his voice—‘Hester, Hester Prynne, are you there?’

"‘Yes; it is Hester Prynne!’ she returned in a tone of surprise, and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the side walk along which she had been passing. ‘It is I and my little Pearl.’

"‘Whence come you, Hester?’ asked the minister. ‘What sent you hither?’

"‘I have been watching at a death-bed,’ answered Hester Prynne, ‘at Governor Winthrop’s death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling.’

"‘Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl,’ said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale; ‘ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together!’

"‘She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the platform, holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child’s other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so, there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart, and hurrying through all his veins as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

"‘Minister!’ whispered little Pearl.

"‘What wouldst thou say, child?’ asked Mr. Dimmesdale.

"‘Wilt thou stand here with mother and me to-morrow, noon-tide?’ inquired Pearl.

"‘Nay, not so, my little Pearl,’ answered the minister; for with the new energy of the moment, all the dread of public exposure, that

had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him, and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which—with a strange joy, nevertheless—he now found himself—‘not so, my child. I shall indeed stand with thy mother and thee one day, but not to-morrow.’

“ Pearl laughed, and attempted to pull away her hand; but the minister held it fast.

“ ‘A moment longer, my child,’ said he.

“ ‘But wilt thou promise,’ asked Pearl, ‘to take my hand, and mother’s hand, to-morrow, noontide?’

“ ‘Not then, Pearl,’ said the minister, ‘but another time.’

“ ‘At what other time?’ persisted the child.

“ ‘At the great judgment-day,’ whispered the minister; and, strangely enough, the sense that he was a professional teacher of the truth impelled him to answer the child so. ‘Then and there, before the judgment-seat, thy mother, and thou, and I, must stand together. But the daylight of this world shall not see our meeting!’

“ Pearl laughed again.

“ But before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors which the night-watchers may so often observe burning out to waste, in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance, that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of the cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened like the dome of an immense lamp. It shewed the familiar scene in the street with the distinctness of mid-day, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. The wooden houses, with their jutting storeys and quaint gable peaks—the door-steps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them—the garden-plots, black with freshly turned earth—the wheel-track, little worn, and even in the market-place, margined with green on either side—all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect which seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before; and there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart, and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom, and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting link between these two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendour, as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the daybreak that shall unite all who belong to one another.”

* * * * *

“ We impute it, therefore, solely to disease in his own eye and heart, that the minister, looking upward to the zenith, beheld there the appearance of an immense letter—the letter A—marked out in lines of dull red light. Not but the meteor may have shewn itself at that point, burning duskily through a veil of cloud, but with no such shape as his guilty imagination gave it, or, at least, with so little definiteness that another’s guilt might have seen another symbol.”

* * * * *

“ The next day, being the Sabbath, he preached a discourse which

was held to be the richest and most powerful, and the most replete with heavenly influences, that had ever proceeded from his lips. Souls, it is said, more souls than one, were brought to the truth by the efficacy of that sermon, and vowed within themselves to retain a holy gratitude towards Mr. Dimmesdale throughout the long hereafter. But as he came down the pulpit steps, the grey-bearded sexton met him, holding up a black glove, which the minister recognised as his own.

“ ‘It was found,’ said the sexton, ‘this morning on the scaffold where evil-doers are put up to public shame. Satan dropped it there, I take it, intending a scurrilous jest against your reverence. But, indeed, he was blind and foolish, as he ever and always is. A pure hand needs no glove to cover it.’ ”

The foregoing extract will enable the reader to form a tolerably just estimation of Mr. Hawthorne's remarkable powers of description; but the whole tale must be perused before a due value can be attached to the astonishing subtlety, boldness, and novelty with which the workings of conscience, infirmity, and hypocrisy in the guilty minister's breast, are developed. We know nothing equal to it, in its way, in the whole circle of English literature.

Mr. Hawthorne's *chef-d'œuvre* is, however, his last work, “The Blithedale Romance.” In this tale, the writer, with an irony of withering calmness, exposes the vanity and selfishness which underlie the seemingly worthy and benevolent purposes of the various *dramatis personæ*, who engage themselves in one of the many schemes of politico-moral reformation which moderns have invented as substitutes for the reformation of themselves. The chief characters are Miles Coverdale, Hollingsworth, Zenobia, Priscilla, Silas Foster, Westerwelt, and an old ruined man of the world. Miles Coverdale, who tells the story, is a poetaster à la Goethe, who prides himself on his perceptive powers, and thinks that he is doing his work in overlooking the active world, and, as the gust inspires him, setting what he sees to second-rate verse. He engages with the rest in a Socialist scheme, not because he has faith in it, or in anything else, but because he is sick of his old mode of doing nothing, and yearns for a new one. Zenobia is the pseudonym of a lady who is a sort of Yankee George Sand. It is clear that her “antecedents” have been questionable. She has been no stranger, from her girlhood upwards, to what the French call Love, and we are permitted to infer that she takes part in the scheme with the presentiment that something may turn up in the way of a good novelesque amour, and she is not altogether mistaken. This character, like all the rest, is powerfully given, and in the true way; that is, by glimpses, as we see characters in nature, and not by the way of

elaborate portraiture. The irony with which the writer exposes this character in the very praises of Miles Coverdale is surprisingly effective, from its delicacy and moderation; and the imbecility of the poetaster, whose nerves are ruthlessly imposed upon by the scornful and gaudy presence of this heroine, whom even he, in her absence, has wit enough to see through and look down upon, is an admirable sarcasm upon the "perceptive temperament," when it is unaccompanied by moral energy and hearty humanity.

"Her hand, though very soft, was larger than most women would like to have, or than they could afford to have, though not a whit too large in proportion with the spacious plan of Zenobia's entire development. It did one good to see a fine intellect (as hers really was, although its natural tendencies lay in another direction than towards literature) so fitly cased. She was, indeed, an admirable figure of a woman, just on the hither verge of her richest maturity, with a combination of features which it is safe to call remarkably beautiful, even if some fastidious persons might pronounce them a little deficient in softness and delicacy. But we find enough of those attributes everywhere. Preferable—by way of variety, at least—was Zenobia's health, bloom, and vigour, which she possessed in such overflow that a man might well have fallen in love with her for their sake only. In her quiet moods she seemed rather indolent; but when really in earnest, particularly if there were a spice of bitter feeling, she grew all alive, to her finger tips."

This fine female animal, whose intellect, though strong, is not less material than her beauty, makes no impression—though, in a sort of lazy way, she desires it—upon the heart of Coverdale. He is a "man of refinement," though he is little else, and he is effectually repelled by things which are intended by Zenobia to attract him.

" 'I am afraid,' said Zenobia, with mirth gleaming out of her eyes, 'we shall find some difficulty in adopting the Paradisaical system for at least a month to come. Look at that snow-drift sweeping past the window! Are there any figs ripe, do you think? Have the pine-apples been gathered to-day? Would you like a bread-fruit, or a cocoa-nut? Shall I run out and pluck you some roses? No, no, Mr. Coverdale, the only flower hereabouts is the one in my hair, which I got out of a greenhouse this morning. As for the garb of Eden,' added she, shivering playfully, 'I shall not assume it till after May-day.'

"Assuredly Zenobia could not have intended it; the fault must have been in my imagination. But these last words, together with something in her manner, irresistibly brought up a picture of that fine, perfectly developed figure, in Eve's earliest garment. Her free, careless, generous modes of expression, often had this effect, of creat-

ing images which, though pure, are hardly felt to be quite decorous when born of a thought that passes between a man and woman. I imputed it, at that time, to Zenobia's noble courage, conscious of no harm, and scorning the petty restraints which take the life and colour out of other women's conversation."

Silas Foster, who evidently has no care for or real apprehension of what the Communist scheme means, and takes part in it only because he finds his vocation wherever there are pigs to keep and ploughs to drive, is the one point of reality in all the phantasmagoria of conceit, and its concomitant passions and imbecilities.

"Stout Silas Foster mingled little in our conversation; but, when he did speak, it was very much to some practical purpose. For instance—

" 'Which man among you,' quoth he, 'is the best judge of swine! Some of us must go to the next Brighton Fair, and buy half-a-dozen pigs.'

"Pigs! Good heavens! had we come out from among the swinish multitude for this? And again, in reference to some discussion about raising early vegetables for the market—

" 'We shah never make any hand of market-gardening,' said Silas Foster, 'unless the women folks will undertake to do all the weeding. We haven't team enough for that and the regular farm-work, reckoning three of you city folks as worth one common field hand. No, no; I tell you we should have to get up a little too early in the morning, to compete with the market-gardeners round Boston.'

"It struck me as rather odd, that one of the first questions raised, after our separation from the greedy, struggling, self-seeking world, should relate to the possibility of getting the advantage over the outside barbarians in their own field of labour. But, to own the truth, I very soon became sensible that, as regarded society at large, we stood in a position of new hostility, rather than new brotherhood. Nor could this fail to be the case in some degree, until the bigger and better half of society should range itself on our side. Constituting so pitiful a minority as now, we were inevitably estranged from the rest of mankind in pretty fair proportion with the strictness of our mutual bond among ourselves."

It is in the exquisite perception of moral and social phenomena of this last sort that Mr. Hawthorne excels every other modern writer we are acquainted with. We have seen the remorseless anatomy with which the subtle hypocrisies of the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale were exposed to laughter and pity. False societies impose upon our author no more than false persons; witness the last paragraph of the foregoing extract, and the following passage, in which the vanity and selfishness which form the basis of at least ninety-nine hundredths of our modern schemes of social reformation stand skinned alive :—

"We all sat down—grisly Silas Foster, his rotund helpmate, and the two bouncing handmaidens, included—and looked at one another in a friendly, but rather awkward way. It was the first practical trial of our theories of equal brotherhood and sisterhood, and we people of superior cultivation and refinement (for such, I presume, we unhesitatingly reckoned ourselves) felt as if something were already accomplished towards the millennium of love. The truth is, however, that the labouring oar was with our unpolished companions; it being far easier to condescend than to accept of condescension. Neither did I refrain from questioning in secret, whether some of us, and Zenobia among the rest, would so quietly have taken our places among these good people, save from the cherished consciousness that it was not from necessity, but choice. Though we saw fit to drink our tea out of earthen cups to-night, and in earthen company, it was at our own option to use pictured porcelain, and handle silver forks again, to-morrow. This same salvo, as to the power of regaining our former position, contributed much, I fear, to the equanimity with which we subsequently bore many of the hardships and humiliations of a life of toil. If ever I have deserved, (which has not often been the case, and, I think, never,) but if ever I did deserve to be soundly cuffed by a fellow-mortal for secretly putting weight upon some social advantage, it must have been while I was ostentatiously striving to prove myself his equal, and no more. It was while I sat beside him on his cobbler's bench, or clinked my hoe against his own in the corn field, or broke the same crust of bread, my earth-grimed hand to his, at our neontide lunch. The poor proud man should look at both sides of sympathy, like this."

Mr. Hollingsworth, who has his independent quack remedy for society, says confidentially to Coverdale, "I see through the system. It is full of defects, irremediable and damning ones. From first to last, there is nothing else. I grasp it in my hand, and find no substance whatever. *There is no human nature in it.*" Nevertheless, he assists in the hope of making the scheme serve his own. They try to choose a name for their colony.

"Zenobia suggested 'Sunny Glimpse,' as expressive of a vista into a better system of society. This we turned over and over for a while, acknowledging its prettiness, but concluded it to be rather too fine and sentimental a name (a fault inevitable by literary ladies in such attempts) for sun-burnt men to work under. I ventured to whisper 'Utopia,' which was, however, unanimously scouted down, and the proposer very harshly maltreated, as if he had intended a latent satire. Some were for calling our institution 'The Oasis,' in view of its being the one green spot in the moral sandwaste of the world; but others insisted on a proviso for reconsidering the matter at a twelvemonth's end, when a final decision might be had whether to name it 'The Oasis' or 'Sahara.'"

A defect of this very remarkable book, is the absence of any

sufficient glimpse of the realities whose opposites it is, we suppose, Mr. Hawthorne's desire to teach us to shun. Silas Foster, as we have said, is the only real person in the drama. Zenobia and Priscilla, in their several extremes, are alike destitute of true womanhood—Hollingsworth and Coverdale, in their opposite ways, equally unmanly. As is always the case with clever and selfish persons, Zenobia, Coverdale, Hollingsworth, and others in this tale, have a singular acuteness to one another's defects, and an obtuseness no less extraordinary to their own. Zenobia, of course, falls in love, in her way, with Hollingsworth, from the desire, natural to all vain minds, of conquering difficulties. She aids and abets his pseudo-philanthropic schemes, so long as she hopes for a return of her passion; but when she finds that he is better affected towards a damsel as insipid as she herself is over savoury, she incontinently drowns herself, after venting a good deal of not uneloquent invective, such as this:—

“ ‘Now, God be judge between us,’ cried Zenobia, breaking into sudden passion, ‘which of us two has most mortally offended Him! At least, I am a woman, with every fault, it may be, that woman ever had,—weak, vain, unprincipled, like most of my sex; for our virtues, when we have any, are merely impulsive and intuitive, passionate too, and pursuing my foolish and unattainable ends by indirect and cunning, though absurdly chosen means, as an hereditary bond slave must; *false, moreover, to the whole circle of good, in my reckless truth to the little good I saw before me*,—but still a woman! a creature whom only a little change of earthly fortune, a little kinder smile of Him who sent me hither, and one true heart to encourage and direct me, might have made all that a woman can be! But how is it with you? Are you a man? No; but a monster! A cold, heartless, self-beginning and self-ending piece of mechanism!’

“ ‘With what, then, do you charge me?’ asked Hollingsworth, aghast, and greatly disturbed by this attack. ‘Show me one selfish end in all I ever aimed at, and you may cut it out of my bosom with a knife!’

“ ‘It is all self!’ answered Zenobia, with still intenser bitterness. ‘Nothing else, nothing but self, self, self! The fiend, I doubt not, has made his choicest mirth of you these seven years past, and especially in the mad summer which we have spent together. I see it now! I awake disenchanted and disenthralled! Self, self, self! You have embodied yourself in a project. You are a better masquerader than the witches and gipsies yonder; for your disguise is a self-deception. See whither it has brought you! First you aimed a death-blow (and a treacherous one) at this scheme of a purer and higher life, which so many noble spirits had wrought out. Then, because Coverdale could not be quite your slave, you threw him ruthlessly away. And you took me, too, into your place, as long as there was hope of my being available, and now fling me aside again—a broken tool! But foremost and blackest of your sins, you stifled

down your inmost consciousness! You did a deadly wrong to your own heart! You were ready to sacrifice this girl whom, if God ever visibly shewed a purpose, He put into your charge; and through whom He was striving to redeem you!”

“This is a woman’s view,” said Hollingsworth, growing deadly pale—“a woman’s, whose whole sphere of action is in the heart, and who can conceive no higher nor wider one.”

“‘Be silent!’ cried Zenobia—‘you know neither man nor woman!’”

In this last opinion, however, we cannot agree with Zenobia. Every true woman’s heart will say, “Well said!” to the following speech of Hollingsworth, in reply to Zenobia, who charges him with despising woman:—

“‘Despise her? No!’ cried Hollingsworth, lifting his great shaggy head, and shaking it at us, while his eyes glowed almost fiercely. ‘She is the most admirable handiwork of God, in her true place and character. Her place is at man’s side. Her office, that of the sympathizer; the unreserved, unquestioning believer; the recognition withheld in every other manner, but given in pity through woman’s heart, lest man should utterly lose faith in himself—the echo of God’s own voice pronouncing, “It is well done!” All the separate action of woman is, and ever has been, and always will be, false, foolish, vain, destructive of her own best and holiest qualities, void of every good effect, and productive of intolerable mischiefs! Man is a wretch without woman; but woman is a monster—and thank Heaven, an almost impossible and hitherto imaginary monster—without man as her acknowledged principal! As true as I had once a mother whom I loved, were there any possible prospect of a woman’s taking the social stand which some of them—poor, miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such things because they have missed woman’s peculiar happiness, or because nature made them really neither man nor woman!—if there were a chance of their attaining the end which these petticoated monstrosities have in view, *I would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of superiority, to scourge them back within their proper bounds!* But it will not be needful. The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it!’”

We must conclude our extracts from this, the best novel of America, and one of the best of the present age, with the following shrewd hits:—

“‘To tell you a secret, I never could tolerate a philanthropist before. Could you?’

“‘By no means,’ I answered, ‘neither can I now.’

“‘They are, indeed, an odiously disagreeable set of mortals,’ continued Zenobia. ‘I should like Mr. Hollingsworth a great deal better if the philanthropy had been left out. At all events, as a mere matter of taste, I wish he would let the bad people alone, and try to benefit

those who are not already past his help. Do you suppose he will be content to spend his life, or even a few months of it, among tolerably virtuous and comfortable individuals like ourselves ?'

" 'Upon my word, I doubt it,' said I. 'If we wish to keep him with us, we must systematically commit, at least, one crime a-piece! Mere peccadilloes will not satisfy him.'

" *Zenobia turned, side-long, a strange kind of glance upon me ; but before I could make out what it meant, we had entered the kitchen.*"

* * * * *

"In truth it was dizzy work amid such fermentation of opinions as was continually going on in the general brain of the community. It was a kind of Bedlam for the time being ; although out of the very thoughts that were wildest and most destructive, might grow a wisdom holy, calm, and pure, and that should incarnate itself with the substance of a noble and happy life. But, as matters now were, I felt myself (and, having a decided tendency towards the actual, I never liked to feel it,) getting quite out of my reckoning with regard to the existing state of the world. I was beginning to lose the sense of what kind of a world it was, among innumerable schemes of what it might or ought to be. It was impossible, situated as we were, not to imbibe the idea that everything in nature and human existence was fluid, or fast becoming so ; that the crust of the earth, in many places, was broken, and its whole surface portentously upheaving ; that it was a day of crisis, and we ourselves were in the critical vortex. Our great globe floated in the atmosphere of infinite space like an unsubstantial bubble. *No sagacious man will long retain his sagacity, if he live exclusively among reformers and progressive people, without periodically returning into the settled system of things to correct himself by new observations from the old stand point.*"

We have devoted the larger portion of our space to the writings of Mr. Hawthorne, because we believe that he is altogether the most remarkable prose writer yet produced by America. His writings are highly condensed, which is more than can be said of nine-tenths of the American novelists, essayists, historians, or theologians ; and they are admirably consecutive and well brought out, which is more than we can say of any but one or two individuals of the remaining tenth, who, like Ralph Waldo Emerson and Longfellow, are condensed, but ejaculatory and incapable of pursuing a thought or a story with logic and determination. He also writes pure English, which is what the Americans ought, just now, chiefly to look to, for, as we shall shew, they are in danger of abusing their noble inheritance of a pure, sweet, and powerful language, by an admixture of slang, flippancies, and false grammar, which will become a chronic and

even an incurable disease, unless it is seasonably withstood and checked by writers like Mr. Hawthorne.

The great merits of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," which of themselves, and apart from the ever new excitement of the subject of slavery, (in which connexion it was referred to in a former number of this Journal,*) have ensured a vast popularity, are so well appreciated that we need not speak of them at all, unless it be to declare, in a word, that we heartily subscribe to the popular verdict in their favour. We are reduced therefore to making the most of the one fault which strikes us in the perusal of this extraordinary book. We mean the style of its phraseology, which offers the happily most rare phenomenon of remarkable vulgarity of language in combination with remarkable purity and simplicity of thought. The "*Times*" newspaper, which has endeavoured to make up for its unjust blame in one direction by praise and leniency as unjust in another, and has taken upon itself to pronounce the ridiculously false verdict that this is the finest novel ever written, excuses the innumerable sins of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" by pretending to regard them as trifling and inevitable "*Americanisms*." We should be sorry, however, to think that false English is true American: and we know very well that many of our transatlantic brethren can write English, and speak it as well as ourselves; and that therefore the so-called "*Americanisms*" of Mrs. Stowe are so denominated with no more justice than the peculiarities of the conversation of London shop-boys, or the slang of "*fast men*," could be entitled "*Anglicisms*." The interest of this work is so absorbing, that after the first few pages even a well-trained ear is apt to forget the constant recurrence of the sin in question. This, of course, makes the effect of it a great deal worse than it would otherwise be. It is much the same with the immensely popular "*Wide Wide World*," and "*Queechy*," of Elizabeth Wetherell: and we do not think that we are overrating the evil under consideration when we affirm, that probably these two writers have already produced an appreciable effect in lowering the tone of phraseology in use among the lower portions of the middle classes of Britain. This is a serious thing; for integrity of thought and feeling are far more closely connected with purity of language than is commonly supposed. The two things act and react on one another very powerfully. Probably few of our readers are really sensible of the extent to which an un-English tone of conversation prevails in the work of Mrs. Stowe. As we think that this is a fault far greater than any mere defect of art, and only second to the evil of erroneous morality, we have been at the pains of going

* See North British Review, No. XXXV.—Art. "*American Slavery*."

through "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with a view to exhibiting the defect in its true figure as affecting the conversation of *every person introduced*, and even the merely narrative language of Mrs. Stowe herself. To begin with Mrs. Shelby, one of the first characters introduced. She is described as being the wife of a *gentleman*, and herself, "a woman of high class, both intellectually and morally." This good lady has a manner of conveying her sentiments which clashes singularly on English ears, and leads one to suppose that, in spite of her "high intellectual culture," she was kept profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of Lindley Murray. From two or three short dialogues we select at random the following sentences :—

" ' Suppose we sell one of your farms, and *pay up square* ? ' "

" ' But really, Eliza, you are *getting altogether* too proud of that little fellow. A man *can't put his nose into the door*, but you think he must be coming to buy him. ' "

" ' Eliza came in, after dinner, in a *great worry*. ' "

" ' Of course I knew you never meant to sell any of our people : *least of all*, to such a fellow. ' "

" ' I do believe, Mr. Shelby, *if he were put to it*, he would lay down his life for you. ' "

Her husband, who is in the first page of the book, contrasted with Haley, the slave-dealer, as a *gentleman* par excellence, expresses himself in such phrases as the following :—

" ' You,' says *I to him*, ' I trust you because you're a Christian : I know you wouldn't cheat. Tom comes back, sure enough—I knew he would. Some low fellows, *they says to him*, " Tom, why don't you make tracks for Canada ? " " Ah ! master trusted me, and I couldn't. " They told me about it. ' "

" ' I don't want to make my fortune *on her*. ' "

" ' *You'd best* not let your business be known. It will not be a particularly quiet business, getting away any of my fellows, *I promise you*. ' "

" ' *I'd like* to have been able to kick the fellow down the steps. . . I know I shall have some fuss with wife about that. ' "

" ' Why, wife, *you're getting to be* an abolitionist, quite. ' "

" ' We men of the world must wink *pretty hard* at various things, and get used *to a deal* that isn't the exact thing. ' "

George Shelby, the son and heir, who, we are told, is "a bright boy, and well-trained by his mother," follows the example of his parents :—

" ' I'm getting mighty hungry. ' "

" ' I says to him. ' "

" ' Well, I mean to ask Tom here, some day next week, and you do your prettiest, and we'll make him stare. Won't we make him eat, *so he won't get over it for a fortnight* ? ' "

“ ‘ Well, you made out well with that dinner.’ ”

“ ‘ I tell you what, I blew ’em up well, all of ’em, at home.’ ”

“ ‘ I’ll be real good, Uncle Tom. I’m going to be a first-rater.’ ”

Early in the volume we are introduced to a member of the American Senate ; here we may hope for some good speaking : from a short conversation between the Senator and his wife, we select a few sentences : first let us hear Mr. Bird,—

“ ‘ I thought I’d just make a run down and spend the night.’ ”

“ ‘ I was scared at that time. Mother *came at me*, so that I thought she was crazy ; and I was whipped and tumbled off to bed before I could *get over wondering what was come about*.’ ”

“ ‘ I shall get into business bright and early in the morning ; but I’m thinking I shall feel rather cheap there, after all that’s been said and done ; but, hang it, I can’t help it.’ ”

Mrs. Bird, a sweet character, sweetly drawn, nevertheless offends one’s ears by such expressions as these,—

“ ‘ Is it true that they have been passing a law forbidding people to give meat and drink to *those poor coloured folk that come along* ?’ ”

“ ‘ Nonsense ! I wouldn’t give a fig for all your politics.’ ”

“ ‘ It *don’t* forbid us to shelter these poor creatures *a nights*, does it ?’ ”

“ ‘ It’s always safest, all round, to do as God bids us.’ ”

“ ‘ If folks want to keep their slaves from running away, let ’em treat ’em well.’ ”

Further on we are introduced to Mr. Wilton, “ a good-natured, but extremely figdety and cautious old *gentleman*,” who is kind to his slaves, and whom, from all we hear of him, we may suppose to be a man of education. Let us hear how he speaks : in return to a stranger’s “ How are you ? ” he replies, “ Well, I reckon ; ” and goes on to talk through some pages in true Yankee style :

“ ‘ Thank ye, it *don’t* agree with me.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, George, I *s’pose* you’re running away ?’ ”

“ ‘ Blast ’em all, I always said so, the infernal old cusses !’ ”

“ ‘ Well, well ; I *s’pose*, perhaps, I *a’nt* following my judgment—*hang it*, I won’t follow my judgment.’ ”

“ ‘ I’m perfectly *dumb-founded* at your boldness.’ ”

But the language of Mrs. Stowe seems quite refined if we compare it with that of Elizabeth Wetherell. The very considerable merits of this lady’s writings render the peculiarities of her diction extremely to be regretted ; and we are sorry to say that want of refinement is not confined to the language of her dramatic persons. “ Queechy ” is, indeed, a book without a parallel, except in the “ Wide Wide World ; ” and it is very

high praise to say of it, as we can, that the natural refinement and beauty of some of the characters renders the book readable in spite of the surprising vulgarity of most of them. Unless we are very much mistaken in our inferences from her writings, this Authoress has spent her days in a quiet country life,—the happiest and best of all modes of life, but one which is not the best preparation for the painter of fashionable manners. The country people, in the remarkable novel called “Queechy,” are all true and forcible—coarse, but never vulgar; and had the characters been made of such persons, the work would have been unexceptionable. But when the Authoress attempts, as with the greatest confidence she does, to describe the best society of New York, Paris, and London, her failure is too great to be absurd; it is melancholy to behold the working of such a ruinous mistake. Had Dickens written many of this lady’s “high-society” scenes, and introduced them as exposures of the vulgarities into which the lowest city shopkeepers and their wives and daughters fall by endeavouring to assume the *haut ton*, the satire would have been accepted as a masterpiece. We can scarcely give our readers any sufficient impression of this defect of an otherwise admirable book; for it is only by perusing scores of pages of such matter that we become fully sensible of its painfulness; we must not, however, leave so weighty a charge as that which we have now made wholly unsupported by proof. The extract which we are about to give, requires this much by way of preface:

Fleda, the heroine, is a sweet little country girl, who has made an impression upon the heart of a young Englishman of very high family and enormous wealth. Mrs. Evelyn, who has marriageable daughters, and, of course, thinks the Englishman a “catch,” suspects his liking for little Fleda, who has the misfortune to be the guest of Mrs. Evelyn, at whose house Mr. Carleton, the “catch,” is in the habit of paying daily visits. A Mr. Thorn is also smitten with Fleda; and Mrs. Evelyn, among other tricks, would make out to Mr. Carleton, that his rival has no bad chance of success. This Mrs. Evelyn and her daughters, be it remembered, are intended for persons of high fashion. Let us hear how this lady talks, *feels*, and behaves to her guest:

“ ‘What do you keep bothering yourself with that for?’ said Edith, coming to Fleda’s side.

“ ‘One must be doing something, you know,’ said Fleda, lightly.

“ ‘No, you mus’nt, when you’re tired, and I know you are. I’d let Constance pick out her own work.’

“ ‘I promised her I would do it,’ said Fleda.

“ ‘Well, you didn’t promise when—Come, everybody’s been out but you, and you have sat here over this the whole day. Why

don't you come over there, and talk with the rest? I know you want to—for I've watched your mouth going.'

" 'Going!—how?'

" 'Going off at the corners. I've seen it! Come.'

But Fleda said she could listen and work at once, and would not "budge."

Seeing that Fleda would not "budge," the little girl left her, and asked Mr. Carleton to take her for a "ride," by which it appears she meant a "drive." Having consented, Mr. Carleton suggested that the carriage would hold three, and Edith requests Fleda to take the third place. Mr. Carleton himself seconds this proposal very earnestly; but Fleda having refused to accompany Mr. Thorn in a similar excursion that same day, is compelled to refuse. In answer, therefore, to Mr. Carleton's question, "Has that piece of canvass any claims upon you which cannot be put aside for a little?" she replies, "No, sir, but I am sorry I have a stronger reason that must keep me at home." We proceed with our extract:

" 'She knows how the weather looks,' said Edith; 'Mr. Thorn takes her out every other day. It's no use to talk to her, Mr. Carleton—when she says she won't, she won't.'

" 'Every other day?' said Fleda.

" 'No, no;' said Mrs. Evelyn, coming up, and with that smile which Fleda had never liked so little as at that minute, 'not *every other day*, Edith; what are you talking of? Go, and don't keep Mr. Carleton waiting.'

" Fleda worked on, feeling a little aggrieved. Mr. Carleton stood still by her table watching her, while his companions were getting themselves ready; but he said no more, and Fleda did not raise her head till the party were off. Florence had taken her resigned place.

" 'I dare say the weather will be quite as fine to-morrow, dear Fleda,' said Mrs. Evelyn, softly.

" 'I hope it will,' said Fleda, in a tone of resolute simplicity.

" 'I hope it will not bring too great a throng of carriages to the door,' Mrs. Evelyn went on in a tone of great internal amusement; 'I never used to mind it, but I have lately a nervous fear of collision.'

" 'To-morrow is not your reception day?' said Fleda.

" 'No, not mine,' said Mrs. Evelyn, softly; 'but that doesn't signify—it may be one of my neighbour's.'

" Fleda pulled away at her threads of worsted, and wouldn't know anything else.

" 'I have read of the servants of Lot and the servants of Abraham quarrelling,' Mrs. Evelyn went on, in an undertone of delight, 'because the land was too strait for them. I should be very sorry to have anything of the sort happen again, for I cannot imagine where Lot would go to find a plain to suit him.'

“ ‘Lot and Abraham, Mamma,’ said Constance from the sofa, ‘what on earth are you talking about?’

“ ‘None of your business,’ said Mrs. Evelyn; ‘I was talking of some country friends of mine that you don’t know.’

“ Constance knew her mother’s laugh very well; but Mrs. Evelyn was impenetrable.

“ The next day Fleda was dressing, assisted by Constance, when Mrs. Evelyn entered :

“ ‘My dear Fleda,’ said she, her face and voice as full as possible of fun, ‘Mr. Carleton wants to know if you will ride with him this afternoon. I told him I believed you were in general shy of gentlemen who drove their own horses; that I thought I had noticed you were; but I would come up and see.’

“ ‘Mrs. Evelyn! you didn’t tell him that?’

“ ‘He said he was sorry to see you look rather pale yesterday, when he was asking you; and he is afraid that embroidery is not good for you. He thinks you are a very charming girl;’ and Mrs. Evelyn went off into little fits of laughter that unstrung all Fleda’s nerves. She stood absolutely trembling.

“ ‘Mamma, don’t plague her,’ said Constance, ‘he didn’t say so.’

“ ‘He did, upon my word,’ said Mrs. Evelyn, speaking with great difficulty; ‘he said she was very charming, and it might be dangerous to see too much of her.’

“ ‘You made him say that, Mrs. Evelyn,’ said Fleda reproachfully.

“ ‘Well, I did ask him if you were not very charming; but he answered without hesitation,’ said the lady. ‘I am only so afraid that Lot will make his appearance.’

“ Fleda turned round to the glass, and went on arranging her hair with a quivering lip.

“ ‘Lot, mamma!’ said Constance, somewhat indignantly.

“ ‘Yes,’ said Mrs. Evelyn, in ecstasies; ‘because the land will not bear them both. But Mr. Carleton is very much in earnest for his answer. Fleda, my dear, what shall I tell him? You need be under no apprehensions about going; he will perhaps tell you that you are charming, but I don’t think he will say anything more. You know he is a kind of patriarch; and laughed when I asked him if he didn’t think it might—to some people; so you see, you are safe.’

“ ‘Mrs. Evelyn, how could you use my name so?’ said Fleda, with a voice that carried a good deal of reproach.

“ ‘My dear Fleda, shall I tell him you will go? You need not be afraid to go riding, only you must not let yourself be seen walking with him.’

“ ‘I shall not go, ma’am,’ said Fleda, quietly.

“ ‘I wanted to send Edith with you, thinking it would be pleasanter; but I knew Mr. Carleton’s carriage would hold but two, to-day; so what shall I tell him?’

“ ‘I am not going, ma’am,’ repeated Fleda.

“ ‘But what shall I tell him? I must give him some reason. Shall

I say that you think a sea-breeze is blowing, and you don't like it; or shall I say that *prospects* are a matter of indifference to you?"

"Fleda was quite silent, and went on dressing herself with trembling fingers.

" 'My dear Fleda,' said the lady, bringing her face a little into order, 'won't you go? I am very sorry.'

" 'So am I sorry,' said Fleda. 'I can't go, Mrs. Evelyn.'

" 'I will tell Mr. Carleton you are very sorry,' said Mrs. Evelyn, every line of her face drawing again, 'that will console him, and let him hope that you will not mind the sea-breeze by and by, after you have been a little longer in the neighbourhood of them. I will tell him you are a good republican, and have an objection at present to an English equipage; but I have no doubt that is a prejudice that will wear off.' She stopped to laugh, while Fleda had the greatest difficulty not to cry. The lady did not seem to see her disturbed brow, but recovering herself, after a little, though not readily, she bent forward, and bent her lips to it, in a kind fashion. Fleda did not look up, and saying again, 'I will tell him, dear Fleda,' Mrs. Evelyn left the room."

Elizabeth Wetherell, like Mrs. Stowe, is sincerely and powerfully Christian in her writings; but, unlike Mrs. Stowe, and like almost all other female writers of religious novels, the cause of Christianity often suffers, in her hands, from ill-judged and untimely displays of it. The novelist who, in professing to depict human life, dispenses altogether with Christian agency, is leaving Hamlet out of the play with a vengeance; but the opposite fault of violating the modesty of religious feeling, by an unseasonable foisting of it in the faces of those who do not comprehend it, is even worse than a merely negative neglect. It is the greatest immodesty that can be perpetrated. All modesty, if analyzed, proves to be nothing more than the reluctance of a pure heart to having its feelings bared to the gaze of an imperfect sympathy; and the higher and deeper the feeling, the greater the indecency and ruinous wrong of exposing it. It is the hearty sense of this which causes many noble and most earnest minds to fortify themselves against impertinent inspection, by a *chevaux de frise* of wit and amiable irony, whenever a matter they feel much about is approached in common conversation. It would be far better that there should be no occasion for such weapons; but there always will be, while so many persons, especially among women, so notably misapprehend the duty of being instant in and out of season in their recommendations of religion.

To an English reader, the effect of many portions of "Queechy" must be particularly ludicrous and painful in this regard. For example, Mr. Carleton, a man of ancient and noble family, is not only a methodist and theoretically a republican, which men of

ancient and noble English families scarcely ever happen to be, but he carries his religion into the ball-room, and discourses of the one thing needful to his partner in the dance; which men of ancient and noble English families *never* do: for, in external behaviour at least they are always gentlemen, and would always shun the ungente and unnecessary shock of heterogeneous elements.

We trust that the authoress of the "Wide Wide World" and of "Queechy" will take these remarks in good part, and as not implying any want of appreciation of the great merits of her writings. The heartiness and sincerity with which she dwells upon and describes, in its minutest details, the farm-life in America are very delightful, and quite new in their way, which is wholly unsentimental and truly national. But the highest qualities of this lady's mind, as shewn in her works, are, *first*, the heartiness of her religion, notwithstanding the mistakes we have noticed; and, *secondly*, the clear understanding, which, having once apprehended Christianity, not as a mere logical conclusion, but as a fact of experience and a living presence, is not for an instant to be puzzled by any seeming contradiction. This clear-sightedness, and the power of expressing it so as to impress others, is a very remarkable and unspeakably valuable quality of the American mind in matters of religion. Of all religious writers, the Americans are those who have the firmest footing upon this unassailable ground of personal experience and the actual facts of nature; and what our great Christian philosopher Butler (a name that will always be as dear to Christians, as repugnant to pseudo-philosophers) felt so powerfully, and expressed with so much difficulty and obscurity in his immortal "Analogy," seems to be an ordinary inheritance of the religious mind in America.

To Mr. Longfellow's "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh," we regret that we cannot award the unqualified praise which many of his admirers think that they deserve. The faults which we lately exposed in this writer's verse are equally visible in his prose. In neither does the writer seem sincere in his dealings with nature. He cares rather to say "fine things" than true ones. Of course we do not mean that he is consciously insincere; but this desire to be "effective" and "striking," obscures his eye for the truth; and it is precisely when Mr. Longfellow imagines that he is saying his best things, that he is least worth attending to. He has a subtle power of observation, a very graceful fancy, and considerable general information, and these qualities, when the author by happy chance forgets himself, and lives in his subject, combine to produce some very pleasant "light-reading," though, at best, there is an air of flippancy and sentimentality, which seems to be inseparable from his style.

It would be difficult to justify this charge by any short extracts. The fault lies in the general tone rather than in any particular passages. The only extract we shall make from Mr. Longfellow's prose is one which we select for the merit of shrewdness, and for its bearing closely upon the subject of American literature in general. It is from the pleasing little novel called “Kavanagh.”

“He announced himself as Mr. Hathaway. Passing through the village, he could not deny himself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Churchill, whom he knew by his writings in the periodicals, though not personally. He wished, moreover, to secure the co-operation of one already so favourably known to the literary world, in a new magazine he was about to establish, in order to raise the character of American literature, which, in his opinion, the existing reviews and magazines had entirely failed to accomplish. A daily increasing want of something better was felt by the public; and the time had come for the establishment of such a periodical as he proposed. After explaining, in rather a florid and exuberant manner, his plan and prospects, he entered more at large into the subject of American literature, which it was his design to foster and patronize.

“‘I think, Mr. Churchill,’ said he, ‘that we want a national literature, commensurate with our mountains and rivers—commensurate with Niagara, the Alleghanies, and the great lakes!’

“‘Oh!’

“‘We want a national epic that shall correspond to the size of the country; that shall be to all other epics, what Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is to all other paintings—the largest in the world.’

“‘Ah!’

“‘We want a national drama in which scope enough shall be given to our gigantic national ideas, and to the unparalleled activity and progress of our people.’

“‘Of course.’

“‘In a word, we want a national literature altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies.’

“‘Precisely,’ interrupted Mr. Churchill, ‘but excuse me; are you not confounding things that have no analogy? Great has a very different meaning when applied to a river, and when applied to literature . . . A man will not necessarily be a great poet because he lives near a great mountain; nor, being a poet, will he necessarily write better than another because he lives nearer Niagara.’

“‘But, Mr. Churchill, you do not, surely, mean to deny the influence of scenery on the mind?’

“‘No, only to deny that it can create genius. At best it can only develop it. Switzerland has produced no extraordinary poet; nor, as far as I know, have the Andes, or the Himalaya mountains, or the Mountains of the Moon in Africa.’

“‘But, at all events,’ urged Mr. Hathaway, ‘let us have our literature national. If it is not national, it is nothing.’

“‘On the contrary, it may be a great deal. Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal.’”

“‘But you admit nationality to be a good thing?’”

“‘Yes, if not carried too far; still I confess it rather limits one’s views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. Every one smiles when he hears the Icelandic proverb, “Iceland is the best land the sun shines upon.” Let us be natural, and we shall be national enough. Besides, our literature can be strictly national only so far as our character and modes of thought differ from those of other nations. Now, as we are very like the English—are, in fact, English under a different sky—I do not see how our literature can be different to theirs. Westward from hand to hand we pass the lighted torch, but it was lighted at the old domestic fireside of England.’”

“‘Then you think our literature is never to be anything but an imitation of the English?’”

“‘Not at all. It is not an imitation, but, as some one has said, a continuation.’”

“‘It seems to me that you take a very narrow view of the subject.’”

“‘On the contrary, a very broad one. No literature is complete until the language in which it is written is dead. We may well be proud of our task and our position. Let us see if we can build in any way worthy of our forefathers.’”

“‘But I insist upon originality.’”

“‘Yes; but without spasms and convulsions. Authors must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air. . . . I was about to say, also, that I thought our literature would, finally, not be wanting in a kind of universality.’”

* * * * *

“‘If that is your way of thinking,’ said the visitor, ‘you will like the work I am now engaged upon.’”

“‘What is it?’”

“‘A great national drama, the scene of which is laid in New Mexico. It is called *Don Serafin*, or the Marquis of the Seven Churches. The principal characters are Don Serafin, an old Spanish hidalgo; his daughter, Descada; and Fra Serapion, the curate. The play opens with Fra Serapion at breakfast; on the table a game cock, tied by the leg, sharing his master’s meal. Then follows a scene at the cock-pit, where the Marquis stakes the remnant of his fortune—his herds and hacienda—on a favourite cock, and loses.’”

“‘But what do you know about cock-fighting?’ demanded rather than asked the astonished and half-laughing schoolmaster.

“‘I was not very well informed on that subject, and I was going to ask if you could not recommend some work.’”

“‘The only work I am acquainted with,’ replied Mr. Churchill, ‘is the Rev. Mr. Pegge’s essay upon cock-fighting among the ancients; and I hardly see how you could apply that to the Mexicans.’”

“ ‘Why they are a kind of ancients, you know. I certainly will hunt up the essay you mention, and see what I can do with it.’

* * * * *

“ ‘The subject is certainly very original, but it does not strike me as’—

“ ‘Prospective, you see,’ said Mr. Hathaway, with a penetrating look.

“ ‘Ah, yes; I perceive you fish with a heavy sinker—down far into the future—among posterity, as it were.’

“ ‘You have seized the idea. Besides I obviate your objection by introducing an American circus company from the United States, which enables me to bring horses on the stage, and produce great scenic effect.’

“ ‘That is a bold design. The critics will be out upon you without fail.’

“ ‘Never fear that. I know the critics root and branch—out and out—have summered and wintered with them—in fact, am one of them myself. Very good fellows are the critics; are they not?’

“ ‘Oh yes; only they have such a pleasant way of talking down upon authors.’

“ ‘If they did not talk down upon them, they would shew no superiority; and, of course, that would never do.’

“ ‘Nor is it to be wondered at that authors are sometimes a little irritable. I often recall the poet in the Spanish fable, whose manuscripts were devoured by mice, till at length he put some corrosive sublimate into his ink, and was never troubled again. . . And what do you mean to call this new magazine?’ inquired Mr. Churchill.

“ ‘We mean to call it the “Niagara.”’

“ ‘Why that is the name of our fire-engine! why not call it the “Extinguisher?”’

“ ‘That is also a good name; but I prefer the Niagara, as more national. And I hope Mr. Churchill you will let us count upon you. We should like to have an article from your pen for every number.’

“ ‘Do you mean to pay your contributors?’

“ ‘Not the first year, I am sorry to say; but after that, if the work succeeds, we shall pay handsomely—and of course it will succeed, for we mean it shall, and we never say fail. There is no such word in our dictionary. Before the year is out, we mean to print 50,000 copies; and 50,000 copies will give us at least 150,000 readers, and, with such an audience, any author might be satisfied.’”

In concluding this hasty notice, we must congratulate our brothers upon the very decided and really, because unconsciously, independent ground they have taken of late in fictional literature. The works which we have now noticed, with many others whose merits we have not been able, through want of space to consider, are far more in their promise than in their performance, though that is by no means trifling. We can scarcely hope too much from the writers of America, if they will only be careful to remember that their language is, or ought to be, *English*.

ART. IV.—*John de Wycliffe, D.D.: A Monograph.* By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. London, 1853.

THERE is no more interesting form of literary exercise than that which, under the name of Monograph, has recently become common amongst us. In these days of superabundant authorship, abstract disquisitions have not the best chance of being read, and even formal biographies of the old stamp are apt to prove wearisome. The Monograph meets this emergency. It is a kind of compromise between the regular biography and the historical or philosophical essay. In the regular biography the attention is fastened from first to last on the life of the individual who is the subject of the memoir, and the interest is supposed to lie in the actions and experiences of this individual as constituting a story in themselves. In the Monograph, on the other hand, the motive of the author may be, either a preconceived interest in the individual for his own sake, or an interest in certain ideas and views which may be conveniently expounded in connexion with the life of the individual, or an interest in the general history of the age to which the individual belonged. In any case, he allows himself larger scope, assumes more of the didactic or expository spirit, and narrates facts chiefly with a view to the interpretations which may be made to flow from them. One of the advantages of this form of literary production is that it may be of any length. It may be restricted to the limits of a lecture or a review article, as in the biographic papers of Macaulay, the lectures of Emerson on Representative Men, and the hundreds of similar essays and sketches which are perpetually streaming from the press; or it may swell out to the orthodox limits of a biography, as exemplified in some of the works of Neander and other writers of note.

Very conspicuous among larger literary efforts of this kind is Dr. Vaughan's *Life of Wycliffe*. It is, as most of our readers must be aware, no hasty production got up to satisfy an immediate demand of the market. It is nearly a quarter of a century since Dr. Vaughan, then a very young man, gave to the world, as the fruit of much labour and research, a work which has ever since been regarded by all competent authorities, both at home and on the Continent, as the only thorough and satisfactory account of the life and opinions of the English Proto-Reformer. Even then he must have possessed that most essential of qualifications in a biographer—strong and enthusiastic sympathy with the man whose life he had undertaken to write. Nothing less than a real personal affection for Wycliffe, and a conviction of the

value and permanence of much that Wycliffe taught, could have prompted a young writer to go so far out of the beaten and easy track of authorship, and to impose upon himself, as the condition of literary distinction, the toil of so much severe and original research as was required for the correct delineation of a man of the fourteenth century. Even this qualification, however, would seem to have grown in the author since he first aspired to supply the English public with what till then had been a desideratum—a complete and accurate life of Wycliffe. Years and continued activity in very various departments have since raised Dr. Vaughan to the place he holds in the public eye as one of the chiefs and ornaments of English Dissent, and one of the most liberal Christian thinkers, and effective Christian writers of the time. Now, though his activity during these years must necessarily have swelled out his mind beyond its dimensions at the time when the character of Wycliffe first caught his regards and occupied his pen, and though, as all know, he has since been engaged in many a controversy and many a speculation such as Wycliffe and the fourteenth century never dreamt of, yet whoever knows anything of Dr. Vaughan must know that, by reason of some of his own leading tendencies and convictions in social and ecclesiastical matters, he is the very man to be still attracted to Wycliffe as a biographer ought to be, and to evolve from the story of his life its full modern meaning. He seems himself to have felt this, and to have been both to risk the alienation of a subject which he had already, as it were, made his own property. Accordingly, returning to it with all that enlargement of view and increased experience in literary art which he has acquired since he first dealt with it, he has superseded his former by the present work, in which the old materials have been wholly recast, and the entire story of Wycliffe's life carefully rewritten. We congratulate him and the public on so successful a performance. The work as it is now put forth, is in the form of a single small quarto volume, handsomely and massively bound in a sombre antique style, beautifully printed, and illustrated with engravings. Corresponding with this exterior are the contents, which we would characterize as exhibiting a rare combination of the solid with the artistic. In the former work there was abundant evidence that the author had spared no pains in making himself acquainted with all the necessary materials, and in building these materials together into a substantial piece of English ecclesiastical history. This merit of solidity, of conscientious labour spent in thoroughly overcoming the difficulties of his task, will still attract the notice of the reader; but the author has succeeded, in this new performance, in imparting a charm of colour and picturesqueness which renders the whole work more

light, and capable of producing a stronger impression upon the imagination. Keeping his eye steadily on Wycliffe, and tracing the development of his opinions through his writings, he shews his mastery of the most approved method of modern biographic art by introducing sketches of contemporary English scenes and manners, and inweaving into the narrative whatever either of anecdote or of comment may help to paint the portrait of Wycliffe more distinctly against the entire background of his age. The style of the volume is admirable—easy and flowing, at the same time that it is masculine and nervous: and there are not a few passages of beautiful descriptive writing, as well as of eloquent moral appeal. In short, considering the difficult nature of the subject, the work may rank as perhaps the most successful of professed historical monographs in the language. The limning is occasionally a little faint and uncertain; but this is to be accepted as an honest indication of the obscurity of objects when seen at so great a distance in the past. To make the lines too certain in such a case might often be to paint falsely.

John de Wycliffe was born in 1324, in the parish of Wycliffe, near Richmond, in Yorkshire; and was probably a member of the family of the Wycliffes, who then were, and continued till 1606 to be, the chief proprietors of land in the parish. After receiving the rudiments of his education either at home or in some conventual school near, he removed in 1340 to Oxford, which from that time became the chief scene of his studies and labours. Here, as one of some ten thousand students then assembled there, he distinguished himself first in Queen's, and afterwards in Merton College, of which he became a fellow. Nothing more is authentically known of Wycliffe till 1361, when, being then a priest and thirty-seven years of age, he obtained, almost contemporaneously, two preferments—the living of Fylingham in the diocese of Lincoln, and the mastership and wardenship of Balliol College. Four years later, or in 1365, he was transferred from the wardenship of Balliol to that of Canterbury Hall, a priest named Wodehall, then holding the office, having been deprived of it by Islep, Archbishop of Canterbury, the founder of the Hall. On Islep's death, however, in the following year, his successor, Archbishop Langham, declared Wycliffe's appointment null, and restored Wodehall; against which decision Wycliffe appealed to the Pope. The cause did not come to an end till 1370, when it was given against Wycliffe—a circumstance to which the more low-minded of his Catholic critics have not failed to attribute his subsequent hostility to the Papacy. But, as Dr. Vaughan shews, Wycliffe had begun to be known for what he was, even while his cause at the Papal Court was pending.

Obviously, from his position in the University, a man emin-

ent for his acquirements in all the scholastic learning and dialectics of his age,—a fact which is, moreover, expressly testified by his enemy, the old historian Knighton,—Wycliffe seems from the first to have been recognised as one of the leading minds in what may be called the liberal or anti-Papal party among the Oxford Churchmen of that day. Nothing will be more surprising to many of Dr. Vaughan's readers than the evidence which he adduces of the existence in England, in the fourteenth century, of a strong and wide-spread feeling of dissent from the claims and practices of the Church of Rome. There were the elements at that time in England, it might almost be said, of a Protestantism, in some respects more radical and thorough-going than that which, two centuries later, became the basis of the Church of England. Much of this early Anglican Protestantism was, doubtless, the creation of Wycliffe; but much of it preceded him and served him as a vantage-ground. There were two points, in particular, on which the current of English opinion was at that time adverse to the policy of the Romish Church.

Every student of the middle ages knows who and what were the Mendicant Friars. They date their origin from the thirteenth century, when certain religious enthusiasts of the Continent, groaning over the corruptions of the Church, and the laziness even of the monkish orders, conceived the idea of founding new religious fraternities who should as far surpass the monks in devotion, as the monks had originally surpassed the ordinary secular or parish clergy. Hence arose the orders of the Friars, which were in process of time consolidated into four,—the Dominicans or Black Friars; the Franciscans or Grey Friars, called also Cordeliers; the Carmelites or White Friars; and the Augustines, who, as well as the Franciscans, bore the name of Grey Friars. The rules of these four orders differed in some respects; but all of them had this in common, that while, like the monks, they came under vows of celibacy and poverty, they were not to shut themselves up in monkish seclusion, but were to roam abroad as itinerant preachers, living on alms which they were to beg from the people. From the very first these itinerant orders found favour with the Popes, from whom they obtained license to preach, and to perform all other priestly offices without being liable to the jurisdiction of the bishops or other ordinary clerical dignitaries, whose dioceses or parishes they might invade. In short, they were religious Voluntaries, professing Romanism in its most intense form. With such enthusiasm did they set out, and so popular were they at first, that in a short space of time they overspread all Europe, and so monopolized the ministry of religion in every Catholic country

as to cast the ordinary parish clergy into the shade. For a time, as Dr. Vaughan points out, they were the instruments of a really good work—their ardour, and, above all, their assiduity in preaching to the people, communicating life and impulse when it was much needed. Latterly, however, they became a pest and nuisance almost everywhere. The fine theoretical Voluntaryism with which they began, and according to which they were to have no income except the voluntary offerings of the people given in exchange for their services as preachers of the Gospel, degenerated into little better than a craft of so managing the people by their demeanour and their services as to raise the amount of the supplies. Chaucer's picture of the *Frere* or Friar-Limitour, (*i.e.*, licensed to beg within a particular district,) conveys the popular impression regarding these gentry at the time in question:—

“A Friar there was, a wanton, and a merry,
 A Limitour, a full solempne man.
 In all the orders four is none that can
 So much of dalliance and fair langage.
 He had ymade full many a marriage
 Of youngé women at his owén cost.
 Until his order he was a noble post.
 Full well belovéd, and familiér was he
 With frankleins over all in his countrée,
 And eke with worthy women of the town;
 For he had powér of confessioun
 As said himselfé more than a curáte,
 For of his order he was licenciáte.
 Full sweetly herdé he confessioun,
 And pleasant was his absolution.
 He was an easy man to give penánce,
 There as he wist to han a good pittánce;
 For unto a poor order for to give
 To signé that a man is well ysbrive.

* * * *

And, over all, there as profit should arise
 Courteous he was and lowly of servicé.
 There n'as no man nowhere so vertuous.
 He was the besté béggar in all his house;
 And gave a certain farm for the grant.
 None of his brethéren came in his haunt;
 For thóugh a widow haddé but a shoe,
 So pleasant was his *In principio*,
 Yet would he have a farthing ere he went.”

In short, if this portrait is correct, the great accomplishment of the Friars was the art of religious begging. Forbidden by their vows to possess land, they had yet ample use for money in

providing for their own wants, and building fine churches; and hence money-getting became their chief aim. To this end, the satirists of the time said, the drift of most of their sermons was to inculcate the duty of *giving*; to this end, also, they studied the means of being agreeable, letting ecclesiastical culprits off far more easily than the parish priest would, and admitting to the sacraments and other ordinances of religion persons of notoriously bad reputation. The sale of pardons from Rome was also one of their means of money-making. Now all this was extremely distasteful to a large portion of the English clergy. There were some, indeed, and these chiefly the more vehement Romanists among the higher clergy, who looked with favour on the Mendicant Friars, and regarded them as a class of functionaries essential to the interests of the Church; but many others, and probably the majority of the secular clergy, complained bitterly of the mischief they were doing by leading away the people from their proper pastors and interfering with the ordinary course of ecclesiastical discipline.

Far more important, however, than this division of national sentiment in the matter of the Begging Friars, was the difference of opinion on another point,—the relative rights of the Papacy and the Crown within the realm of England. Since the great struggle between Pope Gregory VII. and the Emperor Henry IV., the question as to the relative rights of the Popes and the civil potentates of different countries, had been the one question which agitated all Europe. The form which this controversy between the spiritual and the temporal power had assumed on the part of the Church, is thus succinctly described by Dr. Vaughan:—

“It was demanded that clergymen who became offenders against the laws of society should not be amenable to the civil authority, in the manner of other criminals, but that they should be tried by ecclesiastical judges; that the Crown should abstain from any meddling with the property of the Church, the same being sacred and wholly beyond the province of the magistrate, except to protect it from injury; that, in the election of prelates, the collation to benefices, and the government of the Universities, deference should be shown, according to usage, to the successors of St. Peter, as the centre of ecclesiastical unity; and, in case of obstinate disobedience to the will of the representative of the Prince of the Apostles, the Pontiff could declare crowns a forfeiture,—could absolve subjects from their oaths of allegiance; and, to enforce such decisions, could lay provinces and nations under an interdict,—a sentence which left all conditions of people without the consolations of religion, by causing the churches to be closed, and the functions of the priesthood to be suspended.”

Such were the claims of the Papacy as systematized by Gre-

gory VII. and his successors, and applied with more or less strictness to all the nations of Christendom. It was the instinct of kings and of civil magistrates to deny these claims and to struggle against them. The Norman kings of England had generally been pretty peremptory in their dealings with the Popes; but John, that silliest of them all, had, among the other mischiefs of his reign, entangled the whole question of the relations of England to the Papacy, by consenting to hold the crown as a direct fief of the Roman see, and pay an annual tribute for the same of a thousand marks. This miserable bargain was repudiated at the time by the English barons; but, for one reason or another, the tribute continued to be occasionally paid in subsequent reigns. Edward III.—a monarch in whose splendid reign the English nation was first consolidated, and the English tongue first formed—discontinued the tribute as soon as he came of age; and from that time the Popes were obliged to be content with the same general authority over England which they wielded over all the nations. In the year 1365, however, or at the very time when Wycliffe was appointed to the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall, Pope Urban V., anxious in a small way to repeat the great game of his predecessors, the Gregories, the Innocents, and the Bonifaces, revived the Papal claim of supremacy over England, and demanded the arrears of tribute due from the English crown to the Papal see. Never was such a demand made at a more unsuitable moment. On the one hand, England was at the height and in the full pride of her national puissance. Thirty-eight years of the able rule of Edward, illustrated by his magnificent conquests in France, and the victories of Crecy and Poitiers, had enlarged the power of England without, and had developed the thow and courage of her people within, till they could ill brook the very semblance of insult. On the other hand, it was the hour of the weakness of the Papacy. The so-called *Babylonish Captivity*, during which the Popes, exiled from Rome and Italy, held their court at Avignon in France, where they were virtually the puppets of French policy, had already lasted sixty years; and Urban V. was the sixth of those seven Pontiffs, all of French birth, in whose hands the keys of St. Peter dangled so languidly during this period of estrangement and degradation. Indeed, it was rather as a Frenchman doing spite to the conqueror of his country, than as a Pope zealous for the rights of the Papacy, that Urban advanced his claim. In England, however, the claim was received and discussed as a claim of the Popes as such. The answer was immediate and decisive. Parliament met—that was a time of Parliaments, for in a reign of fifty years Edward summoned no fewer than seventy.)—deliberated one

day, chiefly that the prelates might make up their minds on the subject, and then declared unanimously that neither John nor any other king had a right to subject the realm of England to any foreign authority whatever, that any bargain of that sort was null from the first, and that, if the Pope were to go on with his claim, all the resources of the nation would be at the disposal of the crown.

So, as far as public action was concerned, the matter terminated. But though the heart of the nation was sound, and even the prelates were constrained by circumstances to be unanimous in their defence of the crown on this particular occasion, there was a strong leaven of Ultramontanism in English opinion, which found other ways of making its appearance. Though not such extreme partisans of the Papacy as the friars, many of the secular and monastic clergy were yet on the side of the Popes on a number of questions then in process of agitation. One of these questions regarded the right of nomination to vacant bishoprics, a right which had been largely usurped by the Popes. Again, there was the question of First-fruits, or of the right of the prelates, in virtue of the Papal sanction, to exact from persons newly appointed to benefices, a sum equal to the first year's income. The powers and privileges of the Papal legates were also a subject of controversy. Lastly, there had grown up an agitation on the subject of the appointment of ecclesiastics to civil posts and places, the laity generally desiring a change in this respect, while the more powerful clergy naturally clung to a practice so favourable to the worldly interests of their order. Now all these questions added together made up a ground of controversy amply sufficient for the appearance of two parties—a Romanist or Ultramontane party, whose tendencies on the whole accorded with those of the Papacy; and a Liberal or Reforming party, vaguely borne in the direction of an ideal Church of the future, more suitable to be the Church of a free nation.

The right notion, then, to start with about Wycliffe is that he was from the very first one of the chiefs of this Liberal or Reforming party in the English Church. Oxford was the centre of the controversy, and Wycliffe was one of the men of greatest note in the Liberal party at Oxford. Indeed, till about his fiftieth year, so far as we have any authentic record, Wycliffe did not stand forth in the public eye of England as anything more than this. His only important publications up till this time seem to have been a pamphlet against the Mendicant Friars, in which, in a style of remarkably hard hitting, he adduces fifty separate heads of impeachment against them; and a paper on the side of the Crown and Parliament in the question of the

Papal tribute. In these writings, indeed, an acute observer might have discerned the germs of peculiar views, both theological and political; but, so far as their main purport was concerned, they might have been written by any other clergyman of the Liberal party. The development of Wycliffe's more original and peculiar opinions belonged, therefore, to the later period of his life.

In 1368, Wycliffe had exchanged his living of Fylingham for that of Lutgershall in the same diocese, a living of inferior value, but convenient as being nearer to Oxford. More important in connexion with his intellectual history was the opening of his course of Divinity Lectures in Oxford in 1372. It has been usual to represent him as having been appointed Professor of Divinity in that year; but the fact is that there was then at Oxford no formal professorship, in the modern sense, either of Divinity or of anything else, and that any Doctor of Divinity was qualified, in virtue of his degree, to open a class for the teaching of theology. It seems to have been during the first years of Wycliffe's career as a theological lecturer that he began to form and express those views which afterwards constituted his principal theological heresies. In order to indicate, as nearly as possible, the tenor and substance of his theological lectures, Dr. Vaughan gives an elaborate analysis of the *Triologus*, one of the Latin treatises of Wycliffe, "to which both his enemies and his friends appealed most frequently, after his decease, as being the great depository of his opinions." In this *Triologus*, which is a kind of continuous scholastic discussion carried on by three imaginary personages, denominated Aletheia, Pseudis, and Phronesis, views are occasionally broached which, as Dr. Vaughan says, must have been somewhat startling to the audience who heard them spoken, perhaps in more emphatic words, by the author's own mouth. One or two passages, as translated by Dr. Vaughan, may serve as examples of the incidental *spurts* of novelty and heresy that must have enlivened the course of the lectures.

Liberty of Conscience. "Christ wished His law to be observed willingly, freely, that in such obedience men might find happiness. Hence he appointed no civil punishment to be inflicted on transgressors of his commandments, but left the persons neglecting them to a suffering more severe, that would come after the day of judgment."

Sins venial and mortal. "Priests, who know better how to extort money for sins than how to cleanse any man from them, or how to distinguish between the mortal and the venial, about which they bble so much."

Saints' Festivals. "If there be any celebration in honour of the saints which is not kept within these limits, it is not to be doubted

that cupidity, or some other evil cause, has given rise to such services. Hence not a few think it would be well for the Church, if all festivals of that nature were abolished, and those only retained which have respect immediately to Christ. . . . The Scriptures assure us that Christ is the Mediator between God and man. Hence many are of opinion that when prayer was directed only to the middle person of the Trinity for spiritual help, the Church was more flourishing and made greater advances than it does now, when so many new intercessors have been found out and introduced."

Scripture, Tradition, and Papal Authority. "Inasmuch as it is the will of the Holy Spirit that our attention should not be dispersed over a large number of objects, but concentrated on one sufficient source of instruction, it is His pleasure that the books of the Old and New Law should be read and studied; and that men should not be taken up with other books, which, true as they may be, and containing even Scripture truth, as they may by implication, are not to be confided in without caution and limitation. Hence Augustine often enjoins it on his readers, not to place any faith in his word or writings, except in so far as they have their foundation in Scripture, wherein, as he often says, is contained all truth, either directly or by implication. Of course, we should judge in this manner concerning the writings of other holy doctors, and much more concerning the writings of the Roman Church, and of her doctors in these later times. If we follow this rule, the Scriptures will be held in becoming reverence. The Papal bulls will be superseded, as they ought to be. The veneration of men for the laws of the Papacy, as well as for the opinions of our modern doctors, which, since the losing of Satan, they have been so free to promulgate, will be restrained within due limits. What concern have the faithful with writings of this sort, except as they are honestly deduced from the fountain of Scripture?"

Plenty of work for Christ's Soldiers. "The believer in maintaining the law of Christ, should be prepared, as his soldier, to endure all things at the hands of the satraps of this world; declaring boldly to Pope and Cardinals, to Bishops and Prelates, how unjustly, according to the teaching of the Gospel, they serve God in their offices, subjecting those committed to their care to great injury and peril, such as must bring on them a speedy destruction in one way or another. All this applies, indeed, to temporal lords, but not in so great a degree as to the clergy; for, as the abomination of desolation begins with a perverted clergy, so the consolation begins with a converted clergy. Hence we Christians need not visit Pagans in order to endure martyrdom by converting them; *we have only to declare with constancy the law of God before Cæsarian prelates, and straightway the flower of martyrdom will be at hand.*"

Somewhat bold and wholesome thinking all this, as Dr. Vaughan says, to find ventilation in Oxford in 1372 and some years subsequent. We have only to imagine these casual *spurts* in their proper places in a course of dogmatic theology, and to

fancy such views expounded more fully in their mutual connexion, and with all the circumstance proper to the dialectic method of the time, and we shall see that Dr. Wycliffe, about the fiftieth year of his age, must have felt that he had broken loose at many points from the ordinary faith of the Romish Church, and also that the fact that he had done so had become pretty generally known. But, though already "a black sheep," he stood too high not only in the University, but also in the favour of men of mark and influence, to be as yet openly taken to task. He was even selected by the King and his ministers for a difficult and delicate mission, for which he was believed to be peculiarly qualified. The King and Parliament were still at variance with the Avignon Popes on certain points incidental to the old controversy, and particularly on the subject of the Papal "provisions," or appointments to benefices, and interference with the fruits of benefices within the English kingdom. One embassy, consisting of two clerical and two lay commissioners, had been sent to Avignon in 1373, to remonstrate with Gregory XI. and his advisers; and in 1374, a second embassy of the same kind was resolved on. Wycliffe was one of this second embassy, his fellow-commissioner being Gilbert, Bishop of Bangor. It was not to Avignon, however, but to Bruges, that the commissioners repaired to conduct their negotiations, Papal envoys being sent to that city to meet them. Another commission, consisting of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Salisbury, and Sudbury, Bishop of London, was at the same time sent to Bruges to treat with the French ambassadors on affairs relating to the two nations. The members of the two commissions were naturally thrown much together; and from this period, if not from an earlier, must date the friendly connexion between Wycliffe and the Duke of Lancaster, then, in consequence of the advanced age of his father, Edward III., and the declining health of his brother, the Black Prince, the most active and powerful man in the English court.

On his return from his diplomatic mission, the result of which was a partial concession by the Pope of the points in dispute, Wycliffe received, by way of royal reward for his services, two new ecclesiastical preferments—the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury in Worcestershire, and the rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire. Had matters in England continued to go on in the train in which they then were, it is probable that still higher places in the Church would have been in reserve for Wycliffe. The Parliament of 1376, known by the name of "The Good Parliament," entered with heart and soul into the vexed question of the Papal encroachments. The Commons prepared a petition praying for ecclesiastical reform,

in which they accumulated some startling statistics, and used no measured language of complaint—averring, for example, that “the taxes paid out of England to the Court of Rome were five times larger in amount than all that was paid to the King out of the whole produce of the realm;” that “cardinals and other aliens remaining at the Court of Rome had the best dignities in England, and had sent over to them yearly twenty thousand marks over and above that which English brokers had for themselves;” that “the Pope, to ransom Frenchmen, the King’s enemies, who defend Lombardy for him, did also at his pleasure levy a subsidy from the whole clergy of England;” that, that very year, the “Pope’s collector had taken to his use the first-fruits of all benefices;” and that, owing to the simoniacal dealings of the Pope, and of the lay-patrons, influenced by his example, “many caitiffs altogether unlearned and unworthy,” “aliens and enemies,” mere “brutes,” “worse than Jews or Saracens,” were appointed pastors of English parishes. The petition demands, as the only radical cure of the evil, that a law be passed that “*no Papal collector or proctor should remain in England upon pain of life and limb, and that no Englishman, on the like pain, should become such collector or proctor, or remain at the Court of Rome.*”

All this shews that, so far at least as his views respecting Church-polity were concerned, Wycliffe was a man likely at this time to be in popular favour rather than otherwise. It is somewhat difficult, therefore, to understand how it came about that, at the beginning of the very next session of Parliament, he was summoned by the Houses of Convocation then assembled in St. Paul’s, London, to appear before them and answer to a charge of heresy. The probability is, that the more conservative of the clergy resolved on this prosecution of Dr. Wycliffe for alleged unsoundness of doctrine, as a better counteractive to the progress of the Church-reform movement than any open attack upon him as a leader of that movement, and that they calculated that Wycliffe’s known connexion with the Duke of Lancaster, who was then unpopular for political reasons, would deprive him of such public sympathy as he might otherwise have had. At all events, the Professor of Theology at Oxford, found himself summoned to appear before his brethren and ecclesiastical superiors to give an account of his opinions and teaching. What followed is thus graphically related by Dr. Vaughan:—

“The Duke of Lancaster was not left in ignorance of the proceedings in relation to Wycliffe. Communications, it appears, took place between him and the Reformer. On his arrival in London, Wycliffe is encouraged, both by the Duke and by Lord Percy, Earl Marshal, to meet his enemies without dismay. These noblemen, indeed, promise to accompany him in person. On the morning of the 19th of

February 1377, you see the priests, the dignitaries, and the prelates, who are to constitute the two houses of this clerical parliament, streaming along the narrow passes that lead to St. Paul's. What is afoot is somewhat noised abroad; and you see the dependents of these great ones, and others of the populace of London, crowding into the sacred building. The edifice itself is large—larger than the structure which now lifts its head so high on the same site, and is in the old massive style of Norman architecture. The space open around it is also large, if we bear in mind that it stands in the midst of a city within whose contracted walls ingenuity in the way of pack-age has been tasked to the uttermost. Soon after the prelates have taken their seats, a noise is heard at the entrance. It approaches nearer, until, amidst much disorder and hubbub, a way is opened through the crowd immediately in front of the assembled clergy—and the man John de Wycliffe, of whom enough had been heard, but whom few there present had seen, stands in their midst, and with a presence of his own which bids fair to be a match for any presence. There you can imagine him—a man rising somewhere above the middle stature. His right hand is raised in the clutch of his tall white staff. His clothing consists of a dark simple robe, belted about the waist, and dropping in folds from the shoulders to the waist, and from the waist to the feet: while above that grey and flowing beard, you see a set of features which speak throughout of nobleness, and which a man might do well to travel far even to look upon. Behind him you see his servant, bearing books and papers, especially *the* book above all books,—ammunition for the battle, if there is to be a field-day. On his one hand, is John of Gaunt, eldest son of the King; on the other, Lord Percy, Earl Marshal of England. These were bold men all. But Courtney, the presiding bishop, was also a bold man. He rose in high displeasure, and was the first to speak, when, according to our authority, the following altercation ensued:—

“Bishop Courtney. Lord Percy, if I had known what masteries you would have kept in the Church, I would have stopped you out from coming hither.

“Duke of Lancaster. He shall keep such masteries, though you say nay.

“Lord Percy. Wycliffe, sit down, for you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat.

“Bishop Courtney. It is unreasonable that one cited before his ordinary should sit down during his answer. He must and shall stand.

“Duke of Lancaster. Lord Percy's motion for Wycliffe is but reasonable. And as for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride, not of you alone, but of all the prelacy in England.

“Bishop Courtney. Do your worst, sir.

“Duke of Lancaster. Thou bearest thyself so brag upon thy parents [his father was Hugh Courtney, Earl of Devonshire] which shall not be able to keep thee: they shall have enough to do to help themselves.

“Bishop Courtney. My confidence is not in my parents, nor in any man else, but only in God, in whom I trust, by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth.

“Duke of Lancaster. Rather than I will take these words at his hands, I will pluck the bishop by the hair out of the Church.

“This last expression, as the words indicate, was not addressed to the bishop; it was said in an undertone to Lord Percy, but sufficiently loud to be heard by the people near, who, for the most part, took side with the bishop; and such was the scene of excitement and confusion that followed, that the meeting dissolved, and Wycliffe, who had been a silent witness to this ‘pretty quarrel,’ retired under the protection of his powerful friends.”

This somewhat abrupt closing of the convocation, by what was little better than a “row” at the commencement of the proceedings, was probably as good a thing as could have happened for Wycliffe at the time, though he was, doubtless, a little ashamed of the manner in which his patrons had behaved; but it prevents us from knowing what the actual charges were that would have been brought against him by the prelates. It was not long, however, before he and his adversaries were again brought together. Primed, doubtless, with informations from England, the Papal court itself, then just re-transferred to Rome by Gregory XI., had taken up the prosecution, and inscribed Wycliffe’s name on its black books, as that of a man to be hunted down by the whole force of the Church. Towards the close of the year 1377, no fewer than five Papal bulls reached England, all directed against Wycliffe and his heresies—three to the Archbishop of Canterbury, one to the king, and one to the University of Oxford. The result, after some little delay, was that Wycliffe was summoned to appear before a synod of the clergy to be held at Lambeth in April 1378. Meanwhile there had been a change in the state of public affairs. The old king was dead, and his young successor, Richard II., sat on the throne. The Duke of Lancaster, though still powerful, no longer ruled the cabinet; and, though the Commons bravely continued the fight against the Papal encroachments, the clerical party had, on the whole, gained strength. On the other hand, the people, and especially the Londoners, were more enthusiastically than ever on the side of the reformer, who had also many friends at Court and in the Universities.

As the convocation at St. Paul’s had been brought to a sudden close by the hot-headed zeal of the Duke of Lancaster, so the synod at Lambeth was paralyzed, though in a more discreet manner, by a message from the queen-mother, delivered by Sir Lewis Clifford, positively prohibiting the bishops from pronouncing any definite sentence on Wycliffe or his doctrines. This

interference probably prevented a riot in the reformer's behalf, as the populace had forced their way into the place of meeting. Some work was, however, done. Wycliffe was furnished with a paper in which his alleged errors and heresies were enumerated; and to this paper he furnished written answers. From the nature of these answers it is to be inferred that the head and front of his offending at this time consisted in certain extreme opinions which he was supposed to hold as to the right of the Church to civil property and dominion, and generally as to the relations of Church and State. Of eighteen "conclusions" which he avowed himself as holding and signified his willingness to "defend even unto death," according to "the sense of the Scriptures and the holy doctors," Dr. Vaughan cites the first three and the last three. They are as follows:—

"1. All mankind, since Christ's coming, have not power, simply or absolutely, to ordain that Peter and all his successors should rule over the world politically for ever.

"2. God cannot give civil dominion to any man for himself and his heirs for ever.

"3. Charters of human invention concerning civil inheritance for ever are impossible.

"16. It is lawful for kings, in cases limited by law, to take away temporalities from churchmen who habitually abuse them.

"17. If the Pope, or temporal lords, or any others, shall have endowed the church with temporalities, it is lawful for them to take them away in certain cases; viz., when the doing so is by way of medicine to cure or prevent sins—and that, notwithstanding excommunication, or any other church censure, since these donations were not given but with a condition implied.

"18. An ecclesiastic, even the Pope of Rome himself, may, on some accounts, be corrected by his subjects, and, for the benefit of the Church, be impleaded by both clergy and laity."

The first three of these propositions are somewhat hazy as they stand, and it would require a separate dissertation to convey a clear impression of the peculiar Wycliffian doctrine which is certainly wrapped up in them, and in many other passages of Wycliffe's writings; the last three, however, are, as Dr. Vaughan says, distinct enough, and must have roused up the pugnacity of many of the bishops and priests assembled at Lambeth. But, being debarred from any stronger form of condemnation, they were content with forbidding the "conclusions" which had been the subject of discussion, from being taught any more either in the pulpit or in the schools.

Wycliffe returned to Oxford a branded heretic. As was natural, his attitude became more and more aggressive. Both in his chair at Oxford, and in his pulpit in Lutterworth, he vindicated

cated and reiterated the condemned "conclusions," with other heresies more purely theological. In the years 1379 and 1380, he put forth in a more emphatic manner than formerly, his views in antagonism to the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. At length, notwithstanding the strong hold he had in the University, the authorities there were obliged to take steps against him; and, making his views on the eucharist the special ground of their proceedings, the chancellor and twelve doctors, whom he chose as a committee to assist him in the matter, passed a sentence which obliged Wycliffe to shut his class, (1381.)

From this time Wycliffe seems to have lived almost entirely in his rectory at Lutterworth, employed partly in the performance of his duties as a parish-priest, partly in writing numerous short treatises expounding his opinions, and partly in that great work, which of itself would have entitled him to the lasting gratitude of posterity, the translation of the complete Scriptures into the English language. His activity was astonishing. Though in failing health, he seems during the last years of his life to have tasked himself with all the industry of one who, while charged with the ministry of a single sequestered mid-England parish, was also consciously and confessedly the chief of a great national, and even more than national, movement. Co-adjutors were not wanting. Among his disciples and most ardent admirers, were Purvey, his curate at Lutterworth; Nicholas Hereford and Philip Reppington, doctors of divinity; and John Ashton, master of arts. These and others must have assisted him in his translation of the Bible from the Vulgate. There were, moreover, scores of "poor priests" besides, who, maintaining more or less of correspondence with Wycliffe, went about from parish to parish, and from village to village, preaching in market-places, barns, and churches, and disseminating his doctrines. So ample, in short, were the means of propagandism that, in the year 1382, the whole public mind of England was pervaded with that essentially Protestant system of doctrines which, under the name of Lollardism, continued, for a century and a half, to maintain an underground existence in the British Islands, and even to spread through other parts of Europe, until it met and was merged in the great German Reformation. To understand fully what Lollardism was, we must attend to the catalogue of the doctrines of which it was made up. Even while Wycliffe was still alive and labouring at Lutterworth, the following doctrines, in addition to those already mentioned as having proceeded from him, were enumerated by the prelates as prevalent in England, and were traced by them to Wycliffe and his associates:—That, since the time of Silvester, there had been

no true Pope; that the Papacy bore a semblance to the reign of Antichrist; that the power of granting indulgences, and of absolving from sin, claimed by ecclesiastics, had no authority; that confession to a priest was worthless; that the bishop of Rome had no legislative right over the Church; that the invocation of saints was useless and contrary to Scripture; that the worship of images and relics was idolatry, and the miracles attributed to them false; that all priests had a right to preach the Gospel without waiting for Episcopal license; that the excommunications of the Popes and prelates were illegal and innocuous unless when in confirmation of God's own sentence; that the hierarchical system of church-government was a human invention and had produced evil; that the celibacy of the clergy was not binding, and that monasteries and nunneries should be dissolved; that prayer for the dead was of doubtful value; that the clergy ought to be reduced back to a state more nearly resembling the primitive poverty of the Apostles; and that all aggressive war, whether for conquest or religious zeal, was contrary to the spirit of Christianity. It is not clear that every one of these opinions was formally propounded by Wycliffe, nor does it seem that they were organized into the regular and harmonious form given to them by later Protestantism; but there can be no doubt that such substantially was the teaching of Wycliffe during the last years of his life, and that, accordingly, the Wycliffian Reformation, had it succeeded immediately, would have, in some respects, constituted a more radical revolution in English thought and English society than the Reformation afterwards more diplomatically arranged under Henry VIII. In some points, the Wycliffian theory of the Church seems to go to the severer length of Presbyterianism, if, indeed, it does not push even beyond that. Probably the great "Papal schism" which began in 1378, and presented the world for some time with the spectacle of two and sometimes even more than two contemporaneous Popes, helped to divest Wycliffe's mind of its last shreds of respect for the Papacy even as a purely ecclesiastical institution. In a tract on the "Schism," published in 1383, he openly calls it a "cleaving of the head of Antichrist."

Of course, the Romanists of England were not lax in their efforts to arrest the terrible tide of innovation which had set in. Courtney, who, in 1381, was elevated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, commenced an energetic prosecution of the Wycliffites. Some of the Reformer's followers were very hardly dealt with; and the Reformer himself was more than once dragged from his retirement at Lutterworth to be gazed at and questioned as a heresiarch. There was some talk even of sending him to Rome. Nor was Court-influence so much in his favour as formerly. The

insurrection of Wat Tyler in 1381 had infused into the counsels of the young King, and into the minds of all courtiers, such a horror of disorder of any kind as almost cured them of the anti-prelatic principles which had been fashionable in the time of Edward III.; and there were not wanting plausible speakers and writers who could represent the insurrection as nothing more than Lollardism in practice, and Wat Tyler as nothing more than a mob-edition of Wycliffe. Still, such was the tone of public sentiment that the open persecution of the gibbet and the fagot could not as yet be resorted to; and Wycliffe died a natural death—struck down with paralysis in his own parish church on the 29th of December 1384, on the last day of which month he died. He was then sixty years of age. It was not till about twenty years later, when Henry IV. sat on the throne of England, that the statute for burning heretics was passed, and the persecution of the Wycliffites began in earnest. That and the two subsequent reigns were a dreadful time for the Lollards. Meanwhile Wycliffe's writings were spreading on the Continent, and particularly in Bohemia, which was then connected with England by royal intermarriage. There, through the medium of John Huss, they sowed the seeds of a new and, in some respects, independent religious movement, perpetuated in the sect of the Hussites or Moravians. This connexion between Huss and Wycliffe was recognised by the great Council of Constance, which sat for the consideration of the affairs of the Catholic Church, and for the rectification of all that was wrong in it, from the year 1414 to the year 1418. In tinkering up the old institution, the doctors of that council agreed in condemning Wycliffism and Hussism as the two great heresies which must first be absolutely extirpated. Huss and his disciple Jerome of Prague they burnt alive; Wycliffe they could only touch in his coffin. In the year 1428, the chancel of the old church of Lutterworth was dug up; Wycliffe's coffin was raised in the presence of some who might have seen it laid down forty-four years before; his bones were taken out and burned to ashes; and the ashes were tumbled into the river Swift. So the world waited, with Lollardism half-stifled in England, and Hussism scattered over Bohemia, till Luther arose, and thundered forth words which made them both leap forth, to mingle with the rushing storm of his own mightier doctrine.

Abundant as is our historical literature, and fond as our ablest writers have recently become of attempting careful and vivid renderings of the physiognomies of important historical personages, we are still without a set of thoroughly good portraits of the modern religious reformers of different nations, painted, as they might be, in series, so that the features of each may be compared with those of all the rest. Wycliffe, Huss, Savonarola, Luther,

Zwingle, Calvin, Knox, and Cranmer—all men coming under the same general designation, all heroes of the same general movement, and yet what a contrast of physiognomies! Pre-eminent in the series will ever be Luther, as the man of biggest frame, and largest heart; the man of richest and most original genius; the great, soft, furious, musical, riant, sociable, kiss-you, knock-you-down, German. None of them all had such a face; none of them all said such things; of none of them all can you have such anecdotes, such a collection of *ana.* Next comes Calvin, indubitably morose, and indubitably of drier and leaner genius, but whom no one, whether Calvinist or not, but must admire, if an intellect of iron and a noble use of it are objects of proper admiration. If these two are taken out, the order in which the others are to be preferred may be left to national and individual predilection. A Slavonian will prefer Huss; an Italian, Savonarola; a Swiss, Zwingle; a Scotchman, Knox; an Englishman, Wycliffe or Cranmer. Speaking for the Englishman, however, we should find more to admire in Wycliffe than in Cranmer or perhaps in any other of the worthies of the later English Reformation. This preference would, we think, be a matter of course with any who should make the greater thoroughness of the earlier theory of Reformation the ground of a favourable decision; but, even if the judgment were to regard solely the comparative personal metal of the two men, we question if any of the later English Reformers would stand to be looked at along with Wycliffe. In the last published volume of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, Wycliffe and his Reformation are treated too shortly, although with the author's usual vigour of touch, to enable any such comparison to be made. It is to Dr. Vaughan that the English reader must go for a portrait of Wycliffe, and for an idea of the movement which he originated. The portrait, we must say, is not an easy one to draw. Dr. Vaughan has painted it fully, and gradually, by telling the story of Wycliffe's life in detail and in its due sequence; and also by taking care to present the man to us in his various phases or characters—as professor, as diplomatist, as reformer, as parish-priest, and as author. In one of the chapters we have the old village of Lutterworth, and its venerable clergyman, brought before us with admirable pictorial fidelity; and by means of extracts from the actual sermons preached by Wycliffe, we are enabled to judge of the kind of matter administered on Sundays by the great Reformer to the minds and consciences of his simple hearers. Among the sentences from Dr. Vaughan's own pen added to delineate more expressly the character of Wycliffe in all, the following are perhaps the most summary:—

“Judging from his (Wycliffe's) portrait, as transmitted to us by

Sir Antonio More, [the original of this portrait, from which Dr. Vaughan's work contains an engraving, is an heir-loom in the rectory of Wycliffe, Yorkshire,] it is manifest that Luther had the advantage of him in respect to physical organization. In the countenance of the Englishman there are indications of a greater degree of penetration and acuteness, and of a finer sensibility, than we discern in the physiognomy of the German. But in the latter there is a massiveness of form, a robustness, a leonine force, which are his own, not only as compared with Wycliffe, but as compared with nearly all his compeers in the walk to which his might was devoted. . . . It is a rare thing to find the recondite and the popular, the abstruse and the practical, the schoolman and the man of the world, so combined, as they manifestly were in the great English reformer. As a schoolman even his enemies have assigned him a place with the most gifted and the most successful. On what this reputation was founded his Lectures at Oxford in part shew; and his English sermons, and tracts, and treatises bring out the other phase of his power. His battle was with error in all its connexions, and with depravity in all grades. To prove himself equal to the breadth of such a conflict, it became him to task his every capacity, and to avail himself of his every acquisition; and he did so. In his 'Triologus' alone we see enough of the subtleties of the schoolman; and in such pieces as 'The Great Curse Expounded,' we discern how intimate in the mind of the Reformer was the relation between such subtleties and the most momentous practical questions. . . . It is observable in Wycliffe that, even when treading the most novel ground, there is rarely anything of hesitancy about his manner. He speaks as a man who is sure that he sees things as they are, and who has a right, accordingly, to speak of them as he does. Often his glance seems to penetrate to the very centre of long settled abuses, and, as with the suddenness and the force of lightning, brings them rifted and crumbling to your feet. . . . We should not omit to observe that the patriotism and the piety of Wycliffe evidently contributed, along with his intelligence and sincerity, to give strength to his convictions, and firmness to the course of action which resulted from them. In his case, the man did not disappear in the ecclesiastic—the patriot was not lost in the priest. In defending the English crown against the Papal crown, and in upholding the just authority of the magistrate in every relation, the words of the Reformer are ever those of the true Englishman, jealous of the independence, civil and ecclesiastical, of his 'puissant nation.' . . . In his whole history, the Reformer is before us as a man convinced that the will of God, revealed to us through Christ, is the great rule—the rule at once of rectitude and goodness—to which the life of the good man should in all things be conformed. It is the strength of this conviction that gives so much earnestness to his censures in regard to the conduct of men who make light of the divine precepts. Man should obey God—he is in the world for that end; and what may follow in this world from his so doing is not to be with

him any matter of calculation. So the Reformer taught, and so he acquitted himself. Hence that life of storm and suffering through which he lived; in place of that life of quiet ease or selfish pleasure through which he *might* have lived. . . . It may seem scarcely reasonable to attempt any description of the *style* of an author who wrote in a dead language, or in one so little matured as was the language of England in the fourteenth century—and who was, moreover, so manifestly free from all thought about those artificial qualities in writing in which excellence in this respect is made so largely to consist. In the age of Wycliffe, *conception* bore upon it, almost everywhere, the impress of a simple naturalness—*expression* still more so. But, in regard to style, nature often does with ease, what no amount of effect to *become* natural is found to be sufficient to realize. There is nothing like earnestness of purpose, to give clearness, terseness, and impressiveness to the language in which a man's thoughts find their clothing and outlet. Wycliffe was intent upon being understood—intent also on imparting the conviction and passion of his own mind to other minds. It is this which gives such distinctness and directness to his language as a popular teacher, and which often elevates his style into strains of high and prolonged eloquence. It is with this view also that he frequently takes his illustrations from the common life and the household experiences of the time, mingling much of the homely and graphic force of Latimer, with streams of passionate reasoning and rhetoric which remind us of Richard Baxter more than of any other man in the history of our religious literature. Had he lived in our time, he would so have written as to have secured a place for his works in the libraries of statesmen and divines, and also in the houses of the artisan and the peasant—and in all these connexions, his coming, in our day, as in his own, would have probably been the coming not of peace, so much as of the sword."

All this, we believe, will be found a substantially accurate estimate by any student of the life and writings of Wycliffe. We scarcely agree, however, with the sentence in the above extract which finds "finer sensibility," as well as greater penetration, in the face of Wycliffe than in that of Luther. Our own glances at the engraving of the original portrait of Wycliffe prefixed to Dr. Vaughan's volume, shew us a face, certainly not destitute of "sensibility," but not nearly so full of that quality as the eye and the glorious mouth in the portraits of the German Reformer. The face is that of a brave, firm Englishman; and the slightly hooked length of the nose, under what seem to be the quiet grey eyes, impart to it a character of almost *raity* astuteness, quite compatible with the most perfect honesty, as we have sometimes noted in similar faces seen among elderly north-country farmers. And this corresponds with the impression we have derived from what Dr. Vaughan has quoted, and what we

have read elsewhere, of Wycliffe's writings. We seem to see in these writings a man of the hard, earnest type; shrewd, sure, penetrating, and strong, rather than exuberant, richly sentimental, or highly imaginative. There is force, sense, terseness, a kind of bony hardness in all that Wycliffe says; sometimes the thought comes forth with unusual heat and sternness; but on the whole, the texture of his writing is plain, dry, and leathery, and in the utterance of his ideas there are few of those incidental flashes of conception, those furies and felicities of phrase, which betoken the possession of specific literary genius. He has none of Luther's reckless bursts of language, none of his intellectual copiousness; nor has he any of the humour, the pathos, the descriptive beauty, or the sly reflective depth, of his contemporary Chaucer. Indeed, Chaucer and Wycliffe, as figures of the same age, stand in fine mutual contrast—Chaucer the very type of the poet or literary man, genial, acquiescent, reproducing all the colours of things, yellow, green, blue, purple, and violet; Wycliffe the very type of the moralist or Reformer, his whole nature concentrated into the one sense of right and wrong, and painting all things, therefore, only in black and white. The following passage may serve as a specimen of the ordinary style and tenor of Wycliffe's popular writings; it is the concluding paragraph of his English Tract against the Begging Friars, and we print it exactly as in the original, only altering the disused spelling.

“ Yet,—Friars been most perilous enemies to Holy Church and all our land, for they letten curates of their office, and spenden commonly and needless sixty thousand mark by year that they robben falsely of the poor people. For, if curates didden their office in good life and true preaching as they been holden upon pain of damning in hell, there were clerks enough of bishops, parsons and other priests; and, in ease, over money to the people. And yet two hundred year ago, there was no Friar; and then was our land more plenteous of cattle and men, and they were then stronger of complexion to labour than now; and then were clerks enough. And now been many thousand of Friars in England, and the old curates standen still unamended, and among all sin is mere increased, and the people charged by sixty thousand mark by year, and therefore it must needs fail; and so Friars suffer curates to live in sin, so that they may rob the people and live in their lusts. For, if curates done well their office, Friars weren superflue, and our land should be discharged of many thousand mark; and then the people should better pay their rents to lords, and dimes and offerings to curates, and much flattering and nourishing of sin should be destroyed, and good life and peace and charity shoulde reign among Christian men. And so when all the ground is sought, Friars saien thus, indeed; ‘ Let old curates

wax rotten in sin, and let them not do their office by God's law, and we will live in lusts so long, and waste vainly and needless sixty thousand mark by year of the poor Commons of the land, and so at the last make dissension between them and their childer for dimes and offerings that we will get privily to us by hypocrisy, and make dissension between lords and their commons. For we will maintain lords to live in their lusts, extortions, and other sins, and the commons in covetise, lechery, and other deceits, with false swearing, and many guiles; and also the curates in their damnation for leaving of their ghostly office, and to be the procurators of the Fiend for to draw all men to hell.' Thus they done, indeed, however they feignen in hypocrisy of pleasing words."

This may be characterized as the style of plain hard-hitting; and most of Wycliffe's popular writing is in the same style. Observe, too, the thorough practical Englishman, almost the Englishman of the popular Radical school, in the telling allusion over and over again to the pecuniary argument of the "sixty thousand mark by year." Wycliffe was an educated man, and a man of high scholastic attainments,—a man, too, of courtly connexions and acquaintanceship; hence there is nothing in his pleadings for economy of that coarseness which we often find in such pleadings by our modern democratic friends. Evidently, however, there was in him a fibre of that Radicalism in Church and State which has found its modern representatives in such men as Cobbett and Cobden. Thus, indeed, is a part of his character which requires farther clearing up. From the nature of some of Wycliffe's speculations it is clear that he would have made very levelling reforms, at all events in the *political* constitution of the Church, and that he was one of those who regarded the immense accumulation of property and power in the hands of the Church, which had resulted from the civil alliance between the spiritual and the temporal in the different countries of Europe, (in England one half of all the landed property was possessed by the Church,) as a great political and religious evil. He held and maintained that the clergy should be torn down from this position of temporal lordship and independence in the heart of the community; that they should be reduced to their natural functions and status as a spiritual ministry; and that, if it was inexpedient that they should again exhibit the spectacle of laborious poverty presented by the Apostles and founders of the primitive Church, their temporal provision should at least be moderate, and should never be of that fixed character which would disguise the fact that it was essentially an alms or voluntary offering. Endowments, as such, whether by individuals or by the State, he does not appear to have disapproved of, provided

care were taken to keep up their character as only an alms repeated or continued, a gift bestowed on certain conditions, and revocable if these conditions ceased to be fulfilled. This notion of the revocability of endowments, either by individual temporal lords, or by the Crown, was the notion upon the propagation of which he evidently placed greatest reliance as the means of sapping the existing constitution of the Church, and bringing the Church and the State into better relations. He did not excuse the people from paying tithes; but he said it was a greater sin for the clergy not to preach than for the people to withhold tithes, even if the clergy did preach. When pushed to its highest speculative generality, however, the notion assumed a form which made it as applicable to the State as to the Church. It is one of the accusations of Lingard and other Catholic writers against Wycliffe, that he preached a doctrine which they express by the proposition that "all dominion is founded on grace;" the meaning of which we suppose to be, that men, as fallen beings, have absolutely no right in themselves to any power or property, and that whatever right they have is a gift of grace, and is a correlative of a required duty. Dr. Vaughan defends Wycliffe against certain calumnious representations of his opinions on this head. We think it clear, however, from much of Wycliffe's language, and especially from such "conclusions" of his as those already quoted,—"God cannot give civil dominion to any man for himself and his heirs for ever." "Charters of human invention concerning civil inheritance for ever are impossible,"—that Wycliffe did regard this as one of his fundamental speculations; and that though, in accordance with the necessities of the time, he used it chiefly against the Church and the Papacy, he knew very well that it was a two-edged sword, capable of being used also for ordinary political service. Nor is there anything derogatory to Wycliffe in this. Rightly interpreted the doctrine has a splendid meaning; and Wycliffe, in maintaining it, was but propounding, in a characteristic form, a notion which, since the days of Turgot, has been gaining ground in the minds of political philosophers.

When we say, then, that there was in Wycliffe, over and above all else that was in him, a vein of Radicalism both in Church and State, we are not very far wrong. This it is that has prevented such men as the Church-historian Milner from doing him full justice. With all his disposition to applaud a man whose views on the whole were more "Evangelical" than was general at that time, and who so boldly denounced "the abominations of Romanism," Milner evidently shrinks from Wycliffe with the genuine instinct of a dutiful son of the modern

Church of England. And, from his point of view, Milner is right. There can be no doubt that the modern Church of England is not such a Church as would have issued from a movement of reformation conducted by men of Wycliffe's stamp, or animated by Wycliffe's principles. Whether this is better, or whether it is worse, is a question on which much may be said on both sides. It may be averred, however, as a curious historical fact, that whatever of the Wycliffism, or Lollardism of the fourteenth century in England, was left out as unnecessary, or set aside as inadmissible by the actual Reformation of the sixteenth, was not dammed back and destroyed by that means, but has trickled down to our own times in certain veins of sentiment and doctrine carefully preserved by the Puritans, and now pervading those Non-conforming bodies which form so large a portion of the pith of the English nation. It is in one of the chiefs of these bodies, we repeat, that Wycliffe has naturally found his best, and, indeed, his only competent biographer.

ART. V.—1. *Neugriechische Anthologie*. Von Dr. THEODOR KIND. 2te Ausgabe. Leipzig, 1847.

2. *Mittheilungen über Griechenland*. Von C. A. BRANDIS. 3ter Theil. Leipzig, 1842.

THE language and literature of modern Greece is a subject on which it is extremely difficult, in this part of the world, to get any satisfactory information. If you ask the man of business, he can tell you, perhaps, that there is a Greek church in London and another in Manchester; if you ask the scholar, the chance is that he knows not even that; and the most accomplished Oxonian, so nice in syntax and quantity, can only say that the modern Greek is a vulgar *patois*, or degraded dialect of the divine Greek language, bearing the same relation to the speech of Plato that the language of Dante does to the language of Virgil. That is to say, practically, that Greek is a dead language; and the so-called modern Greek is a phenomenon in philology, with which a student of the Greek language has no more necessarily to do than a student of Latin has with Italian. If you peep a little closer into the matter, and consult the University tutors and the University booksellers, you will find this notion repeated and confirmed. Assuredly you will not find, in any Etonian or Cantabrigian Anthology, the exploits of Olympian George and Boukovallas celebrated in Greek verse along with those of crest-shaking Hector and huge-striding Ajax; nor will the delicate Bacchanalian notes of the harp of an ancient Anacreon be found mingled with the kindred effusions of a modern Calvos or Christopoulos. Ask the best foreign bookseller in Edinburgh or London, for the famous work of Professor Pharmacides on the rights of the Greek Church, or that of Contogenes on the Fathers, or the popular Commentary of Neotoki, and depend upon it, neither the bibliopole nor his bibliographical registers ever heard of any such works. Ask him to write to Athens and procure you such and such a book. He may promise that he will do so—as shopkeepers are always profuse of promises—but after three months you will find yourself as far from possessing the coveted volume as after three weeks. Your British bibliopole has no correspondent in Athens: he never heard of the respectable firm of Andrew Coromelas & Co., or the no less respectable publishing house of Blastos, both in the street of Hermes; nor does he know that from the street of the Muses Russia sends out her weekly feelers in the shape of a Greek newspaper called “The Age,” while English views and Palmerstonian policy are eloquently advocated in a paper bearing the classical title of the “Athena.” In short, about the

living dialect of Greece there is nothing to be learned by any common course of inquiry, except what Socrates learnt, that there is nothing to be known. Uncommon methods must be resorted to; and of these the most satisfactory, and in the long run perhaps the cheapest—if one can command the time—is to shoot over to Trieste or Marseilles, and be wafted thence to the Piræus and the Acropolis.

Of this remarkable lack of information on a subject now brought by steam so very near our own doors, and without the help of that, sufficiently near, one would think, to our most cherished associations, it is not difficult to assign the causes. So long as the beauty of Greece lay, like a trampled flower, beneath the iron hoofs of Turkish oppression, it was no wonder that curious academical botanists paid no regard to its existence; but with the resurrection of Greek feeling, and the resumption of the Hellenic name consequent on the successful revolt of 1821, it was natural to expect that a revival of old sympathies, and a reconstitution of old connexions with that remarkable country, should have taken place among our scholars. But it was not so. No doubt the coldness with which the British Tory government at that time, and the stern suspiciousness of Governor Maitland at Corfu, regarded the first movements of Greek liberation, soon gave way to a sort of Philhellenic fever among certain parties in this country, of which the present Greek kingdom is partly the fruit; but these sudden flashes of neo-Hellenic sympathy, having no firm root in the habits of the English mind, soon died away. The Philhellenes who went out from this, as from other countries, to take an active share in the work of liberation, almost always returned from their generous crusade dispirited and disgusted. Young men, with their heads full of Nepos and Plutarch, had to wait long before, among the degraded sufferers from centuries of Byzantine and Turkish slavery, they found a modern model of Aristides and Phocion. A captain of brigands—Colocotroni—was one of the most effective men in the Greek war. Had it not been for brigands, indeed, and sea-rovers, the Greek revolt would never have been heard of; and as for those Hellenic patriots, who were better fitted to fight for liberty with their pen than with their sword—and there were not a few such—neither in the memories of old Byzantium, nor in the experience of new Stamboul, was it possible that they should have learnt anything noble. A reaction, therefore, took place; and despite of Lord Byron's sensible and manly notes to Childe Harold, despite the learned topographical labours of Colonel Martin Leake, and Hobhouse's graphic descriptions of the Albanians, the Philhellenic fervour declined as suddenly as it rose; the Greeks were declared to be "brutes;" and King Otho was a Bavarian and a fool. With this King Otho, also, we

came into diplomatic collision in various ways, of which Admiral Parker's vigorous display of guns before the tomb of Themistocles was but the conclusion; and the upshot of the whole matter has been, that in the present year '53 we know and care almost as little about Greece as we did when surprised into admiration by the heroic defence of Messolonghi in 1822. Our Oxonians are peacefully employed in their own chosen way:—rehearsing Porsonian canons and nibbling at Æschylean choruses; tricking forth for the one hundred and ninety-ninth time, with curious fidelity, some hollow rhetorical play of Euripides; drawing out examination questions to Aristotle's Ethics; wondering whether the time may not be come at length for admitting "a few lectures on modern history" into their narrow curriculum; and doing other things of which the world takes no note. Assuredly neither in dull Merton nor in chaste Magdalene does the war-cry of Righas, or the death-song of Diakos, stir the heart-strings of any Master.

But we must hasten to the business directly before us.* What is the real state and condition of the living dialect of Greece? For the satisfactory answering of this question, we are provided with various documents now lying before us,—newspapers, political pamphlets, popular songs, metaphysical dissertations, patriotic histories, and orthodox theologies, and other materials, collected upon the spot,—that is to say, direct from Athens and the Ionian Islands. From these it will only be necessary to cull a few specimens, and place them before the reader: that done, a very slender share of philosophy, and no profound philology, will suggest observations that will enable an intelligent reader, even ignorant of ancient Greek, to form a correct judgment for himself on this very important question. For an important question unquestionably it is to all men for whom the present scientific, literary, and religious culture of the world possesses any value; for, if Greek, which that culture uses so largely as an instrument, be indeed a living language, substantially the same in the works of a modern Perrhæbos, and of an ancient Xenophon, then, indeed, a free bridge has been kindly built up for all by Providence across a gulf which has hitherto been crossed with much laborious navigation only by the few: and from this fact—if it be a fact—most valuable educational results may follow, as those who are willing must see. Here, then, is a passage from a speech on the liberty of the press by a member of the Parliament of the Ionian Islands, delivered on the 4th of September 1852.*

* *Λόγος ἐκφωνηθεὶς ἐν τῇ Ἰωνίᾳ βουλῇ κατὰ τὴν συνεδρίαν τῆς 4 Σεπτεμβρίου 1852, Ε. Ν. Παρὰ τοῦ ἀντιπροσώπου Χανδαίου πρὸς τὴν Κερκυραίαν Κερκυραῖον, 1852.*

*ὦ ναί! διότι ὡς ἄνευ δημοσιωγραφίας δὲν δύναται νὰ ὑπάρξῃ ἀληθὲς ἀντιπροσωπικὸν σύστημα, οὕτως ἄνευ ὀρκοδικείων δὲν δύναται νὰ διατηρηθῇ καὶ ὑπάρξῃ ἐλευθερία τοῦ τύπου. Δὲν θέλω, Κύριοι, ν' ἀποσιωπήσω ὅτι εἰς τινὰς περιστάσεις ὁ τύπος ὑπερεπήδησε τὰ ὅρια μιᾶς αὐστηρᾶς πολιτικῆς συνέσεως, καθὼς δὲν πρέπει νὰ ἀποσιωπήσωμεν ὅτι πολλὰ καὶ σοβαρὰ αἷτια προεκάλεσαν τὰς παρεκτροπὰς του. Ἀλλὰ τί, ἐπειδὴ εἰς τινὰς περιπτώσεις ὁ τύπος δὲν διετηρήθη ἐντὸς τῶν ὁρίων αὐστηρᾶς συνέσεως, παρουσιάζεται ἀμέσως καὶ ὡς κατεπείγουσα ἡ ἀνάγκη τῆς περιστολῆς, ἢ, διὰ νὰ εἴπω κάλλιον, τῆς καταστροφῆς αὐτοῦ; Τί φοβούμεθα, μήπως διὰ τοῦ τύπου κινδυνεύσῃ ἡ ἀσφάλεια τῶν πολιτῶν καὶ τοῦ Κράτους, ἀνυπόστατος εἶναι ὁ φόβος οὗτος. Εἰς ἄλλα καὶ μεγάλα Ἑυρωπαϊκὰ Κράτη διὰ τοῦ τύπου δύναται νὰ διαταραχθῇ ἡ κοινὴ ἡσυχία, καὶ αἱ μεγάλαι μεταβολαὶ διὰ τοῦ τύπου προετοιμῶνται, ἀλλ' εἰς τὴν μικρὰν μας Ἐπτάνησον ὑπὸ τὴν προστασάν κολοσσαίας δυνάμεως ὁ τύπος, ὅχι Κύριοι, ὁ τύπος δὲν δύναται νὰ διακινδυνεύσῃ τὴν κοινὴν ἡσυχίαν καὶ ἀσφάλειαν τοῦ Κράτους.

TRANSLATION.

O yes! because as without a public press there cannot exist a true representative system, so without trial by jury there cannot exist liberty of the press. I do not wish, gentlemen, to conceal that in certain cases the press has overleaped the limits of a sober political wisdom; as, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that many and important causes have provoked its excesses. But what then? Because on certain occasions the press did not keep itself within the bounds of sober wisdom, is there presented immediately and urgently the necessity of its suspension,—or, to speak more properly, of its subversion? Of what are we afraid? Do we fear that the safety of the citizen and of the government may be endangered through the press? This fear is without foundation. In other and great European powers it is possible that the public peace may be disturbed by the press, and great changes are prepared by means of the press; but in one small state of the Seven Islands, under the protection of a colossal power, the press,—no, gentlemen, the press cannot endanger the public peace and the safety of the government.

Now, what have we here? In the first place, the scholar will be struck with the remarkable phenomenon, that in the whole of this passage not a single word occurs that is not either pure classic Greek, or formed, according to the known analogy of the language, out of pure classical elements; and on farther inquiry it will be found, that this entire freedom from any foreign element,

this rich growth out of purely native roots, is a characteristic of the modern Greek language as used not by this writer only, but by all the gentlemen of the press in Athens,—in fact, by all men of education and literary significance. While, therefore, the language of the ancient Romans was modified into the present languages of the Western Empire—Italian, French, and Spanish—by receiving into its substance certain Longobardic, Celtic, Frankish, Arabic, and other elements, and thus, by the process of mixture, forming essentially new languages, it appears, on the other hand, that the language of the ancient Greeks, true to that rich principle of self-development which characterized it in the days of Homer and Plato, presents, so far as the matter is concerned, a pure, untarnished inheritance from antiquity. The Germans are somewhat given to boast the purity of their Teutonic tongue; and, no doubt, if a comparison be made between the language of Goethe and that of Shakespeare, it will be plain enough what a difference there is between a comparatively pure formation of language—to speak with the geologists—and a conglomerate; but if, again, a column of common news in the Greek “Athena” be set against a similar column in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the one language, to the eye of a philologist, will appear a seamless mantle, while the other is studded over with Roman patches and French spangles pitifully. If, then, German be a pure language, Greek is much more so; and the notion of those who tell us that modern Greek is a mongrel dialect bearing the same relation to classical Greek that Italian does to Latin, appears a plain mistake. But what, then, it will naturally be asked, is the difference, as it appears in the above extract, between classical Greek and modern Greek? A few turns of syntax, a new particle or two, the use of the subjunctive mood with *va* (for *iva*,) instead of the infinitive, and of the subjunctive of the aorist for the optative mood in what grammarians call the indirect speech, with a very rare appearance of the dative case of nouns, and the substitution in its place of the accusative with the prepositions *eis*, *διά*, or *με* (for *μετά*;)—this is almost the whole amount of the difference between the language of Greece, as spoken by King Otho with his Greek ministers, at the present moment, and that same marvellous language as spoken by Alcibiades in his conversations with Socrates, and Alexander the Macedonian with his literary captains:—so true are the obser-

the highest authority, the same may be said of the modern language with its inflections correctly written might easily be mistaken for a colloquial dialect of some ancient Greek colony, were

it possible for a scholar unacquainted with the existence of the nation in modern times to meet with a Romaic translation of Thucydides. There is as much difference between the language of Homer and the New Testament, as between that of the New Testament and a modern Greek Review. Greek and Arabic seem to be the two spoken languages that have suffered the smallest change in the lapse of ages. The inference is plain, that these are the nations which have admitted the smallest infusion of extraneous social elements, and been the least under foreign compulsion in modifying their habits and ideas; or else, that the ties of blood and race are weaker than those of civilisation and religion, and literature and religion have created Arabs and Greeks out of Syrians or Ethiopians and Slavonians or Albanians.”*

It will be observed that Mr. Finlay, in this passage, talks of the Neo-Hellenic language as it appears when “its inflections are correctly written,” implying, of course, that it is not always so written or at least spoken; and this is a distinction to which we now wish particularly to direct the attention of our readers;—because from not observing it has arisen that confusion of ideas on this subject, which it is the main object of the present paper to remove. To the accident of having their inflections sometimes incorrectly written all languages are exposed more or less according to circumstances: the talk of the uneducated and half-educated in all countries is for the most part nothing else than a degraded form of the written language, arising out of a careless habit of dealing with the formative element of the language and its settled analogies, where the controlling power of educated intellect is removed. The process of change, moreover, which goes on silently in all languages is violently and prematurely hastened in ages of barbaric corruption and national decay; and in this way it could not but be that the highly organized language of ancient Greece should have been shaken somewhat out of its cohesion, and lost no small part of its fine consistency, so soon as a tyrannic barbarism left the uneducated masses without the regulating power of a grammatical tradition, and the check of an acknowledged literary standard. And not only so: but all sorts of foreign and ill-assimilated words, even in spite of a high linguistic genius in the people, would intrude themselves into the pure stratum of the national speech, and decided approaches would be made towards the creation of a new *ate*. That this took place with the language of the

* *Medieval Greece and Trebizond.* By George Finlay. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1851. A most valuable contribution to the history of a period comparatively little known and little cared for.

Greeks during the middle ages, to a considerable extent, is an indubitable fact—such a fact, indeed, as only a miracle could have prevented; but it took place to a less extent than with the language of their Roman masters; and the result is, that the popular language of the lowest and most uneducated Greeks, during any period that can be named of mediæval or modern declension, possesses more of an essentially Greek character than the most classical Italian exhibits of Latin. The following short popular song on the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, written in all possibility not long after that event, will set this in a clear light.

Πῆραν τὴν πόλιν πῆράν την, πῆραν τὴν Σαλονίκην !
 Πῆραν καὶ τὴν ἁγίαν Σοφίαν, τὸ μέγα μοναστήρι,
 Π' εἶχε τριακόσια σήμαντρα, καὶ ἐξήντα δύο καμπάναις·
 Καθέ καμπάνα καὶ παππᾶς καθεὶ παππᾶς καὶ διάκος.
 Σιμὰ νὰ βγοῦν τὰ ἅγια, κ' ὁ βασιλεῆς τοῦ κόσμου,
 Φωνὴ τοὺς ἦρθ' ἐξ οὐρανῶ, ἀγγέλων ἀπ' τὸ στόμα·
 Αφῆτ' αὐτὴν τὴν ψαλμωδιὰν νὰ χαμηλώσουν τ' ἅγια,
 Καὶ στείλτε λόγον εἰς τὴν φραγκίαν, νὰ ἔρθουν νὰ τα πιάσουν,
 Νὰ πάρουν τὸν χρυσὸν σταυρὸν, καὶ τ' ἅγιον εὐαγγέλιον,
 Καὶ τὴν ἁγίαν τράπεζαν νὰ μὴ τὴν ἀμολύνουν
 Σὰν τ' ἄκουσεν ἡ Δέσποινα, δακρύζουν ἢ ἐκόνες·
 Σώπα, κυρία, δέσποινα ! μὴ κλαίῃς, μὴ δακρύξῃς
 Πάλε μὲ χρόνους, μὲ καιροὺς, πάλε δικά σου εἶναι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

They have taken the city—they have taken it—they have taken
 Thessalonica !
 They have taken also St. Sophia, the large minster
 Which had three hundred altar-bells, and sixty-two bells in the
 steeple,
 And to every bell a priest and to every priest a deacon.
 And when the Most Holy went out, and the Lord of the World,
 A voice was wafted from heaven, from the mouth of angels,
 "Leave off your singing of psalms, set down the Most Holy,
 And send word to the land of the Franks, that they may come and
 take it ;
 That they may take the golden cross, and the holy gospel,
 And the holy table, that (the infidels) may not pollute it."
 When our Lady heard this her images wept ;
 "Be appeased, Sovran Lady, and do not weep,
 For again, with the years and the seasons, again the minster will be
 yours."

We have here, manifestly, a very different sort of Greek from that used by our living Corfiote orator. With a pencil hastily we have noted—with which details, however, we need not trouble the reader—in these thirteen lines at least FIVE-AND-TWENTY gross deviations from the grammatical propriety or the etymological purity of ancient Greek speech; whereas, in the oration we found that the number of similar deviations only amounted to FIVE. In the song we find words carelessly curtailed in every way, the augment omitted before the past tense of the verb, and the last syllable which contains the flecational characteristic of the nouns; we find the grossest confusion of declensions, as βασιλεᾶς for βασιλεύς, we find prepositions used with a wrong case, to express what a right case would have sufficiently expressed without a preposition; we find foreign words which are not required, and native words so defaced as to be with great difficulty recognised. And yet with all this, no philologist will say that this specimen of vulgar modern Greek is not Greek, or, in any scientific sense, a new language. Romaic or Romanizing it certainly is not, however much that name from purely political influences may have gained currency for a season. There is only one Latin word—and that low Latin—in the whole poem, (καμπάνα—a bell,) and thus, in fact, is the only non-Hellenic word which it contains. It appears, therefore, that, even in its lowest and most degraded form, the language of Homer asserted its powerful instinct of rejecting what is foreign, and enriching itself from its own resources,—a philological fact connected with the Greek language that distinguishes it characteristically at the present moment from every cultivated tongue now used in Europe.

Such are the philological facts. A glance at the history of the remarkable people, who inherit this language, will shew how the facts are so. In the first place, we must start with the intense feeling of nationality, and the strength of native organic impulse that was in the Greek language, when it first came in contact with those corrupting influences that, to all human appearance, seemed destined to overwhelm it, but against which, as we have seen, it has triumphantly maintained its position now for nearly 2000 years. In the next place, we must take along with us the prominent fact that Greece, when these evil influences began to act on its language, was already the acknowledged mistress of the intellectual world, and seated on a throne in which she could not be dislodged. Rude Mummius, therefore, when he took Corinth, and made lime of its statues, and of its pictures, had no power to touch a syllable of its language; the captive tongue rather rose and disarmed the

conqueror, as bearded Mars has oft-times been tamed by a single look of the beautiful Aphrodite. Instead, therefore, of the language of Strabo or Galen shewing any signs of corruption, from its subjugation to those fierce conquerors who gave the West of Europe not only a policy but a tongue, we find, on the contrary, that the style of the first lyric poet, Horace, and the first historian of imperial Rome, Tacitus, is singularly marked with Hellenisms; and in the next generation we find a philosophic Roman emperor using for the daily jottings of his pious diary, the language of a Grecian Zeno. Even St. Paul, though, from his high ground, he could afford to speak lightly of that wisdom of words of which the Greeks boasted, could find the diction of no other language more appropriate for pouring out the fiery volumes of his own Hebrew inspiration; and so it remained through the whole middle ages. During that dark period, the Greeks, after centuries of Roman degradation and debasement, were alternately crushed beneath the iron weight of Byzantine fiscal oppression, or scourged by the furious and reiterated lash of barbaric invasion; but the Goths and the Huns beat against the doors of Athena's inner Parthenon in vain, and the swarthy Slavonian hordes, though they cut up the grass of Elis, and baptized the whole of the Morea with savage-sounding names, could not prevail so far, as to exterminate the Greek tongue from the land where Plato mused and Paul preached. These Slavonians, by whom the whole Morea was "barbarized," as one of the learned Byzantine emperors narrates,* were in a few ages forced to follow the example of their more cultivated predecessors, the Romans. They received the Christian religion, and whatever literary culture Byzantium could boast, from the Greek language. They acknowledged also the superior administrative power—the relic of old Roman strength—that lay in the strong iconoclastic emperors, and bowed beneath the military severity of the Basilian family. Though superior in numbers at first, they were by degrees swallowed up by the greater mental and moral strength of the Greeks. The brute force of blind matter yielded, as it always does, in a protracted contest, before the marshalled battalions of mind. The Slavonian element was altogether absorbed by the Greek; and they are heard of no more in the world, save, perhaps, in the pages of learned German professors, whose business it is to allow nothing to die.

The existence of the Eastern empire at Constantinople for the long period, during which new kingdoms were forming, and new

* See the authorities on this subject in Fallmerayer's famous work on the *Morea*, Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1830; and Finlay's *Medieval Greece and Trebizond*.

languages being created in the West, is a remarkable fact politically, and well worthy of curious study; philologically also it is of no less importance, as through means of it mainly, the Greek language was preserved up to the year 1453 in a perfectly uncorrupted state. It is well known that the educated classes in Byzantium never acknowledged as a legitimate type of literary composition that vulgar dialect of which a specimen has been just given. They looked upon such ballads precisely as Mr. D'Israeli, or Mr. Bulwer do, on the songs of a Yorkshire ploughman or a London thief; as a general literary medium such a corrupt lingo did not exist and could not be recognised. Accordingly we find one of the latest of the Byzantine historians—Chalcondyles, the historian of the Turks—using a language that in comparison with that of the New Testament for instance—is entitled to be considered classical. The optative mood, which, as we observed, is never found in the narrative style of modern Greek, appears very rarely in the New Testament; in Chalcondyles it is as frequent as in Xenophon or Herodotus. It is plain, therefore, that so long as a continual series of national historians and theologians existed in the capital of an acknowledged Greek empire, writing after the models of ancient learned tradition, no corrupt or conglomerate language (such as the Romans and the Lombards generated in Italy) could possibly arise. As the fall of the Western Empire was a necessary preliminary to the creation of that new mongrel dialect on which Dante impressed the stamp of classicality, so before the advent of the Murads and the Mahmouds, and the heroic death of Constantine Paleologus, Greek could not become a dead language. What has taken place since? Had the Turks been a race of superior intellectual culture to the Greeks, and had the religious opinions of the conquerors been of a character with which the conquered could have sympathized, then it was possible, that out of the popular corrupted Greek of the middle ages, united with the new elements of corruption introduced by the Turks, a new language might have been created, precisely, as out of the Roman and Frankish element in Gaul arose first the language of the Troubadours, and then that of modern France. But the nature of the elements brought together by the taking of Byzantium, necessitated a development precisely the reverse of all this. The Greek Church had always been, no less than the Byzantine Empire, a school of the Greek language in its days of greatest danger; and more would it be so now, when the central cohesive power of the language was assailed by repulsive power of the strongest kind acting in its circumference. When the Greek temple should serve as a Turkish mosque, and the worship of Christ and Mahomet be interchanged with each other, falling of impropriety on

the part of the worshippers—then, and not till then, was it possible that the Greek language should experience corruption from the influence of Turkish masters. Far more likely was it that Christian Venice with her European civilisation and her commercial magnificence should have achieved a victory not only over the body but over the mind of that part of Greece which for so many ages she possessed; and the great currency of Italian in Corfu and Zante even at the present hour, may be a guarantee of what four centuries more of Italian ascendancy might have done towards the extirpation of the language of Homer from the country of Ulysses. But against the Venetian ascendancy also, it must be borne in mind, strong elements of hostility were at work. The Greeks hate the Pope as heartily as they hate the devil; and the character of the Venetian government in the seven islands was not of a nature so much to have corrupted Greek by assimilation as to have exterminated it by oppression. But whatever may have been the fate of this divine language under the supposable influence of a long-continued Christian despotism—for a conquered country must always be governed to a certain extent despotically—the great revolution of 1821 has given the linguistic genius of the Greek people so strong an impulse in the opposite direction, that centuries of new oppression and tyranny will be required to rob the now-restored language of the purity which it has gained by the work of a single generation. As when a strong man labouring under some moody monomania, which dulls his eye, and palsies his arm, is suddenly awakened to a consciousness of his old self, and by a single burst of nervous energy, the bonds of despair that bound him are snapt for ever; so the successful political movement which shook off the Turkish yoke, awoke in the Greek mind all those dormant claims to intellectual distinction which the existence of their language proved them to possess; and next to the idea of freedom, the idea of education became dominant in the revived nation. But education in a nation of Greeks, was merely another name for a purified Greek language: in proportion as a Greek's intellectual attainment rose, his desire to possess for himself and for his nation the free use of the language of Plato and Chrysostom, became more intense; his language in fact was to the Greek the strongest fact in his nationality; and to this language he has accordingly devoted himself with a zeal and a devotion which alone is sufficient to prove him worthy of the independence which he enjoys. A very limited and superficial acquaintance with the products of the Greek press during the last twenty years, will convince any man who chooses to inquire of the truth of what we here assert. The mere existence of the University of Athens, with its large equipment of accomplished professors, is a fact that in this view speaks volumes. It were a

great mistake, however, to look upon the present spotless purity of Hellenic speech as it appears in the works which issue from the Athenian press, as the mere artificial creation of a few academic men. The Greek language has, and always has had a tendency to purify itself, independent of the exertions of learned academicians and scientific corporations. The purification of the language is a national instinct, a popular idea; otherwise it never could have succeeded to such a wonderful extent as we see. We have no space to prove this in detail; but if any man will travel in Greece, and speak Greek with the Greeks, he will not be long in learning what we mean. The Greeks, whatever their faults be, are not a people to possess such a fine intellectual instrument as the language of Plato, and not know how to use it.

A word now on the literature of the modern Greeks. Here no person who has been accustomed to consider the most obvious facts of literary history, will expect that we are going to blow the mist away from some golden palace that had been hitherto invisible to the general eye. No person expects the flower and the fruit of a plant till the root be fairly fixed in the ground. The material through the whole order of things of which we are a part, is the indispensable basis of the intellectual; and a country grasping painfully after the first elements of material prosperity, can never produce a rich and vigorous national literature. As easily could Dante have appeared in the days when Lombards, Romans, Gauls, Normans and Saracens were fighting about the possession of a few duchies in Apulia; as readily could the tragic grace of Racine, and the charming mysticism of Madame Guyon have been contemporary with King Clovis and his rude Franks, as that a great poet should appear amid the physical desolation and prostration under which Greece has suffered for so many centuries. All that a reasonable man can expect from the modern Greek mind is, that it should shew itself by indubitable symptoms to be alive; that there should be a healthy national feeling in the masses; and that it should be in general no less true of the modern than of the ancient Greeks,—that they “seek after wisdom.” We should hope to see among this people, if they are truly the sons of their fathers, in the first place a large spirit of appropriation; for only by adopting and assimilating the intellectual productions of the leading nations of Europe, can the modern Greeks hope to assert their place among the cultivated nations of the West. This is the law of nature. Nations, like individuals, must learn from their superiors before they can aspire to teach. The premature originality of ignorance, or of the solitary self-taught student, is a frothy soap-bubble, easily created and easily destroyed. Of this great truth the Greeks have shewn by their conduct, from the days of Adamantine Corais downwards, that they are profoundly aware. That

great scholar and true patriot, felt deeply two great truths on which the progress of the Greek people during the last fifty years has mainly depended—*first*, that intellectual culture was with the Greeks in competition with the Turks, the surest lever of national independence; and again, that the intellectual culture of a people with such a rich inheritance from the past, must be based on a thorough knowledge of their own classical literature. Nor were these the thoughts of Corais only; they were the thoughts of the people of whom he was the most accomplished spokesman. Hence his influence; hence their whole career from the establishment of the famous schools at Kydonia, Scios, and Yannina, to the erection of such noble educational buildings as the *Ἀρσακείον*,* or Young Ladies' Academy, and the Othonian University of Athens. The flourishing condition of this latter establishment alone†—an establishment in its place far more efficient in every sense than Oxford and Cambridge are in theirs;—this fresh-sprung University with its well-marshalled lines of accomplished professors, and troops of eager-eyed students, would be a sufficient proof of the wonderful intellectual activity of the people, even were there not a single printed book in the language. But there is no lack of books. The press of Athens within the last fifty years has been uncommonly active. A city, whose population does not exceed that of Perth, supplies intellectual nourishment to its inhabitants in the shape of at least half a dozen literary and political papers, some of which contain essays on the great questions of the day, written with a talent and a command of language of which the first newspaper in England would have no cause to be ashamed. As for more bulky performances the Greeks have now excellent systematic treatises on most branches of science, composed by men who, to the native shrewdness of their race, add the most various acquirements from the great laboratories of French acuteness and German erudition. A list of some of these will be found in Professor Brandis' very able work, vol. iii. p. 200; but their number is increasing daily, and from the fine intellectual temper of the people, must increase. If the works of such men as Professors Rangabe, Asopius, and Paparogopoulos, are not better known in this country, it arises partly from the extremely conceited superciliousness with which scholars in this country are accustomed to look on every product of Greek literature not within a certain artificially circumscribed domain called "classical;"

* The *Ἀρσακείον* is a splendid new building, erected by the munificence of a private individual, on the same elevated ground on which the king's palace and the University stand, a little more to the north, and on the opposite side of the street. No man who sees this building can despair of Greece.

† According to a statistical statement in the *Ἀθήνα* of 7th July, the Othonian University has 39 professors, and 590 students in the current year.

partly from the fact that these highly gifted and well-instructed persons, as Mr. Brandis suggests, have, with a patriotic self-denial been less anxious about their European reputation as authors, than about their Greek usefulness as teachers. At the present moment, indeed, Greece requires that all the energies of her best men shall be devoted to the great work of public instruction; and no man that knows the elements of which the present academic staff in Athens is composed, will doubt that she has in this respect been most faithful to herself. All these scientific and literary works, moreover, whether original or translated, are written in a style of Hellenic elegance and purity, which even the Greeks themselves twenty years ago would have deemed impossible. So swift is progress in the rhetorical department when the nimble Greek wit sets itself seriously to use the materials offered by the rich and flexible Greek tongue.

Of works bearing the type of a fresh nationality, without which the best foreign appropriation could produce only a meagre result—the modern Greeks present us in the first place with the military memoirs of Perrhæbus, highly esteemed by Niebuhr, and other historical and biographical works. True it is, that the modern Hellenes are not likely to produce an account of their own great exploits in the late war, which shall surpass that of our own countryman, GORDON, in accuracy and impartiality; but a liberal dash of patriotic colouring will be readily forgiven as much to a modern Greek Tricoupi,* as to an ancient Roman Livy; and in this department we advise our Hellenistic readers to keep their eyes open, as new books are now issuing from the press, and others are justly expected, that will give to the recent national history that prominence in the new national literature to which it is so justly entitled. In the meantime, those students of Greek literature who consider a modern Hydriote Miaulis as interesting a human character as an ancient Phormio, will find the true spirit of the Greek revolt, perhaps, most effectively reflected in the popular ballads, whose authorship is unknown, and in some of the political and patriotic poetry of Alexandros Soutzos. The popular ballads of the modern Greeks, the *τραγόνδια Ρωμάικα*, are indeed as evidences of a healthy national vitality, superior to any literary product of the national mind that has yet appeared. Popular poetry, like wild plants to the botanist, has to the man of refined taste always a certain value beyond its inherent worth as poetry, merely because it is popular. Even the vulgar epigrams of Martial, replete as they are with low puns and filthy buffoonery, are, as the exponents

* This passage was written in the expectation of the speedy appearance of the *History of the Greek Revolution*, by Tricoupi, of which the first volume now lies on our table. It promises well; and, as far as we have read, does not seem chargeable with any undue partiality to the author's countrymen.

the corrupt life of imperial Rome, of far greater value to the literary historian, than some of the most finished odes of Horace. Whatever faults they have, they are plants which look like the soil whence they sprung; and that is always pleasing to a scientific eye. So these Romaic ballads are simple enough, certainly; they are many of them mere voices or breathings of the popular life, with very little poetic genius, and little or no artistic skill; still they have a fragrance of nature about them, and a freshness, such as Scottish noses snuff up from bleak moors and green fields, envying not at all the strong aroma that flows from exuberant fields overflushed with the living gold and purple of a rich tropical vegetation. Unquestionably inferior to our Scottish poetry of the same class in variety of dramatic element, in the fine play of humour, and in rhythmical compass, they are at the same time so truly popular, and so thoroughly Greek, that whosoever loves Greece must love them. For ourselves we are free to confess, that if a public bonfire of Greek lyric poetry were to be made after the fashion of Don Quixote's library in Cervantes, we should put in a strong word of intercession in favour of the lisping Homers of Souli and Maina, while the polished prettinesses of the classical anthology, and trim voluptuousness of the real and the pseudo-Anacreon were postponed. It is incredible, indeed, what a stomach certain people have for Greek within the arbitrary line of a certain established philology, while every thing beyond that is naught. Learned men will munch stone and gravel out of long-worked and authorized beds, while the honey-laden thymy banks in regions of less orthodox research, are left to waste their fragrance and their sweets on solitude. There is a natural preference no doubt in favour of antiquity, which has its value without university walls, as well as within them; but a wise man will not allow himself to be so befooled by a venerable old grey stone, however large, as to prefer it seriously to the magnificent dome of a living St. Peter's. A vile daub, though guaranteed from the hand of St. Luke himself, is after all the pious and artistic sentiment you can spend upon it, only a daub; and the worst picture that ever George Harvey painted, is to a sane eye in reality worth more, though the picture-dealers and the virtuosos talk less about it. Viewed in this light, the Romaic ballads will always form a most important department of the lyrical riches of the Greek language, even to those who know that there was not a drop of Greek blood in the body of Marco Bozzari.* He, and the other brave Albanese heroes of the war of independence,

* "The soldiers of Souli, and the sailors of Hydra, the bravest warriors, and the most skilful mariners, in the late struggle, were of the purest Albanian race, unaltered by any mixture of Hellenic blood."—*Finlay, Medieval Greece and Trebizond*, p. 39.

were swallowed up by the overpowering influence of Greek civilisation, and became Greeks, just as Lucan, and Seneca, though Spanish born, became Romans.

To discuss this popular poetry fully, and to bring out distinctly the traits of national history and character with which it is replete, would require a separate article. We can only indulge ourselves at present in giving one or two specimens of translation from our own portfolio. The ballad poetry is remarkable for being in the general case not rhymed; a classical feature which we hope may conciliate some academic reader. This feature the German translator, the well-known philhellene, Wilhelm Müller, has preserved.* We shall generally follow his example. The following short little piece was much admired by Goethe.

CHARON AND THE SOULS.

“Why are the hills so dusky dark, so dark and sable-shrouded?
Is it the wind that flouts the crag, or is it the rain that’s beating?”
“’Tis not the wind that flouts the crag, ’tis not the rain that’s beating;
’Tis only Charon with his dead, that o’er the hills is treading.
The young he drives before his path, the old he drags behind him;
The children, and the weeping babes, he on his saddle bindeth.
The old beseech the rider grim, the young with tears implore him—
‘O Charon, halt where the cottage smokes, where the fountain cool
is flowing,
The old will drink the water clear, the young will fling the pebbles,
The children with their tender arms, will pluck the flowers so blooming.’
‘I will not halt where the cottage smokes, nor where the fount is
flowing;
For mothers would come to the fountain clear, and know their weep-
ing children,
And wives would know their husbands dear, nor would allow the
parting.’”

Charon, or Death, is a great figure in the popular poetry of the modern Greeks, and is one of the very few, perhaps the only mythological personage which Byzantine orthodoxy, and Slavonian barbarism, have left to haunt the hills of Greece from the fair company that once peopled Olympus. Here is another in which that grim ferryman of the ferruginous boat, assumes the functions of the ancient Nemesis, and rebukes the pride of life in one who is too young to know that “He that glorieth should glory in the Lord.”

CHARON AND THE MAIDEN.

A fair young maid was boasting high she feared no harm from
Charon,—
Nine brothers she had, and Constantine was soon to be her husband,
Who owned four lofty palaces, and was lord of many houses.

* Müller’s edition of the ballads was published at Leipsig in 1825, the year immediately following their publication by Fauriel at Paris.

But Charon changed his shape, and came like to a black-winged
swallow,
And flew athwart, and shot the maid 'the heart with his deadly
arrow ;
And her mother wept when she beheld, her mother wept full sorely.
" O Charon, cruel was thy aim, thy shot that smote my daughter,
My dear-loved girl, my only child, in all her youth and beauty !"
Then from the far and mountain glen came Constantine the bride-
groom,
With fourscore men, and sixty-two to harp the bridal music.
" Have done with glee, my trusty men ; ye harpers, cease your
harping ;
A cross I see before the door of my bride's mother's dwelling.
Belike, belike, her mother is dead, her mother or else her father ;
Or of her brothers one hath been sore wounded in the battle."
He spurs his steed, his good black steed, and to the church he
cometh,
And finds the master-mason there, where he a tomb is building.
" God bless thee, master-mason, say, whose tomb here art thou
building ?"
" For the maid so fair, with yellow hair and dark eyes, I am building ;
Nine brothers had she, and Constantine was soon to be her husband,
Who owned four lofty palaces, and was lord of many houses."
" O master-mason, master fine, I pray thee, speed thy building,
A little larger make the tomb, a tomb to hold two bodies."
He took his golden-hilted sword, and in his heart he plunged it ;
And in that tomb they buried two, the maid and the youth that
loved her.

The above two ballads are from Fauriel's collection, and exhibit the general type of the short Romaic *τραγούδι*, both in matter and manner. The rhythm is one sufficiently familiar to our ear, and handled not without a tincture of that sleepy monotony and canorous iteration, in which the uncultivated popular ear delights. The following is from Dr. Kind's little volume, and is rhymed.

THE CLEPHTS.

From the hills the Clephts came down,
Seeking horses to their mind ;
Horses none when they could find
All my pretty lambs they stole—
Lambs and kids they took the whole.
And away, away they go !
O woe's me ! woe's me, waly wo !
My lambs away
And my kids took they ;
O woe's me, woe !

II.

And the pail in which I pour
The creaming milk, away they bore ;

And the pipe to which I sing,
 Rudely from my hands they wring.
 And away, away they go!
 O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!
 My lambs away
 And my kids took they
 O woe's me, woe!

III.

And they took away outright,
 With its horns of silver white,
 My brave belwether, that outrolled
 Its shaggy fleece of flowing gold.
 And away, away they go!
 O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!
 My lambs and my wether
 They stole together;
 O woe's me, woe!

IV.

Would to God some vengeful hand
 Might seize the lawless robber band
 In their dens; and sheer undo
 Them, and all their thievish crew!
 That I might see my brave belwether,
 And my lambs again together
 In the fold.—O waly woe!
 My lambs away
 And my kids took they;
 O woe's me, woe!

V.

If the All-holy in the skies
 The ruthless robbers will chastise,
 I will roast a lamb till it
 Fall in pieces from the spit;
 Mid flowers that tell of coming May,
 On holy George's festal day,
 I'll feast, and bless the queen all-holy,
 That laid the ruthless robbers lowly.
 O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!
 My lambs away
 And my kids took they;
 O woe's me, woe!

This song is characteristic enough, both of what certain parts of Greece are now, and of what certain parts of Scotland were not much above a hundred years ago. There is nothing in Greek brigandage but what belongs to the history of all nations at a certain stage of civilisation. The last verse with its prominent imprecation of the Virgin Mary, the all-holy (*παναγία*) queen of heaven, and Saint George, and the act of worship of

which the roasting of a whole sheep forms a principal part, is peculiarly Neo-Hellenic, and will suggest to those who have visited Greece, many a pleasant picture of rustic piety of which they may have been spectators.

Inferior in interest to the popular ballads, but still not without a strong claim on the attention of the lover of poetry, are the more cultivated efforts of the young Greek lyre—not flying voices of the undistinguished people, but distinct articulations of some known singer, and professional student of verse. In this department of literature the Greeks have no doubt yet to look for their national spokesman. Instead of a poetical Napoleon, leading whole armies to the fields of harmonious conflict, and filling Europe with the sound of a succession of great battles, we have only a few expert skirmishers, and captains of the guerilla warfare of the muses, whose exploits none hear of but those who visit the valleys where they are native. However high Panagiotis Soutzos may conceit himself to stand—and he has made some curious revelations of self-esteem lately, in the “*Αἶον*” and elsewhere—he may depend upon it the eyes of Europe are not directed to him at the present moment. His “*Messiah*,” we are afraid, will never make one-tenth part of the noise in Europe that was made by that windy production of the same name, in which the German Milton (“yes a *very* German Milton!”) vented his vaporous piety. On a late occasion taking it up, (for Sunday reading,) before getting to the end of the first act, we were so afflicted with a languid sensation, similar to what oppresses the stomach after large potations of weak tea, that we could proceed no further. In “*The Wanderer*” of his brother Alexander, there are no doubt individual passages of considerable lyric power and sublimity; but, as a whole, it is merely a feeble and broken echo of *Childe Harold*. To condemn all the larger productions of the recent Greek muse wholesale, we will not venture, because we have not read them; but what we have read, besides a great deal of false and exaggerated sentiment, labours under the general vice of rhetorical diffuseness, which must be violently cut down, before any high excellence can be achieved. Among the lighter warblings of the lyre, however, we have found several pieces, and hope to find more, that well deserve a place in any collection of Greek lyric poetry; and even in much that is feeble or exaggerated, we have been delighted to recognise a flush of nationality that is powerful to lend an engaging charm even to weakness. Patriotism, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. In the following ode, for instance, of Karatsoutsas, there is much that is juvenile in the style, and overworked in the sentiment;* but it is so

* Kind says that the author was only twenty years of age at the publication of the volume from which this extract is taken

thoroughly Greek, and expresses so burningly from the heart of Hellenic patriotism, the faith in a mighty past, and an impending future of national glory, that it must be read with very great pleasure by all who sympathize with the hopes at present animating the best minds in Greece. The allusion to Turkey in the seventh and eighth stanzas, and to the restoration of the Byzantine empire in the concluding part of the poem, will be read with interest at the present moment. Poets have sometimes more to do with politics than diplomatists.

PANHELLENICS.

I.

With Parnassus' laurel wreath, the wreath aye green and never-fading,
 Green in face of frosty winter, and rude Boreas harsh-invading ;
 With the laurel I will wreath my lyre, a song of freedom raising
 To my country, Greece and all her mighty glory truly praising ;
 Happy if my well-nerved hands shall strike no feebly falling measure,
 If the ears that love the land shall drink my loyal strain with pleasure,
 If with song while I commend thee,
 One kind glance of fair approval thou, my country dear, shalt lend
 me !

II.

For the Mars that wasted Creta, Greece a stole of sorrow weareth ;
 For the Mars that crushed fair Creta, Greece her locks of beauty
 teareth.
 Creta, when the Mars that crushed thee, marched his club of terror
 shaking,
 Brandishing the sword, which flashing fills the tyrant's heart with
 quaking,
 Darkened was the ray that cometh from the disk of Phœbus streaming;
 From its base in darkness rooted, to its peak with white snow gleaming,
 Men beheld high Ida brightening,
 Saw the seat of thundering Jove far-flaming with the frequent
 lightning.

III.

In the Sultan's hall, the Sultan's wisest counsellors assemble,
 Seize their white beards with their hands, and inly puzzled think and
 tremble,
 How thy patriot fire, O Creta, they may quench with tyrant's knavery ;
 And the powers of Europe lend ' a helping hand to fix thy slavery,
 Ply with threats each dastard heart, and bait with golden wiles the
 traitor ;
 And amid the faithless crew,—O shame, O mockery of nature !
 He, whom Greece had made defender
 Of her rights—her Consul—he was the first to cry—SURRENDER !

IV.

And the Greek that loves his country, when he saw his Cretan brother,
 Prostrate, in his brother's breast the rising pity could he smother ?
 Was that sacred fire extinguished, that with generous inspiration,
 When the stranger feared to touch her, filled the wide Hellenic nation ?

Did the graves not ope their jaws, and forth with wrathful resurrection
Rush the dim troops of harnessed shades, to pledge their father-land's
protection ?

Did the past not fire the present,
In the hall of every burgher, in the hut of every peasant ?

V.

No ! that fire is not extinguished in the heart of Hellas glowing ;
It shall burn while earth shall stand, while old Ocean's wave is flowing.
Slavery oft hath stamped on slaves the love of their own degradation :
But the type of years could never stamp with serf the free Greek
nation.

Cursed be they who bind the hands of Hellas when her bonds she
breaketh ;
Cursed who bar the gates of freedom, when the glorious start she
taketh ;

May the curse of Greeks united,
Lie upon them, like the Furies, when their breath consumes the blighted !

VI.

When the joyful news was speeded, that the sons of Crete had risen,
All the people clapp'd their hands to hail the captive from his prison,
All the women and the children leapt for joy ; and every temple
Was hung with gifts and prayers for thee, that none on thy young
rights might trample.

But the hope of Greeks was darkened, and their vows had no com-
pletion,

And the men that hate her triumphed ; and their hatred found addition.

Treachery vile hath triumphed o'er thee,
Crete ; thou liest low ; and we in vain with many tears deplore thee.

VII.

How should Europe, silly Europe, when the sign of death is plainly
Hung out on a nation's forehead, try to cheat strong nature vainly ?
Can a tree be bright with blossom, can its fruit be ripe and glowing,
When a worm the pith consumeth, when no juice of life is flowing ?
Even the water round the root, that with such busy care thou pourest,
Feeds the rot that eats the heart of the frail life that thou restorest.

When life's thread is broken, never
Shall the wits of all the wisest bind it with their strong endeavour.

VIII.

I will speak it in a figure : like a house with many chambers
Turkey stands—an old house hoary with the crust of long Decembers.
Many a prideful year it witnessed, now it knows the hour of sorrow ;
Tottering reels one wall to-day, and another falls to-morrow.

Let the hand of man approach it, and before its ruin bury
Nobler piles and worthier mansions, with a wise precaution hurry,

Down to cast the crazy dwelling,
And upraise a safer o'er it, and in beauty more excelling.

IX.

Europe, if a work thou seekest where thy toil shall find a blessing,
For the waste wouldst plant a garden worthy of thy nicest dressing,

List, and I will tell thee wisely how, being great, thou may'st be greater.

Near to 'Turkey is a land, a little land where kindly Nature
Such a power of brilliant beauty, and each comeliest grace has
showered,

That no tongue can tell the store of that rich grace with which 'twas
dowered.

'Tis a lovely land, concealing
Virtue, like the magnet's power, to seize the sense and charm the
feeling.

X.

In this land a people dwells, rich in high ancestral glory ;
Clio names no race more noble in her roll of various story.
Bound in darkness lay the Earth ; the precious light of knowledge
perished ;

Rule tyrannic, deeply rooted, spread its arms abroad and flourished.
The forced sweat of all the nations, and their bright blood crimson
flowing,

Sucked a monstrous biform dragon, proud the double ensign shewing
Of the crown to monarchs given.

And the mitre of the priest who serves the Lord that rules in
Heaven.

XI.

In the claws of this Chimera torn, humanity lay bleeding.
From the East a wasting fire-flood came, and wildly Westward
speeding,

Spread to Earth's remotest corner, death and devastation dealing ;
But unharmed amid the deluge stood the Hellenic tribe, revealing
A miraculous virtue stable : by despotic sway surrounded,
Greece preserved her laws and freedom undisturbed and uncon-
founded ;

She serene and independent,
All the world a march of tyrants, with a train of serfs attendant.

XII.

Strong and self-sustained, Greece never to a sacred priestly college
Sold her right of thought : free-branching flowed the common stream of
knowledge.

Brutish gods she never worshipped, crocodiles and creeping creatures,
But Apollo and the Muses, gods with bright benignant features.

Pyramids she never piled, colossal rows of Sphynxes keeping
Watch around the solemn Dead, in their cold stone-chambers sleeping ;

But she raised the glorious temple,
With its clear sun-fronting rock, and its pillar'd ranges ample.

XIII.

In this land the seed of Poesy, by the gods benignly planted,
Swelled and grew to leafy grandeur. Orpheus here and Iinus
chanted

Songs that stirred the rooted forest, stayed the flood, and tamed the
lion ;

Here the stones in rhythmic order rose to please thy lute, Amphion ;

Here the far career of thought first opened on the wondering nations ;
 Here of every art were laid, of every science, sure foundations ;
 And all subtle searching spirits
 Loved to graft their art with thoughts which all the world from
 Greece inherits.

XIV.

But alas ! a savage storm swept o'er the land, before whose power
 Even their trees uprooted fell, the fair trees of the Grecian bower,
 And the seed of truth was wafted where a cool-brained race, laborious,
 Reaped, from fields which thou hadst sown, an intellectual harvest
 glorious ;
 And when feasting on the fragrance of thy fruitful gardens, never
 Dreamt to cast a grateful glance on thee, of these fair gifts the giver.
 Greece their stumbling march assisted,
 But to their conceit no Greece in all the measured world existed.

XV.

Where the Muse of Æschylus soared on wings of solemn chorus ample,
 Turcoman hordes the soil of Hellas with unlettered feet did trample,
 Then when Riga's mighty martyr gathered in the inspiration
 Of his war-song, all the slender hopes that still sustained his nation.
 On his head the axe descended, lay his laurel crushed and bloody ;
 But from that free song came forth a wondrous blossom bright and
 ruddy :

 As from a mother's throes laborious
 Greece was born anew in him, and Freedom rose to life victorious.

XVI.

Look upon the sleeping infant, lift, ye wise, your high doxology !
 Come, diplomatists that finger nations with your cold phrenology,—
 Come and touch it !—a bright future in its noble features shining
 Can ye read, or does that glance outrun your powers of dull divining ?
 Seest thou how upon its healthful cheek the rosy beauty gloweth,
 Even as fair Aurora's beauty, when her fingers red she showeth,
 And prepares the joys which follow,

When the awakened world shall blush beneath the full blaze of
 Apollo.

XVII.

Yes, my country, thou shalt never cheat the hopes of them that love
 thee ;
 Glows my heart with heat from thee, whose far-shed radiance shall
 approve thee
 To the good ; the scoffer's doubts thou shalt dispel with thy appearing.
 Thou shalt be a Titan, glorious through the fields of Heaven career-
 ing,
 Thou shalt ride thy car sublime, thy bright-maned steeds thy word
 obeying ;
 On the green Earth's face vivific beams of light and heat outraying.
 So ! in rifts, where thou art nighing,
 Opes the blue serene, and all the clouds that darkly lowered are
 flying !

XVIII.

In thy cradle, O my country, when thy baby-life was sleeping,
 In thy veins the unseen strength of immortal gods was leaping ;
 When the sibilant brood assailed thee, basilisk and amphisbena,
 With thy young arms thou didst crush them, like the strong son of
 Alcmena.

When their venomous spires voluminous rolled around thee, thou
 didst seize them,
 And with sudden grasp resistless like the soft clay thou didst squeeze
 them ;

 And before the infant scathless
 Fell the terrible snake of Asia, fell the snake of Egypt breathless.

XIX.

Thou hast fought, and art victorious ; on thy laurels thou repairest
 Now thy strength ; thou needest rest to heal the bleeding wounds
 thou bearest.

Sleep like ocean when the windless air no swelling wave is stirring,
 Soft as noon of sultry summer, when no wing of bird is whirring ;
 But like ocean thou shalt waken, when its placid evening mirror
 Bristles round the pale sea-farer, with a thousand crests of terror,

 When the scowling rack is drifting ;
 And to smite the sheer black cliff his scourge the god of waves is
 lifting.

XX.

Like an old and sickly lion when its strength is all departed
 Turkey roars. Up, Greek, and seize the club of Hercules mighty-
 hearted ,

And with steady foot firm planted, and with strong hand overpowering,
 Prostrate lay with deadly blow the savage monster, blood-devouring.
 Let it fall, and in its fall disgorge the innocent blood it swallowed !
 Wrap its shaggy hide around thee, and bring back the great time-
 hallowed

 Kingdom, which the Cæsar glorious
 When the Cross subdued the nations, planted in the East victorious.

It were a waste of time to criticise in detail the faults of this poem ; but the conception is good ; and were the tone considerably subdued in some parts the effect would be much increased. In favourable contrast with the high rhetorical swell of the Panhellenics, stands the plaintive simplicity of the following little poem by Alexander Ypsilante, the ill-starred and crude originator of the first movement of the Greek revolution in Moldavia. The little bird represents, of course, the condition and feelings of a Greek in Europe without a Greece :—

THE BIRD'S LAMENT.

Poor little bird,
 Fluttering low,
 Weary and lone,
 Where dost thou go ?

Seekest thou rest
Near in thy nest,
Poor little bird !

No nest have I ;
But I flutter and fly
To and fro.
I seek and I find
No rest to my wing ;
Bliss is to me
A forbidden thing
Wherever I go.

I had a country when I was young ;
And my hope was strong
As I poured my song
The white-flowered myrtle trees among
When I was young.
I sat on the tree,
I sang late and early,
I had a mate, and I loved her dearly,
And she loved me.
Down came a hawk with swift swoop from the sky,
And tore my joy from before mine eye ;
And spoiled my rest,
And robbed my nest,
And left me bare to lie.
Since then, cheerless and hopeless I roam,
Without a friend—without a home.

With weary wing, and song so weary,
I wander o'er the world so dreary ;
With the wind I roam,
Till I find a home
Where no wing of the weary is stirred ;
Where the monarch proud
Shall sleep with the crowd,
And the hawk from the sky
Shall harmless lie
With the poor little innocent bird.

We have thus completed a rapid bird's-eye view of the nature and character of the Neo-Hellenic language, and the principal products of its nascent literature. We have only one remark to make in conclusion, and it is a remark of a practical nature, and deserving to be seriously considered by our schoolmasters, and others concerned in the education of youth. So long as Greek is the language of the New Testament and of Homer, and the armory also from which we draw the whole formidable array of the nomenclature of modern science, it will always form an

important element in the education of a nation so Christian and so conservative as Great Britain. If so, 'twere well that those who learn it should do so in the most expeditious way ; and an expeditious way it certainly is not to learn as a dead language, by a system of mere rules and abstractions, what, in fact, is as much a living form of speech, as the English language itself, propagated from the days of Father Chaucer until now. All who have made the experiment know that a living language, even the most difficult, such as German, can be learned in the country where it is spoken, fluently and thoroughly, in a tenth part of the time necessary to master the same tongue by the common appliances of grammar, dictionary, and exercise book, used as our classical teachers of the dead languages are in the habit of using them. What we suggest, therefore, is, that the University of Athens, being now in high vigour, and excellent lectures being delivered there during eight months of the year, free of all price, and on all subjects, some of our young talented Scotsmen, ambitious of raising the standard of Greek scholarship amongst us, should transport themselves for a few months to the city of Pericles, and there, under the shade of Lycabettus and with the glorious pillared ranges of the Parthenon before them, submit their ears to a regular training in the living speech of Greece from the voice of living Greeks. Chamber-scholars, of course, Oxonians, and other prim gentlemen of the bookish sort, will not admire the suggestion much ; but ~~we~~ we know what we are talking about : Nature is stronger than Oxonians, and will certainly beat them if she gets fair play, which she sometimes may, even in Oxford. Let our Scottish students try for themselves the natural plan of speaking and hearing the living tongue, and leave the fellowship-hunters of the south to cram their Gradus, and finger their quantities sedulously, according to the orthodox old routine. Two hundred pounds a-year will scarcely cover a course of academical study at Cambridge ; fifty pounds will do the whole business amply at Athens. This is a consideration which will, no doubt, have its due weight with a Scotch mind ; not to mention the daily sight of the actual Acropolis, and the inspiring atmosphere of such accomplished Hellenists as Professor Rangabe, and our countryman George Finlay.

- ART. VI.--1. *On the Stearic Candle Manufacture.* By G. F. WILSON, Esq., Managing Director of Price's Patent Candle Company. (Third Extra Lecture delivered before the Society of Arts.) Third Edition. London.
2. *A Visit to Price's Patent Candle Company's Works.* Reprinted from the "Illustrated London News," with additional Engravings.
3. *Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company, respecting that part of the Proceedings of the Annual General Meeting of the Company, 21th March 1852, which has reference to the Educational, Moral, and Religious charge to be taken by the Company over the persons (and especially the young persons) in its Employment, &c.* (Pp. 50.)
4. *Report of Meeting of the Directors of Price's Candle Company, held on the 2d Dec. 1852, &c.* (Pp. 28.)
5. *Mr J. P. Wilson's Letter "to the Men employed in the Belmont Factory," 18th April 1851.* (Pp 23.)
6. *The same to the Boys, 4th August 1851.* (Pp. 10)
7. *The same to the same, Easter-Day, 1852.* (Pp. 12.)
8. *The same to his Fellow-members of the Belmont Mutual Improvement Society, 21st March 1852.* (Pp. 2.)
9. *The same "to the Workpeople of Price's Patent Candle Company," 16th Dec. 1852.* (Pp. 36.)

IN the year 1830, we are told in the pamphlet first enumerated, a patent of Mr. Soames' for separating cocoa-nut oil into its solid and liquid parts was sold to Mr. William Wilson and Mr. Lancaster, who, trading under the name of E. Price & Co., (this E. Price, now of world-wide reputation, being so far as we can discover an altogether mythical personage,) brought it into operation the same year. They established extensive crushing mills in Ceylon, to separate the oil from the kernel of the cocoa-nut, and cocoa-nut plantations to supply these mills, (now spreading over more than 1000 acres of land,) and perfected and improved Mr. Soames' process. Many of us may recollect these "cocoa-nut candles," less foul-smelling indeed than tallow, but greasy and snuffy, and deservedly superseded by better materials. Ten years elapsed, and in 1840 Mr. J. P. Wilson, (one of the sons of Mr. William Wilson,) experimenting for cheap self-snuffing illumination-candles at the time of the Queen's wedding, hit upon a combination of cocoa-nut stearine with stearic acid, (one of the inflammable acids of tallow,) which would give candles saleable at a shilling a lb., and to burn without

snuffing,—in fact, the common “composite candles” of our shops. In the same year, a patent was taken out by Mr. Gwynne, now a large shareholder in Price’s Company, for distilling fatty bodies in a vacuum apparatus, and also for distilling fatty acids exposed to atmospheric pressure. Following this hint, Edward Price & Co. (who also took a license under Mr. Gwynne’s patent,) in 1842 took out a patent in the name of Mr. W. C. Jones, a working chemist in their employment, for distilling cocoa-nut oil and its acids, and converting them into a neutral substance by distilling them after combination with lime. Under different parts of this patent, beautiful candles were made; but some on being extinguished gave out a choking vapour, whilst the loss of material in the manufacture of others was excessive. During experiments connected with this patent Mr. G. F. Wilson (another son of Mr. Wm. Wilson) and Mr. Jones first tried using vapour of water to exclude the air from the apparatus during distillation. In 1842, E. Price & Co. took out a patent in the names of the two last-named gentlemen, the principal claims of which were the distillation of fats previously acted upon by sulphuric acid, or by nitrous gases. Whilst Mr. George Wilson and Mr. Jones were experimenting upon this patent in one part of the works, Mr. Gwynne was at work in another part with an air-pump. Steam, however, being found more available than air, the experimenters combined their forces, and in 1843 took out two patents for improvements, under which the Company still works.

Formed thus, as a commercial establishment, by Mr. William Wilson, the Company owed its first decided industrial success to Mr. James Wilson, as the inventor of the composite candle; its great development to the distilling processes struck out by Mr. Gwynne, first carried out on a large scale and perfected by Mr. George Wilson. It is not often that these Wilsons allow one any opportunity of finding out *how* they do their work, however evident the work may be when done. Now and then, however, they may be found peaching against one another, as when Mr. James Wilson, in the letter to the Directors of 4th Nov. 1852, lets drop these interesting details as to the introduction of the distilling processes, in which he “had no hand,” but which made “the complete revolution” in the trade, and were “the source of all the Company’s prosperity.” When his brother George and Mr. Gwynne

“Were working distillation into practical shape, the experiments being costly, and the first outlays in plant, long before any commercial results could appear from them, very much more so, all in the place were shaking their heads, and, as far as they could with propriety, giving kind warnings against such unbusiness-like and vision-

any proceedings, and wishing to themselves that all new-fangled plans were kept out of the place, and that those in charge of it would be content to go on steadily like other people. . . . Even my father, the only managing partner of the business, was, he authorizes me to say, a great check upon the introduction of distillation, yielding only with difficulty to my brother George's determination to carry it out, grudging, on account of the supposed hopelessness of any good result, even the salary of the assistant, Mr. Jones, who was helping him. And I was not clear myself of the blame of checking it, for I kept writing from India, where I was collecting cocoa-nut oil at the time, about the great outlay in plant which would be required, and my inability to see where it was to come from."

In 1844 then, Price & Co. began working on the large scale under the distilling processes, with a still holding a charge of above two tons. In 1847 "Price's Patent Candle Company" was incorporated. On the 1st October 1849, it got possession of Mr. Child's night-light trade, then carried on at Brompton, but which was transferred to Vauxhall in 1850, while the business of the Albert night-lights, previously carried on at Belmont, was taken over with it to the arches of the South-Western Railway, of which fifteen are now rented by the Company, at no very moderate figure. The Company has now, "The Illustrated London News" tells us, a paid-up capital of nearly half a million sterling, employs above 700 hands, (nearer 1000, we believe, at the date of this article,) besides steam and hydraulic power; consumes upwards of 4000 tons of palm and cocoa-nut oil per annum, and has works at Belmont extending over nearly two acres, with large branch works at Battersea, and another factory about to be started at Liverpool. Palm-oil is now the material mainly used, mixed with cocoa-nut for some kinds of lights. Liverpool being the chief port of importation for palm-oil, and a large portion of the custom of the firm being from Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the northern counties, a heavy amount of double carriage, of the raw material first, and then of the manufactured article, will be saved by the new factory. Our readers hardly need to be reminded that the trade in palm-oil on the African coast is the chief economical antidote to the slave-trade at the present day. Some interesting details on this head are appended to Mr. George Wilson's lecture, and a showy placard, to be seen at many railway stations, pictorially sets forth the fact.

So much for the commercial history of the Company, so far as it can be gleaned from the materials before us. We wish, indeed, that we had time and skill to conduct the reader over some portion at least of the establishment, to the school-rooms, above and below, with their outlook upon the busy river; to the rooms where the more interesting processes of manufacture

are carried on, and above all, to that pleasant night-light building, full of nimble active hands and clean cheerful faces,—of girls on the one side, of boys on the other. Wonderful it is, to see the little mortar-cases filled to the brim with the liquid grease without ever a drop being spilt, and that in far less time than we can tell it. Wonderful it is, to see the rapid motions of the young wick-plaiters. Nay, one cannot help feeling that piece-work has here attained its last *legitimate* effects, as an industrial stimulant; that the activity it produces is all but feverish. But still, when work has ceased, and one sees the merry girls sweep in their play from one end of the long iron-roofed shed to the other, one sees that nothing is yet overdone. How this is, can be understood only from the moral history of the establishment, which is what we have now to turn to.

When the Company was in course of formation, as it was told to one of the meetings by a shareholder, it was remarked of it that it was “too strong of the Wilsons.” The speaker, Mr. Starey, who described himself as “one of the largest original shareholders,” and “the very largest customer” for the commodities of the Company, had not been of that opinion; for it was the fact that both the managing Directors were Wilsons, and his personal confidence in them as Wilsons, that first induced him to become either shareholder or customer. As respects one of these managing Directors, Mr. George Wilson, we trust that Mr. Starey’s confidence has been sufficiently justified to our readers in a commercial point of view; perhaps hardly less so even as respects the other, Mr. James Wilson. Still, the name of “George” has been more prominent in the commercial history. In the moral history which we are opening, the order is reversed, and it is the name of “James” which especially strikes the eye, though indeed married almost inseparably still with George’s, especially at the first.

The said moral history, nevertheless, of Price’s Patent Candle Company, is one which is not yet fully before the world, and which perhaps will never be, unless “brother George” should by way of retaliation take to “peaching” against “brother James.” This is the way in which it opens. (Educational Report, No. 3 on the list above, p. 4.):

“The schools began in a very humble way, by half-a-dozen of our boys hiding themselves behind a bench two or three times a week, after they had done their day’s work and had their tea, to practise writing on scraps of paper with worn-out pens begged from the counting-house. The foreman of their department encouraged them, and, as they persevered, and were joined by others of the boys, he begged that some rough movable desks might be made for them. . . . My brother (*i.e.* George) encouraged them with some books as

prizes, and many who had been very backward improved much in reading and writing. The fact of the whole thing being the work of the boys themselves, seemed to form so large a part of its value that we carefully abstained from interfering in it, further than by these presents of books for prizes, and of copy-books, spelling-books, and Testaments, and by my being (but not till long after the commencement, and after being much pressed and being assured that it would cause no restraint) always present at the school meetings to give them the sanction of authority, but taking no more active part than hearing the most backward boys their spelling."

Now this may be a fair account of the beginning of the Belmont schools, (even if not the first beginning,) but nothing more. There is evidently a vast deal untold. How came it that these boys had the idea of educating themselves? How did they come to beg pens from the counting-house? Worn-out though they might be, it is not every counting-house clerk who would give out pens to the greasy young candle-makers. . . . How comes it that the foreman encouraged them, and begged desks for them? Education is not yet, according to trade-notions, a foreman's concern. . . . How comes it that "brother George" was so ready with his prize-books? it is not every employer who would even be told of the dirty boys in his employ trying to teach themselves writing, or who would do anything but laugh at the notion. . . . How comes it finally that both "brother George" and "brother James" should be "pressed" to be present at the school-meetings, and should be "always" so when they had once attended, and should be found at last—not looking after the smartest boys in the school to instruct them in some special branch of learning, but simply "hearing *the most backward boys* their spelling?" Look these things straight in the face, and the feeling will dawn on you that they belong to quite another region than that of ordinary trade-ideas; that underneath the brief account we have quoted there lies a whole history of earnest benevolence on the part of the employers, of tentative efforts to improve the condition of the employed, to win their confidence, to make them fitter for earth and heaven,—efforts perhaps partly misdirected, perhaps sometimes wholly unsuccessful, perhaps too early successful at other times, but of which we see only the blossoming into fruitful flower, not the chequered and anxious growth. Perhaps, if we knew all, we should hear of some very early beginning, before that winter of 1848, when, the boys having increased from half-a-dozen to thirty, their first school-room was made. Perhaps it might be found to go back to before James Wilson's journey to India, coincident in time with the distilling experiments of George Wilson. Perhaps we might dig out some story of an early and hopeful worker who after-

wards disappointed all hopes. But what boots it? All this would be but outer detail. The root of the matter lies in Mr. Starey's words;—the management of the Company was “too strong of the Wilsons” to be an every-day trade-concern. Let us first hear what Mr. James Wilson tells us as to the secret of their success :—

“ If we should ever happily attain to great success here, it will not be by any plans or systems, but only by the personal influence of those whose minds are of a cast to benefit the minds of the boys when brought into contact with them. I do not mean my own in particular, but that of many here, for happily we are many, and increasing in number, who are set upon doing them good. *Any share I may have in the good work, will have been owing to this very personal influence, though by books only, exercised upon my mind by its contact with that of a moral and intellectual superior. It will have been owing to all but unqualified veneration and love for the character of Dr. ARNOLD, awakening in me a great longing to resemble him in single-minded earnestness of purpose, and a hope to do so in some faint degree.*”

So that Belmont Factory is spiritually but an off-shoot from Rugby School; its managers and foremen a sort of manufacturing “sixth form;” James Wilson only a posthumous, but long ere this, no doubt, a dearly loved pupil of Thomas Arnold. Thus have been answered (nor, we trust, thus alone) those intense cravings of that noble spirit for the improvement of the working population—for the bringing out of the worth and value of the manufacturer's office—which prompted so many letters to the “Sheffield Iris,” and to private friends. There is not even to that deep sense of the communion of saints—to that longing for its more real and habitual acknowledgment, so marked in Arnold, which do not come out in those words of Mr. Wilson, as to the “*personal influence*” exercised upon his mind “by its contact with that of a moral and intellectual superior,” whom, we believe, it was never his lot to see in the flesh. Nor is he the only one who, without seeing, has yet felt that “personal influence.”

Mr. Wilson rightly disclaims having any plans or systems. Accordingly, we shall not go into the detail of what has sprung up out of that first school of half-a-dozen boys, hiding themselves behind a bench—of how the evening school was followed by a day-school—how tea-parties in the school-room were set up as a counter-attraction to Camberwell and Greenwich fairs—how the cholera of 1849 closed the school, and sent the scholars to learn cricket in Battersea fields—how gardening and cricket ran for a time as it were a race together, and cricket beat—how (without a metaphor) matches were got up between the men and the boys, and the school “gave the factory a

glorious drubbing, although they laughed at our impudence in challenging them ;” and then letter W stood against the alphabet, and “poor letter W looked very small when he came out of it”—how summer excursions were set on foot, to Guildford one year, to Herne Bay another, to Farnham a third, to Eton and Windsor this year—how, meanwhile, the acquiring of Child’s night-light trade, and the great increase in boy and girl labour thereby produced, have led to the fitting up of one of the arches of the South-Western Railway, for the schooling of both boys and girls employed on Child’s night-lights, and on the Albert night-lights—how a chapel was procured, and a chaplain appointed in 1849—how service after service grew up, one on the occasion of the drowning of one of the workers, another during the cholera—how Government Inspectors went over the schools, and expressed all satisfaction with them—how, finally, a “Mutual Improvement Society” was founded, which now has a house of its own, with a reading-room and library and museum, and more books on its shelves, as the results of a month’s purchases, than many a lending library has for its whole stock. All this is chiefly detailed in that “Educational Report” which we have before referred to, and the origin of which is a sufficiently novel feature in a joint stock company, to deserve some notice at our hands.

On the 29th May 1851, a committee of directors was appointed—“1st, To inquire and report to the Board the nature and extent of education at present available both to the children and adults employed at the Company’s works: 2^d, The outlay that has been incurred on this account to the present time, and from what source: 3^d, The nature and extent of religious instruction available for the workpeople and their families in the employ of the Company, and the facilities afforded them for attending public worship or otherwise: and 4th, Generally to suggest the course which it may be expedient for the Company to adopt on these heads, and the nature of the propositions which it may be advisable to submit for the sanction of the proprietors.” The report of the committee so appointed, consisting of Messrs. J. L. Brownrigg and J. C. Conybeare, together with a letter to them from Mr. James Wilson, was read at a meeting of the Directors on the 18th March 1852. The Committee thought it was “for the shareholders at large to decide what the Company ought to do in regard to the system of education so organized.” They averred, however, the opinion that it was “the clear duty of the Company to continue the present schools, and so to provide for the intellectual and moral welfare of those by whose labours every shareholder profits;” that “the cricket-ground and summer excursions . . . should be adopted also;”

that "without the concomitants of chapel and chaplain, the school-system established by Mr. J. Wilson would lose very much of its efficiency and completeness." The annual meeting of the shareholders took place on the 21th March 1852, and Mr. Conybeare moved, and Mr. Brownrigg seconded, a resolution, "That the shareholders, cordially coinciding in the views of the Company's duty with regard to education, which are expressed in the report presented by the Educational Committee to the Directors, authorize the Directors to expend a sum not exceeding £900 per annum, in maintaining the educational system, now in operation in connexion with the Company's factories." About ninety hands were held up in favour of the resolution, and one against it. Mr. Wright then moved, and Mr. Shears seconded, a further resolution, (which was carried in like manner,) "That the Company authorize the Directors to expend a farther sum, not exceeding £300 annually, in order to provide means of public worship for such of their workpeople as may require, and choose to avail themselves of such means." And lastly, the Rev. H. Bellairs moved, and Mr. Lancaster seconded, a resolution, which was carried without a dissentient, "That the warmest thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. J. P. Wilson, and that the expenses incurred by him in the establishment of the schools, and in providing religious advantages for the workpeople and children in the Company's employ, be reimbursed to Mr. J. P. Wilson by this Company, in such manner as the Directors may arrange." And, on the request of Mr. James Wilson, conveyed in a letter to Mr. Charles Ranken, Chairman of the Directors, the Educational Committee were, by a resolution of the Board held on the 8th April 1852, made permanent, with power to add to their number, and to make such arrangements as they might think best, relating to the receipt of subscriptions for the purposes of the proposed buildings for the factory chapel, workmen's hall and schools; and 4000 copies of the educational report were ordered to be printed.

We entreat our readers to weigh well the facts above referred to. A joint-stock company,—constituted for a very humble and far from sweet-smelling purpose,—a company of candle-makers, we had almost said of tallow-chandlers,—not being compelled thereto by charter or Act of Parliament, nor even by a strike amongst their hands, nor amongst those of a neighbour,—acknowledge themselves responsible, pecuniarily responsible, for the education, for the religious worship of their workpeople, —boys, girls, adults,—vote away £1200 a-year out of their profits for these purposes. Surely a very noticeable event in the days of the gospel of political economy,—of "cash-payments the only *nexus* between man and man"—of the "law-

ful bargain" of labour, on the most approved buy-cheap and sell-dear principle. A noticeable event, we say, in these days,—by no means a new event in the world's history or England's. In the old days it was not considered strange that a corporation should have chapels and chaplains, nor were men put to such straits as Price's Candle Company seem to have been, to have ministers set apart to the spiritual cure of their establishments. Go into the city of London, and you will find many a livery company,—you might have found all at one time, we suspect, provided with a chapel. Price's Candle Company have gone back to those old ways, and don't seem to be making a bad thing of them either, even in the most strictly commercial sense.

For what is the account given by the managing directors, in the paper which stands No. 4 on our list, of the results of the above-detailed proceedings? "The present year," say they, (4th November 1852,)

"Promises to be a very good one as regards profit, *in consequence of the enormous increase in the demand for the candles.* No mere driving of the men and boys, by ourselves and those in authority under us, would have produced the sudden and very great increase of manufacture necessary for keeping pace with this demand. It has been effected only by the hearty good-will with which the factory has worked, the men and boys making the great extra exertion which they saw to be necessary to prevent our getting hopelessly in arrear with the orders, as heartily as if the question had been how to avert some difficulty threatening themselves personally. One of the foremen remarked with truth, a few days back, 'To look at them, one would think each was engaged in a little business of his own, so as to have only himself affected by the results of his work.' "

Now, if the course of conduct adopted by the Company had produced no other effect than that of bringing out this wonderful and affectionate zeal on the part of the workers, which alone enabled the capitalist to meet the public demand for his goods, we say that, as a commercial experiment, this beginning of "justice to labour," would stand commercially justified. But there is stranger news to be told. Whence proceeded this "enormous increase in the demand for the candles?" A year of prosperity no doubt was '52; but still, neither you nor we, friend reader, we will venture to say, are conscious of having burned a pair of lights last year, when we only burned a single one before, nor could we probably point to a household where it was done. Some extra amount of wasted grease may certainly be laid to the account of the general election; but the "palin-oil" seems to have been exhibited rather under that peculiar metallic form in which it becomes a special subject for the chemical investigations of election committees, and commissions

of inquiry, than under the simpler shape of "Price's Composite," or "Belmont Sperm." Our friends the managing directors give a different explanation of the "enormous increase." In asking for permission to print and circulate the letter which we are now quoting from they say,—

"We would just remark, in passing, to any shareholder who might doubt the propriety of expending the £200 or £300 which may be the amount of the cost, from first to last, of printing this letter and the educational report in sufficient quantity, (7000 copies of the educational report have been printed, and many more will be wanted,) that not only has this amount of money already been refunded, but all, and more than all, the £1200 educational vote besides; for, *it is a certain fact*, although not one which it would have done to have had in view, either in passing the vote, or in circulating the report, *that the whole has acted as one wild puff; bringing back in extra profits more than the whole amount expended, so that we might, if we pleased, put the whole down to the Company's advertisement account.*"

In plain English, the disinterested deeds of Price's Candle Company have come back to them in hard cash. The "enormous increase in the demand for the candles" has been owing, in great measure at least, to moral, and not to ordinary plutonomic causes. Men have bought Price's candles because they felt they *ought* to buy them; because in buying them they not only obtained a good article, but one of which the making carried with it a blessing, and not a curse, to nearly a thousand English homes. It has been insisted somewhere, that in the determination of the demand of capital for labour, there is a *human* element, an operation of the human will, a function of the human conscience, which economists in their systems perpetually overlook. The proposition holds good,—Price's Candle Company to wit,—of the whole broad field of supply and demand. Like will seek like, we shall find, in the economical world, as well as in the physical one, provided we study that world in its every day reality, and not in the abstractions of system; righteous men will deal with righteous men, if they can find them, benevolent with benevolent, kindly with the kind. The money demand for any article, from labour upwards, is no arbitrary, fatal quantity,—man's will and wit can stretch and shrink it by turns; man is its master and not its slave.

The moral management of Price's Candle Company has therefore, in every sense of the word, *paid*. We have become, as a nation, sufficiently alive to the social evils and dangers of the relation between capitalists and labourers, to make an attempt towards rendering that relation one of mutual duty and affection, and not of mere bargain, act "as one wild puff" on the commercial prosperity of the employer. So far, so good. We

have no business to be astonished at it, if we believe indeed, that godliness hath "promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." Hard enough too, to believe, for those many who have toiled a life long, as they deem it, for Christ's kingdom, and yet see all their plans fail, their hopes fall asunder, and the one promise gone quite out of sight perhaps, and the other even darkened by its departing shadow. Hard enough, if they cannot bear in mind that they are members of a family, and as such, only joint-heirs of a promise which they may not live to see fulfilled, but which abides not the less true; which they cannot claim each one for himself, but only each one for all. Hard enough, if they cannot remember that sower and reaper are only fellow-labourers in the same harvest, and that it were as senseless for the sower to complain that the full golden ear does not spring up behind him, even while he follows the furrow, as for the reaper to grumble that that golden ear only waves on a dry rattling haulm of straw, and not on the green stem of the young spring corn. Here, however, sower and reaper are permitted to rejoice together; righteousness and success have early joined ways, and go now hand in hand. The fear is, lest on the one hand successful benevolence should lapse into indolence and self-righteousness; lest on the other, its example should beget a host of counterfeits, lest employers should set themselves to become benevolent only because it is profitable or fashionable to do so. Let us not imagine that our social evils can be cured by the latter method. Working-men are quick to detect selfishness, under the garb of philanthropy; nor can selfishness be ever a true fulfilment of duty. Not, however, to dwell upon this point, let us say at once that the managing directors of Price's Candle Company are not the men to allow their fellow-shareholders to fall into the former danger; if they set forth to them the success and profit of their former endeavours for the education of their people, it is only to nerve them to further exertions. The annual meeting which adopted Mr. James Wilson's undertakings, took place on the 24th March 1852. But the iron must be struck while hot, and on the 4th November 1852, the managing directors were again urging the Board in their second letter on a variety of points. First, they wanted, after the balancing of the books, two weeks' extra pay to every clerk and foreman, and one week extra to every other well-conducted workman who should have been a year in the Company's employ, and half a week's pay to those who should have been four months, with power to raise any of the second class to the first on the score of special merit. Then they asked for a real half-holiday on the Saturday, instead of that half-holiday which had been saved hitherto by working more on five days of the week,

with power to give instead a fortnight's wages and leave of absence in particular cases. They desired power to make washing arrangements for night-work boys, and to provide them with a plain breakfast. They asked the Company to subscribe a penny a-week for every person in its employ to the sick-fund. Again, seeing that the business was such as to dirty the workers "beyond all power of ordinary home appliances to cleanse," it seemed to them only reasonable to propose that it should be made a part of their duty to provide, when and as they should be able, "for the personal cleanliness of the factory people generally." Next, they wished to copy, as far as circumstances would permit, "some admirable arrangements of Mr. Cubitt, at Thames Bank, and of Messrs. Ackroyds, near Halifax, for providing cooking accommodation for the men, and a good room to eat their meals in." Again, they proposed "to rent a piece of ground near the factory, with grass and trees upon it, and to place a careful person in charge, with a good supply of books, on the summer Sunday afternoons, from two o'clock till five, and to let the boys, and such of the men as chose, come there and sit about in the shade reading." They begged of the Company a vote of £100 by way of subscription to the Men's Mutual Improvement Society; £50 for a similar society then "setting hard to work in the Battersea Factory;" £25 for a society of the same sort in the Manor Street Factory; and £25 "for an important class, formed chiefly among the Belmont apprentices, and superintended by the head engineer and the foreman of the carpenters," called "The Experimental Class," and then hard at work making philosophical apparatus; "engineer-apprentices, copper-smiths, carpenters, and coopers all working in their own time, each at what he was best able to do." They proposed "to make arrangements for receiving into the Company's charge, to lie at interest, or to be paid out at any time on demand," any part of the wages of the workpeople which they might wish so to put away, in however small separate sums. Finally, they proposed, in all parts of the Factory where regularity of time was of importance, to secure this by an annual money reward of moderate amount, to those only, however, whose conduct should have been good in other respects also. And as a great additional value, they considered, would be given to their plans, if approved of, by their being made generally known among their workpeople, they suggested the having the account of them printed for circulation in the Factory, and additional copies struck off for proprietors.

Rather a formidable string of proposals at first sight, one would think, especially when involving an outlay for the first year of between £2000 and £2500, for a set of quiet candle-

makers! One can hardly help, as one reads them, feeling a number of cowardly cautions rising in one's mind. One fears lest our managing directors may be going too fast for their Board, for their proprietary. Coward cautions indeed! The Wilsons knew their Company, and their Company knew the Wilsons. First after the letter we have quoted from, comes a resolution of the Board of Directors, of the 2d December 1852, to the effect that the Board, having "maturely considered" the various propositions of the managing directors, do "cordially and unanimously approve of them, believing that the interests of the proprietors at large will be materially and permanently benefited by their adoption," but summon an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company, in order to take the sense of the proprietors thereon. Then comes a resolution of the Meeting itself, which was held on the 16th December, passed with only two dissentients out of 66 proprietors present—the dissentients themselves being willing to agree in the vote, if expressly limited to one year in the first instance, as follows:—

"That the Proprietors cordially concur with the Board in their approval of the report of the managing directors, and of the propositions contained in it; and view with great satisfaction the happy state of feeling shewn by the whole tone of that report to be at present subsisting between the Company and its workpeople, and rejoice in the prospect of deriving from the Company's increasing prosperity the means of increasing their comforts and advancing their welfare."

Extra pay at the end of the year, (or, in other words, admission of workers to profits;) diminution of the hours of labour, to the extent of half an hour a day or more in summer, or one fortnight throughout the year; washing arrangements, cooking and eating arrangements, savings-bank arrangements; votes of money to the sick fund, the various mutual improvement societies, the experimental class; money rewards for regularity of time;—all is thus adopted by the Company at large. It is almost impossible to conceive of a more hearty and graceful agreement between the different members of a large body, than is shewn by the above details.

Let us hope that this unity of spirit between the proprietary, the board, and the managing directors, will only grow more firmly knit by time, and will enable the Company to achieve yet nobler works than we have yet set forth. All has evidently not been done that can be done. The crying evil of night-work still remains, however much it may have been alleviated hitherto, and although the establishment of the Liverpool house is expected to aid its suppression. Owing to the high price of land in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, no arrangements have yet become practicable towards securing health and comfort to the

workpeople in their dwellings. We miss, as yet, from the sick fund those arrangements which have made the sick clubs of Birmingham so remarkably efficacious, by harmonizing the interests of the patients and the medical adviser, through the payment of a liberal salary to the latter, so as to make medicine really preventive rather than curative. Were we in the secret of the managing directors, instead of merely jotting down a few of the thoughts suggested to us by a rapid visit, we should no doubt have to catalogue a far more numerous series of benevolent possibilities, which only await their time and season to become blessed realities.

And at how small a cost after all have so many things been done already, to all except the noble managing director, who, from 1848 to 1852, when the outlay was at last repaid to him, had expended out of his own money £3289 on the improvement of the condition of the workpeople, and could understand how, without much personal extravagance, he had been pushed to make both ends meet out of his salary of £1000 a year! The £1200 a year of the first vote had to be set against an income stated by Mr. Wright at £50,000. The £2500 or so of the second vote (much of which was expected to return at once in savings or enhanced labour) had to be set against the extraordinary profits resulting from an "enormous increase in the demand for the candles." The whole cost of the encouragement given to the progress of some hundreds of people in knowledge, by the grants to the mutual improvement societies, Mr. G. Wilson tells us, "is only about that of one additional first-rate mechanic set to work in the place." The whole votes of the two years put together amount to less than £4000,—a sum still far short of that "tithe of all his means" which the Hebrew of old was commanded to devote to God's service. Price's Candle Company have done much, very much for their workpeople, compared with other commercial bodies. But if, as masters, they have given to their servants that which is just and equal, they must not forget that it has been out of a ten per cent. dividend.

We say this, God knows, not by way of stinting them of their due meed of praise, but rather by way of encouragement to those many employers throughout the length and breadth of this country who, we are persuaded, are striving, and for years have striven, consciously or unconsciously, to set up Christ's kingdom in their factories, to deal with their workpeople as *they* would be dealt by themselves, to unite them with themselves in the bonds of trust and love, and yet have not seen the full sunshine of success rest upon their endeavours. Many a noble soul has so striven and seen nothing but failure and ruin attend his efforts, chilled perhaps at the very outset by the distrust and suspicion

of his workpeople themselves. Many a one has striven and succeeded, and we know it not. Yes, surely, Belmont is but the full developed type of what is going on under many an English factory roof,* and if we specially dwell upon it, it is because it *is* that full developed type, because its proceedings are chronicled in print, its works accessible to any cockney, to any visitor to London. And it is, indeed, satisfactory to know that its influence is spreading far and wide. In two instances have applications been made to it for a factory-chaplain—one from a large house in or near Bristol. Shares have been taken in it by other manufacturers, anxious both to associate themselves to its prosperity and to its righteous endeavours, and to acquire by the connexion better means of carrying out their own benevolent views. Amongst these, we have heard mentioned the name of the Messrs. Bagnalls of West Bromwich, as that of a house where the most zealous efforts are now being made in the same direction by a family of very large employers of labour. When Price's Company shall have established their Liverpool house, with all the appliances which their now-trained philanthropy can devise, with its chaplain, and its schools, and its mutual improvement society, it is difficult to measure the extent of good which it may do, in the midst of the stirring and sturdy men of Lancashire.

If the example we have dwelt on be worth anything at all, let employers be up and doing at once. Price's Candle Company have been afoot just in time, it may be said, on the path which others may now tread. *They* can boast truly of having entered upon that path under ordinary circumstances of trade prosperity, compelled by no scarcity of labour, swayed by no special motives of commercial prudence. But there is a change "now passing over the labour market," as the Messrs. Wilson point out, and one which must diminish henceforth the credit of employers' benevolence towards their workpeople. "There have unhappily hitherto been so many men unemployed that masters have had their choice among them, and any man in a settled employment has not dared to leave it, whether pleasant or not." "But there is a prospect of the relative positions

* We feel it would be impossible for us to attempt a list of those employers who, like Price's Candle Company, have, without legal compulsion, endeavoured to provide for the moral and educational improvement of their workpeople, when, for instance, Birmingham alone can boast of two such firms as those of the Chances and the Winfields; and it would be equally invidious to mention a few names only. We had, however, intended to dwell at some length upon a somewhat analogous undertaking to that of the Wilsons, in a London retail trade,—Dunn's Labour Agency, in Newington Causeway; but have found it on inspection too interesting and remarkable in itself to be dismissed with the short notice to which our space would limit us.

soon being reversed, by there being more masters in want of men than men in want of masters." With the gold coming in, and the men going out, the time seems come already when the workers—and these, perhaps, in many instances, not the best, after the flower of the flock have been drafted off by emigration—are able to extort, as it were, by force, and yet grudgingly to receive, benefits which, if gracefully granted years ago, would have been gratefully accepted. See the details of the "wages movement," as it is called; see how, in almost every instance, it has only been a strike, or the threat of a strike, which has raised wages to that level which the circumstances of trade rendered mostly no more than reasonable. How rough and rude this process of adjustment! How completely does it recall, in the sphere of economics, those barbarous ages in our political history when every new franchise had to be wrung from the Norman king by rebellion or conspiracy! And when we see how easy and frictionless, comparatively with those days, is the working of our political machinery,—how a few meetings, and newspaper articles, and parliamentary motions, achieve reforms which in old days could not even have been attempted without bloodshed,—how our most formidable "Leagues" find a battle-field wide enough in Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatre,—how ministers are turned out by an adverse vote, when kings of old would have been murdered by their nobles, or executed in Whitehall, or banished beyond seas;—when one sees all this, we say, it is difficult to repress a hope that some day, when our economical machinery shall have become perfected in like manner, we shall learn to look back upon strikes and combinations, whether of men or of masters, as evidences only of the same blind, murderous struggle between force and force which in political matters is the sure sign of a low state of national development.

One thing is certain, that Price's Candle Factory already seems to contain the germ not only of a new system of trade principles, (that, thank God! is in full ear within it already,) but of a new trade-organism, if we may use the term. It has succeeded in the first place, amidst considerable fluctuations in the amount of labour required of individuals, in securing continuous employment to by far the greater number of its workpeople. With a staff of workers numbering now about a thousand, the difference between the number employed in the slack and full season respectively, does not amount, we were assured, to more than 50. How has this been obtained, and especially in an establishment which depends so much on child-labour, and which is, therefore, constantly training up a larger number of young workers than can be employed at candle-making? * Mr. James

Wilson, in his educational letter to Messrs. Brownrigg and Conybeare, gives us some hint towards clearing up this mystery,—for such it will appear to all, we presume, who are acquainted with the sad history of the brisks and slacks of ordinary competitive trade. Under favour of those trade-rules which allow any freeman of the city of London, no matter what his trade, to “take apprentices in his own or any other trade, provided only that he gets them taught that trade,” five-and-twenty of the young candle-makers had then been apprenticed as coopers, engineers, carpenters, and copper-smiths; and the number, we believe, has since then increased. Thus the candle factory is becoming a sort of training school for all the trades in anywise connected with it, tends to become more and more self-sufficing, to develop out of itself a whole little community, and to realize, so to speak, a manufacturing “Home-colony.”

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the papers numbered 5 to 9 in our list, which we would beg leave to recommend for perusal to tract societies in general, as samples of tracts written with an earnest *personal* purpose. For tracts these are, in good sooth, and tracts worth the reading. The first, dated Good Friday (18th April) 1851, invites the men of the Belmont Factory to resume a morning meeting for reading the Bible, and praying a few church collects, before beginning work, which had been interrupted by Mr. James Wilson’s illness. The next, dated 4th August 1851, which we would fain extract entire, is a strange sort of tract, some might say, about holiday-making and cricket. Then comes, in the order of date, the letter to the members of the Belmont Mutual Improvement Society, inviting them to read carefully the writer’s educational letter to Mr. Brownrigg and Mr. Conybeare, in order to point out any mis-statement, false colouring, or other inaccuracy in it. The second letter to the boys, dated Easter-Day, 1852, was written to accompany a copy of the proceedings of the general meeting of the 21th March, which was directed by the Board to be given to each of them; it reiterates some cautions of the former letter about smoking, and dwells at length, as respects the elder boys, on the formation of female friendships. Lastly, comes a noble letter to the men, of the 16th December 1852, on the subject of the general meeting of that day. It contains letters of congratulation from proprietors and others, relating to the management of the Factory,—a list including the names of the Bishop of Winchester, Mr. Robert Baker, the Factory Inspector, the authoress of “*Mary Barton*,” Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mr. Stewart, the Inspector of Schools, &c.; and gives a somewhat full account of the proceedings of the general meeting. It is difficult to convey an idea of

the depth of affectionate familiarity shewn by these two latter papers in particular. And when one is assured that not a word *too much* has been said in them on any religious topic,—that whilst, of course, appeals to the highest principles of Christian faith and love cannot come home to every working man's breast within the Factory, yet there is not one who is likely to misapprehend the spirit in which these appeals are made, not one who will mistake fervent piety in his employer for cant and hypocrisy, one becomes really lost in wonder at what has been done already to set up Christ's kingdom in this Candle Factory. Would you wish for a specimen of these "Belmont Tracts," if we may so call them? We will take one which shall fitly close this paper, as it does Mr. J. P. Wilson's letter to his workpeople, of the 16th December 1852 :—

"I dare not sign myself what you have called me in your letter, your 'best earthly friend,' but I will call myself your true one, and will express my very happy hope that we shall all advance in true religion, and with it, necessarily, in true friendship to each other, every year we live ; and that this friendship, so formed in the little part of our life which we measure by years, will continue and increase for ever in that real life in which divisions of time are unknown ; and in which distinctions of master and man, proprietor and worker, managing-director and factory boy, are laid aside for ever, having served their temporary purpose of so uniting us together in our work on earth as to enable us to assist each other in securing our eternal rest in Heaven.' May our Lord, who died to help us all, make us thus able to help one another !"

Have we justified our title? Have not "Candlemaking and Christianity" been shewn to have something to do with each other, at least in these Surrey factories?

ART. VII.—*Nelly Armstrong: A Story of the Day.* By the Author of “*Rose Douglas.*” London, 1853.

THESE volumes have appeared opportunely to remind us of an unaccomplished purpose. We have been long intending to devote some pages of this Journal to a matter which occupies, in some measure and in some shape or other, the daily thoughts of a large number of our readers, but which is seriously considered and earnestly dwelt upon by very few. We had written “a *subject*, which occupies”—but indeed, now if ever, we may write in language somewhat vulgarized by the critical jargon of the times, that the subjectiveness in this case is overlaid by the objectiveness—in other words, that whilst we are continually thinking about our domestic servants, the subject of Domestic Service but rarely enters into our thoughts.

The upper and middle classes of Great Britain are born to be served. They take little account of this service, scarcely more than they do of the sun or the air or anything else which it is their heritage to enjoy. If the sun does not shine or the air is a biting one, they complain—they think that they are aggrieved. And, if they are not served as they wish to be, they complain too—but they do not regard it as a privilege to be served at all; they do not consider how much of the comfort and enjoyment of life they owe to what they denounce as its “greatest plague;” they do not inquire why, if their servants are bad, they are not better; they would stare if you were to tell them that this is one of the most important social problems of the age.

There are few, who have not read, in Fairy-Tales, of the benighted prince or the distressed damsel, who obtains entrance by some inexplicable means into an enchanted castle—who finds the draw-bridge raised and the portcullis opened by invisible hands—who is guided by the sound of spiritual music to a noble banquet-room, where the table is spread and the dishes served by the same unseen attendants—who, in the same strange manner is conducted to a sleeping apartment, where he reposes securely in the midst of every comfort and every luxury—where, in short, from morning to night and night to morning all his wants are administered to by some mysterious agency, whilst he is utterly ignorant of the source from whence all these blessings flow. Of course he goes on his way blessing the “good fairy,” and wondering why such great things have been done in his behalf. But the benighted princes and distressed damsels of real-life know neither wonderment nor gratitude. All their wants are administered to—for the most part by unseen hands—but they

take it all, unconcernedly, for granted. They find the fire laid, and the breakfast spread; the room is ready and the meat is cooked. They pass from the sleeping chamber to the banquet-room, or from the banquet-room to the sleeping chamber, and everything is in its right place. Unseen hands have converted disorder and confusion into tidiness and comfort. All their tastes are consulted; all their whims are regarded. Cold and darkness are vanquished by the Good Fairy of domestic life. Hunger is beaten back. Rest is secured. Light, warmth, food, and sleep are the necessities of our animal existence; and they are all provided for the benighted princes and distressed damsels of whom we speak, without their uttering a word or stretching out a hand for themselves. Surely the agency by which such great things are accomplished is worthy of the earnest regard of all who are born to be served.

It is no answer to this plea for the domestic servant that the service is but the service of a hireling—that the master gives money for money's worth, and that there is an end of the matter. There is *not* an end of the matter. The domestic servant, doubtless, is paid for his service. So is the soldier who fights our battles; the sailor who mans our ships; the minister who teaches us the great lessons of the Gospel; the judge whose office it is to protect the righteous and to punish the wrong-doer. They are not less worthy of our regard because we pay them for what they do. It is true that the domestic servant receives food and shelter from his master and wherewithal to purchase clothes to cover his nakedness. But this in most cases is the substance of the reciprocation. We pay a servant the stipulated wages, and then think that our part of the contract is scrupulously fulfilled. We do not consider that there are any responsibilities attached to the office of the employer. We seldom give the subject of domestic service a serious, earnest thought.

The authoress of the volumes before us—a lady whose previous pictures of middle-class domestic life in our Scottish capital had entitled her to respectful notice—has endeavoured to awaken the attention of a drowsy public and to enlist their active sympathies, by sketching the career of a female servant, transplanted in all her innocence from the country to Edinburgh, and there sacrificed by the neglect of her employers. The picture is in all its leading features a truthful one. There are here and there some little errors of detail—errors such as womanly writers always fall into when they handle these delicate subjects, and which were more conspicuous in “*Ruth*” than in “*Nelly Armstrong*”—but the whole story is distinguished as much by the fidelity of the portraiture, as by the vigour of the execution and the healthy earnestness of the tone. It is a book written in a

right spirit, by one full of her subject ; but the utterances of her enthusiasm never swell into exaggeration ; the one-sidedness which characterizes so many works “written with a purpose” is not observable in these volumes ; and whilst we rise from their perusal with the solemn lessons they contain deeply impressed upon our minds, we feel that we have been wrought upon by the gentle persuasiveness, not by the arrogance and dogmatism, of the teacher. The story, full of interest and cleverly narrated, flows on without interruption to its close ; and merely, as a tale of sin and suffering, is one of the most touching domestic romances that have recently issued from the press. It is not our intention, however, to comment upon its attractions as a work of fiction. The account which we shall give of it is simply in relation to its bearings upon the subject of domestic service. It has appeared opportunely to furnish us with a text.

Nelly Armstrong—“Bonnie Nelly Armstrong,” as she was called in her native village—is the daughter of a colliery-overseer at Winstraelea, a steady, God-fearing man. When the girl is old enough to take service she obtains a situation close to her own home, in the house of the Superintendent of the colliery wherein her father is employed. It is the principal house in the place—a place, however, of very moderate pretensions, and Nelly, though loving her parents and kindly treated by her employers, soon begins to yearn for the gaiety and excitement of a large town. From a giddy maid-of-all-work, in a neighbouring house, she receives a glowing account of the attractions of Edinburgh, and hearing soon afterwards that her mistress has been requested by a friend residing there to send her a steady country girl to fill a subordinate place in her household, Nelly offers herself for the situation, and the offer is accepted. The old people give a reluctant consent, and Nelly is carried up to town, with her boxes, on the top of the coach.

Now, it may appear to some readers, that Nelly having a good place in the neighbourhood of her own home—being kindly treated by her employers, and dearly loved by her parents—ought not to have desired to separate herself either from the one or the other, merely for the sake of the fancied enjoyment of more stirring life in a great town. Some, indeed, may give her up at the outset, and say that she was “a bad girl.” She was not a bad girl ; but she was very far from perfection. She was giddy, as most girls are, more or less ; and being pretty, she knew it, and did not dislike admiration. She loved her parents, but she did not regard them as the only people in the world ; and was not perhaps quite capable of any very great stretch of filial heroism and devotion. In a word, she was very much like other girls of the same class. We are sorry to have to say it, but it is

a fact, that serving-girls do not like remaining in situations close to their own homesteads.

It may be said that this is a proof of the depravity of the lower orders. Not at all. Look at the middle and upper classes of society. It may sometimes, but it does not often happen that a girl, when she enters into the married state, and becomes mistress of an establishment of her own, desires to settle down for life in the immediate vicinity of her parents. She may be very much attached to her father and mother; she may be delighted to visit them; she may be proud of receiving them beneath her own roof; but she does not wish to live always under their eye, for she feels that to be under their eye is to a certain extent to be under their thralldom. "Once a child always a child." A love of independence is natural to humanity. Even young and delicate women like to think and act for themselves. And when a girl ceases to be a burden to her parents—whether she marries or earns her livelihood by domestic service—she thinks that she has a right to emancipate herself from parental control, and take upon herself the responsibility of her own actions. It is not peculiar to young people in the lower ranks of life to desire to move in a sphere remote from that of the parental circle. We do not care to inquire, at present, too curiously into the causes of this phenomenon; we only desire broadly to state the fact, and to glance, in its relation to domestic service, at a few of its circumstantial environments.

It is natural, and it is right, that parents, when they first conceive the idea of placing their children out at service, (we speak now with especial reference to female servants,) should endeavour to secure for them a situation in their own immediate neighbourhood. Perhaps, in very early youth, the girl, timid and innocent, rather embraces than shrinks from the proposal. A situation, with the lowest wages, is probably secured for her, not without considerable difficulty. She enters upon her new duties; mixes with her fellow-servants; gains confidence in herself; and soon feels the irksomeness of contiguity to the parental roof. What was at first a solace to her, becomes a restraint; then a source of irritation and annoyance. She is expected to visit her parents; and she does. She runs out when she has done her work; and at first it pleases her to exchange items of domestic intelligence with her mother. But she soon becomes cautious and reserved. Inconvenient questions are put to her. She is expected to spend all her holiday-hours in the society of her own family. She is asked where she was at such-and-such a time; or where she was going on such-and-such an occasion, when she was met abroad by some friend. The irksomeness of this soon becomes unbearable; and the girl desires

to obtain service anywhere rather than in the vicinity of her own home. Besides, it may often happen, as it happened to Nelly Armstrong, that the maiden's own village is a dull one, and that her girlish ambition incites her to seek employment in a larger sphere.

But there are other points in relation to this matter of home-service on which it is expedient briefly to touch. We have put the case of the servant: we now put the case of the employer. We do not hesitate to say, that it is the duty of the latter to employ as many of his neighbours as he can. In this case, it may emphatically be said, that "charity begins at home." When there are deserving people within the shadow of his own clms seeking honest employment, it does not become him to go to a distance in search of labour, whether in-doors or out-of-doors, simply because the work which he obtains from abroad may be a little better than that which he can acquire at home. Upon this subject, in its more extensive application, we have already spoken in this Journal.* But we do not doubt that such a system has its inconveniences; and even, apart from all selfish considerations, it is not without its drawbacks. Every householder who obtains his domestic servants from the cottages of his poorer neighbours knows that the inconvenience is great. In the first place, they are seldom or never skilled servants. They have everything to learn, and, perhaps, they are little inclined to learn. The very reliance which they are still able to place in the old parental support makes them, in many cases, "careless to please." Then there are continual excuses for going out—perhaps continual lies are being told explanatory of absence at inconvenient seasons—they had "just stepped across to mother's," or "father was poorly, and they had gone to ask after his rheumatism." Then there are disappearances of other kinds. Where no great amount of conscientiousness exists—and it is commonly said to be an exception where it does—the petty wants of the neighbourly family will, in some sort, be provided for from the big house. At all hours of the day some member of some family with whom you have allied yourself will be found in your kitchen or your pantry. Then there is something more grievous still than petty pilfering. The amount of talebearing is vexatious in the extreme. Everything that you do, and very much that you say at home, is related in your servants' families, and by them retailed to other gossips in the neighbourhood, with appropriate exaggerations, until you almost feel that you might as well live in a glass house or a whispering gallery. These are some of the inconveniences which are sure to be cited against the system of

* See No. XXXIII., Article—"Village Life in England."

employing, in your household service, members of families located in your immediate neighbourhood. The objections may be valid—that is to say, they may be based upon experience; but, for all that, we do not think that they, in any way, acquit us of the obligation of doing our duty to our immediate neighbours.

There is nothing, indeed, more clear than the fact, that they who desire to do good must consent to sustain some inconvenience. But, in this case, the well-doing is not without some very serious abatements. That the near neighbourhood of the parents of a young girl, who has taken service in a family with which they are acquainted, acts, to a certain extent, as a restraint upon her inclinations, is not to be denied. If it did not, she would not dislike it as she does. But then, on the other hand, there are dangers and temptations peculiar to such a position. A girl who has grown up in a country village, or a small country town, is intimate with almost every one, male or female, of her own age; she has many friends—perhaps many admirers—and it is difficult to shake them off. We have known this difficulty to exist even where there has been a serious, earnest desire to sever all such early connexions, and to maintain an entire exclusiveness within the precincts of the adopted family. It is hard upon a young girl to be told that she has grown proud—that she sets herself up—that her old companions are not good enough for her now. It requires no ordinary resolution to bear up against such taunts. But in a very large proportion of cases the resolution is never tried. There is no attempt—there is no desire to break off these old connexions. It ordinarily happens that the young servant girl, like Nelly Armstrong, “steals out almost every night to have a flirtation over the garden-hedge, though certain of being scolded on her return.”

Now, this is a very considerable drawback from the advantages of service near home. A girl who is so employed amidst the familiar scenes of her childhood, can hardly carry a message, or make a household purchase at the shop, or put a letter in the post, without meeting a friend—perhaps an admirer, eager to gossip or to flirt with her—if in the dangerous twilight hour so much pleasanter the meeting, and so much longer the confabulation. Then, she cannot walk to or from church without being perilously beset—to say nothing of visits at home, when her employers are out of the house, from those who have romped with her as a child, and are slow to consider that a different demeanour consorts better with their advancing years. All this we say is a drawback; and one, too, which may not unreasonably raise a painful doubt in the minds of those who are earnestly bent upon turning to the best account their opportunities as employers. Such doubts as these, however, will

always occur to the philanthropist ; for it is not easy to do good. It is especially difficult too, in such cases as this, to lay down any general rule that shall apply to all individual cases. There is sometimes a relaxing moral atmosphere out of which it is unquestionably desirable to move a young girl at the dangerous period of incipient adolescence. Her parents may not be trustworthy examples or safe guides ; she may not have had the benefit of good religious teaching, and for want of such teaching the morals of the neighbourhood may be generally corrupt ; she may have formed vicious acquaintances, and find it difficult to shake them off. In such cases, removal to a distance from home is a benefit rather than an evil. But with respectable god-fearing parents like the Armstrongs—with a ministry which she has learnt to reverence from her childhood—with friends, in the employing classes, who have watched her progress in the village-schools, and by whom—the minister himself at their head—she desires to be well regarded—she is safer, on the whole, under the shadow of the old church, in which she prayed and sang as a child, than in some distant place the very name of which sounds strangely and mysteriously in her ears.

So thought the Armstrongs—grieving much and fearing much when Nelly left them to go to her “new place” in town. It was just the kind of “place,” too, in which the good old people, with the welfare of their child deeply at heart, might have reasonably rejoiced. But good old people do not always know what is best for the young. Nelly’s new mistress was a widow lady, in reduced circumstances, living with one daughter and a staid old servant, “in a small but neat house in Danube Street.” The ladies were very kind to Nelly ; but the old servant was somewhat grim and dragon-like ; and the country beauty soon began to feel the kitchen insufferably dull.

Mrs. Elliot—Nelly’s new mistress—“considered it a duty incumbent upon her to instruct and advise her servants. Whilst they remained with her they formed part of her family, and she anxiously desired to improve the connexion.” After this, the assertion that “Nelly was fortunate in obtaining such a mistress” comes, naturally, as a *sequitur*, to which few will be inclined to demur. But we are not quite sure that the authoress has altogether made out her case. She has either said too little or too much. We will presently explain our meaning, but we desire first to exhibit, with more minuteness, Mrs. Elliot’s ideas of the responsibility of employers :—

“She (Nelly) was as certain of being guarded from temptation in Mrs. Elliot’s house, as if she had still been under her parent’s wing. With great sweetness of disposition, Mrs. Elliot possessed firmness in the discharge of duty. Pure and high-minded—shrinking from the

very appearance of evil—she kept a strict watch over the morals of her household. Perhaps she was old fashioned in this and in some of her maxims, but their effects shewed their significance. *She considered no mistress who had not done her utmost, by advice and by the arrangement of her household affairs to shield her domestics from temptation, warranted to be severe in the condemnation of the poor victims of it.* But, though marking her abhorrence of the sin, she was ever tender in judging of the sinner. Humility was her own distinguishing characteristic; and her acquaintance with that spring of all evil—the human heart—taught her to be lenient towards others—‘Considering thyself lest thou also be tempted,’ was her guide. Still she was careful to discriminate between cherished and wilful transgression, and the effect of sudden temptation on an unstable and thoughtless mind. To the former she was justly severe, whilst in regard to the latter, she considered it her duty to mingle mercy with reproof.”

Nothing can be better than this; it is written quite in the right spirit. And when the authoress, leaving the descriptive for the didactic, launches into the following serious strain, we entirely sympathize with her.

“Alas!” she exclaims, “how much crime and misery might be saved, if all mistresses of households acted in the same spirit as Mrs. Elliot! How many servants, especially in large and fashionable establishments, are wantonly and thoughtlessly exposed to temptation! And when they have yielded to it, how often are they remorselessly precipitated on what proves a downward and an awful course! Yes, most virtuous woman—ornament as you may be to society, exemplary as is the abhorrence you have just expressed for the vice whose discovery has thrown your household into confusion, you must answer to God for the furtherance of that poor wretch’s crime. You received her innocent into your family—how have you protected that innocence? If you have not endeavoured to do so, and have expelled her disgraced, helpless, and it may be almost penniless upon the world, shudder at the probable consequences of your harshness. Mercy in such cases was only a duty.”

We shall speak of these grave matters presently—but first of all we desire to consider the case of Mrs. Elliot, whom, if we understand the authoress aright, she upholds as a sort of model mistress to be subsequently contrasted with others of whom later mention is made. Inasmuch as that she was tenderly concerned for her servants—that she understood her responsibilities—that she was tolerant of others’ weaknesses, was merciful and charitable, she is to be commended—nay more, she is to be loved. But nothing is more true than that it is very difficult to do good; and even such ladies as Mrs. Elliot may fall into grave mistakes. Mrs. Elliot was an old lady—an educated lady—a religious lady. Perhaps she did not quite understand the nature and the appetences of such girls as Nelly Armstrong—young, imperfectly

educated, giddy, fond of amusement. The kitchen in Danube Street was a very dull place. Nelly's fellow-servant was old, taciturn, morose. It is true that Mrs. Elliot and her sweet daughter Mary were very kind to their pretty serving-girl, and the young lady often conversed with Nelly, and endeavoured "to draw her out." For this Nelly, as in duty bound, was grateful.

"But gratitude is not companionship."

What Nelly wanted was companionship. She longed for a more stirring active life. It was very dreary in Danube Street. Mrs. Elliot, we are told, lent her books to read, and afforded her abundant leisure to look after her clothes. Reading and needlework are excellent employments. They keep the head and the hand from mischief. But perfection is not obtainable for ten guineas a-year. Angels do not go out to service even in Danube Street. If Nelly had been a better girl, she would have wanted perhaps nothing better for the daily occupation of head, hand, and heart, than her household duties, her needlework, Mrs. Elliot's grave books, and an occasional kind word from Miss Mary. But, alas! such is not human nature, even in the high places of the earth. Why, then, are we to look for it in the low? The round of such domestic duties ought not to be dull—but it is impossible to close our eyes to the unfortunate fact, that it very frequently *is*. There are few of us, at all events, in whom the social instincts are not implanted. They crave and clamour for an outlet in some direction or other. They are not to be repressed. The desire for companionship is natural—nay more, it is amiable. We confess, and we are not ashamed of the confession, that we like Nelly Armstrong rather the better for her little discontent with the dreary kitchen in Danube Street, and her yearnings after the cheerfulness of the country village, albeit "a flirtation over the garden-hedge" was one of its chief contributions. And, sorry as we are to say it, we are compelled to say that the dreariness of this kitchen life, at the outset of her metropolitan career, paved the way to poor Nelly's ruin.

We feel that we are treading now upon very delicate ground—that we are entering a path beset on all sides with briary difficulties. There is no part of our subject of which we have thought so much as of this; and there is not one regarding which we are compelled to acknowledge that we are so far off from a satisfactory conclusion. We should not despair, indeed, of a consolatory solution of the whole problem of domestic service, if we could only determine how it is to be rendered pleasant to the servant, without any intermixture of that evil which is so often the concomitant of pleasure. What we desire is to make

our domestic servants cheerful, contented members of our families, and yet withal good servants; that they should do their duty to their employers, and yet partake freely of the harmless enjoyments of life. Now this would seem, in theory, to be very easy. Every one *who has not tried it*, will exclaim that it is the easiest thing in the world—but every one who *has tried it*, will, when he sees the subject mooted in these pages, read on with a grave sad face, and inwardly acknowledge that there is nothing harder.

Humanum est errare. The best people make mistakes—ay, and the most thoughtful people too. Eager to escape error in one direction, we precipitate ourselves into it in another. Or seeing danger on either side, and nervously anxious to keep ourselves fairly in mid-channel, we still steer ourselves upon the rocks on the right hand or the left. We have known, in our time, some of the saddest failures—some of the saddest failures born of the purest motives, and of the best considered designs. We have known the heads of a family, kind by nature, kind upon system, thoughtfully and assiduously endeavour to produce, by the most considerate liberality, the rare result of a happy household, and fail after all, more disastrously than if they had never given the subject a thought.

Let us put a case in illustration of our meaning, not perhaps an imaginary one. A respectable middle-class family settles down in a country village, or in a small country town. The requirements of the household are sufficient for the entertainment of five or six servants. The master of the house conceiving it to be his duty to give as much employment as possible to his poorer neighbours, grafts upon his old stock of two or three domestics who have been for some time in his service, three or four young untrained girls, the daughters of small tradesmen or mechanics living within a stone's throw of his house. Nothing can possibly be better than the intention of this. We have already said that we conceive it to be every man's duty to regard rather the wants of those who live at their own doors, than those who reside in the remote places of "Borioboola-Gha." So far, at all events, good has been done. A certain number of unprofitable members of poor families have at least been rendered self-supporting. The translation of Ruth, or Kate, or Fanny, from the small crowded cottage in which she dwelt, to the commodious house of her new employer, is at least an immediate relief to her parents, and a pleasant change for herself. But this is not, or ought not to be, by any means the principal consideration. The real thing gained is this, that the young girl has made the first step forward on a career of honest industry, and it is to be hoped that she may learn that which will enable her

to preserve her independence and her respectability to the end of her life.

Nothing, indeed, can be fairer than the prospect before her. And nothing can be much greater than the responsibility of the employers. We assume, to carry on the hypothesis, that they are earnestly desirous of turning their opportunities to the best possible account. They say to themselves, or to one another, "We must not, at the very outset of these young people's career of domestic service, disgust them with the new life on which they have entered. We must not make them think that it is all hard labour and painful restraint. A little liberty, a little exercise, a little amusement,—these surely are the rightful privileges of the young. It is not unreasonable that they should covet such enjoyments. We will not stand in their way. If we give them a fair amount of harmless recreation at home they, will not go in search of vicious amusements abroad. Let us remember that they are made of the same clay as ourselves; they have the same instincts, the same appetites, the same desires. We enjoy liberty,—we enjoy recreation,—we yearn after change,—we delight in amusement,—Why, then, should not they?" Let us bind our domestics to us by some better tie than that of *wages*; let us regard them, indeed, as members of our own family; let us endeavour to make them happy and contented, and they will serve us the better because they love us the more."

Now this seems, indeed, to be language as reasonable as it is kindly. It comes both from the head and from the heart; but, reasonable as it all is in theory, in practice it comes to worse than nought—

Some sudden and inexplicable germ
Of failure,

presents itself. The benevolent design of making, at the same time, useful servants, happy members of a family, and good young women, breaks down under the force of some inherent defect, the nature of which it is not easy to explain. The causes of failure are, indeed, many. Deep down beneath them all lies that ancient mistrust,—that want of confidence and sympathy between different classes, of which we have heretofore sorrowfully spoken. The truth is, that the experiments of which we are speaking must be often repeated to be successful. It may be doubted whether at present the one class sufficiently understands the other,—whether, indeed, the gulf between them is sufficiently bridged over to secure the success of any such experiments. More or less, we are inclined to think that this want of understanding, this want of confidence, is at the bottom of all these failures. Often a few words

uttered in truthful honesty and simple candour will save a world of error and misunderstanding, and obviate painful heart-burnings and irritating disappointments, which chill the warmth of the most benevolent, and bewilder the mind of the most thoughtful of philanthropists.

Better than anything else, perhaps, a single homely example will illustrate our meaning. A gentleman and lady of the middle-classes,* intent upon making their domestic servants happy and cheerful, and giving them the opportunity of enjoying the society of their relatives at home, fitted up for them a comfortable room, nicely curtained and carpeted, and encouraged them when their work was done to spend the evening cheerfully there, and sometimes (notice being given to their employers) to invite a few friends to tea or supper. There was always a good supply of amusing books and periodicals at their disposal. It was suggested to them that their evenings might be pleasantly and profitably spent, if one of the party were to read aloud whilst the others were employed with their needlework. But some how or other, in spite of all these liberal provisions and wise suggestions, though a considerable amount both of trouble and expense had been incurred, and the arrangement was made with the kindest possible intentions, the whole thing was a failure. The room was seldom or never tenanted. Indeed, it was as resolutely avoided as though it had been possessed by a ghost. All this was very mortifying and discouraging to the proprietors. They endeavoured to find the germ of the failure that, if possible, they might apply a remedy: but although more than one attempted explanation was offered, the truth did not transpire till some time afterwards, when the utter hopelessness of the experiment had caused the room to be converted to other uses. It then came out by accident, that the apartment which had been so pleasantly fitted up for the accommodation of the servants, being situated next to one of the principal sitting-rooms in which the family spent the evening, and the partitions between the two being unusually slight, every sound, whether of talking or laughing, above the lowest, passed from one room to the other, and rendered the continual occupation of both almost an impossibility. The proximate cause of failure here is obvious, and an accidental circumstance of this kind may seem to indicate nothing more than some want of thought on the part of the employers. But there was, we repeat, a cause of failure far more deeply seated than

* It will be obvious that in this, as throughout our article, when no special exception is made, our allusions are to the households of the vast majority of those middle-class employers who keep from half-a-dozen servants to a simple maid-of-all-work.

this,—one, indeed, of far greater significance and more general application. The want of confidence, of which we have spoken, between the two classes, strikes at the very root of all such benevolent experiments, and blights the fairest promise of success.

In the individual illustration here cited, the fault was, doubtless, all on one side. Confidence was invited,—candour would have been appreciated by the employers. But we cannot expect class-prejudices, the growth of more than a century, to yield to the kindness of a day. The fact is, that it would be a much easier thing than it now is to do good, if the desire to do good were more common. We can hardly be surprised that the poor should look with some suspicion on the rich,—that they should be slow to believe in the genuine kindness of the latter, when the rule is one of exclusiveness and indifference, and the exceptions are so very rare. We are afraid it cannot truthfully be denied that if the general feeling of the lower orders is one of distrust, it is because their superiors have done little or nothing to gain their confidence and affection. The distrust is generally mutual. Even in grave didactic books, published by religious tract societies, young people are warned against being “familiar” with their servants; and the warning is generally fortified by some stories illustrative of the evil habits of domestics,—of their trickery, their duplicity, their dishonesty, their use of bad language, &c. &c. Now, what are we to expect, if they who conceive it to be their mission to teach, thus wilfully and systematically endeavour to widen the breach between the employers and the employed,—to make each regard the other with distrust,—to array them, indeed, one against the other, openly, undisguisedly, as enemies, instead of bringing the master and the servant side by side as friends? Now, “familiarity” between the employer and the employed, rightly understood, so far from being a bad state of things, is that which, above all others, it is most desirable to bring about. If “familiarity,” in the writings of which we speak, means levity of conduct and looseness of speech, doubtless it is to be eschewed, whether it belong to the behaviour of a nursery-maid or a duchess. That is not a matter which we are now called upon to consider. If such writers, however, mean to instruct young gentlemen and ladies to keep themselves aloof as much as possible from domestic servants, because the daily life of such people is ordinarily marked by levity of conduct and looseness of speech, all we can say is, that it had been better for them if they had never learnt to write. There is no surer mode of making our servants unworthy of our confidence and the companionship of our children, than by thus holding them up, even in our lesson-books, as reprobates and outcasts. •

Besides, it appears to us, that in all such sweeping denunciations, apart from the evil that they do to others, there is a certain amount of self-stultification. If our domestic servants be as a class so vicious that our children are to be warned against “familiarity” with them,—or, in other words, that they are to be proscribed as people given up to licentiousness of conduct, and to looseness of speech,—no really good person would ever place so corrupt and so corrupting a set of people about the persons of their children. A really religious person would rather sweep the floors, and light the fires, and dress the children, than so contaminate the tender minds of the young. No one can do right in admitting into his household people who are to be denounced and proscribed from the first. Either our domestic servants are to be received as members of our families, deserving of our confidence, or we ought not to admit them into our houses at all. Now, “familiarity” is nothing more than treatment as a member of the family, and it is precisely such treatment that we ought to bestow on our domestic servants.

We are not in the least afraid of being misunderstood. It will not be supposed for a moment that we are arguing in favour of the levelling of social distinctions. There is a place for masters; and there is a place for servants. But there need not be a gulf yawning between them. Masters are masters, and servants are servants; but they need not be sworn enemies in a state of deadly antagonism with each other. The relations between them should be those of kindness and affection; of tenderness and protection on the one side, and of respect and gratitude on the other. This assertion, it is true, taken by itself, is a mere inflated commonplace; but we believe that what we mean will be gathered very distinctly from this paper, when perused in all its integrity. At all events, we are very clear upon one point—namely, that the worst thing that any one can do, whether in religious tracts or other publications, in connexion with this great subject of domestic service, is to widen the gulf between the employer and the employed, by laying down as a general rule that the latter are vicious, both in language and in conduct, and as such to be sedulously avoided.

We admit, however, that it is extremely difficult to lay down any precise rules for the determination of the boundaries between the master and the servant, which are to limit the extent of the wholesome familiarity of which we speak. Much must depend upon individual character and particular circumstances. We have already admitted that very grievous mistakes are often made by very well-intentioned people—that a kindness meant is not always a kindness done—and that even where the benevolent impulse is tempered by well-matured thought, a result may

be produced very different from that which was contemplated and desired. Endeavouring to make happy members of one family, we may fail to make good servants. We may give young people too much liberty and too much amusement. We may start with the belief that a certain amount of harmless recreation will cause servants to set about their work more cheerfully and more energetically; that indulgence will impel them to do their duty to their employers in a grateful spirit, and with a sincere determination to do their best to return good for good; that kind masters will always make industrious servants; and that, therefore, we cannot err in promoting, within reasonable bounds, the harmless amusement of our household. But it is very true that these good efforts are not always successful. We may happen to do our servants more harm than good. We may unsettle their minds; we may unhinge their industry. We may make young servants especially, oblivious of the paramount claims of duty. We may make them careless and giddy; noisy and frolicsome at wrong times; unintentionally disrespectful and indecorous in their manners. Much of this will probably arise from some manifestation of want of judgment in the employer—perhaps a deficient acquaintance with the nature of the soil on which he experimentalizes, or some undue confidence in his own powers and means. But acknowledging the fact, we do not admit the inference which some, perhaps, would draw from it. We are not to cease from endeavouring to do good because we are not always successful. It is our duty in such cases to gather strength from failure; to turn our experience to profitable account; to take heart and to try again. It is not easy, as we have said, to do good. It is a godly privilege indeed; and, if it be not accorded to us at the outset, we must not shrink back, discouraged and distressed, and lapse into inactivity.

No! in spite of all such failures, and doubtless they have been many, it is the duty of every head of a household to remember that all its members have instincts and appetences like his own, and that it is natural to crave after society of some kind—natural to desire to be amused. Nelly Armstrong, in Mrs. Elliot's house, was treated with kindness—almost, indeed, with tenderness. But the kitchen was a very dreary place; and Nelly sighed for companionship. Before long she struck up an acquaintance with an old bowl woman, who came at first for odds-and-ends of kitchen stuff; and, in her conversational destitution, enjoyed a little gossip with the old woman, whilst her fellow-servant was otherwise employed. The visitor had, perhaps, other objects in view; at all events, she soon hinted to Nelly that such a bonny lass was throwing herself sadly away—moping all day in that companionless kitchen in Danube Street—

and that there were many better and more cheerful places to be found in other parts of the city. Nelly thought much of this; and soon afterwards her longings after cheerful society were strengthened by an accidental meeting with her old friend Janet, who had first filled her head with new thoughts of the delights of the metropolis, and who had since obtained a situation in the house of one Mrs. Maxwell Grey, who had a large establishment in Moray Place, and was a vain, gay woman of the world. Moray Place was obviously very different from Danube Street; and Nelly Armstrong was soon burning with desire to obtain a place in the cheerful household of Mrs. Maxwell Grey. This, perhaps, would not have happened if the kitchen in Danube Street had been less dreary than it was. Mrs. Maxwell Grey, we are told, “considered herself a most exemplary member of society. She attended church at least once every Sunday, and always on the sacramental fasts, and she occasionally gave money for religious and charitable purposes. . . . Once a year she invited her clergymen in town and country to dinner, and paid them marked attention. And so with a comfortable reliance on getting to heaven, on account of her church-going and her alms-giving, Mrs. Maxwell Grey spent six nights out of seven in dissipation.”

“Her servants,” it is added, “followed the example of their mistress, and were equally fond of company. Mrs. Maxwell Grey’s kitchen was familiar to half the ‘fast’ young clerks in town. Nay, sometimes the young gentlemen who had waltzed and flirted with the ladies of the family one evening, had no objection to a game of romps with the maids the next. Of course Mrs. Maxwell Grey knew nothing of this. She paid high wages, and had experienced servants. They gave her little trouble, which she attributed to her own excellent management and dignified conduct. To converse with or show any particular interest in her servants, tended, she believed, to induce carelessness and familiarity—a most unfounded idea—as every earnest-minded, large-hearted mistress has found. . . . Once a day, and punctually at the same hour, did Mrs. Maxwell Grey descend her kitchen stairs, inspect her larder, and give her orders, after which she retired with dignity to her own apartments. This over, her servants enjoyed full liberty. They got out on alternate Sabbaths, and had the privilege of spending the whole day abroad if they chose. . . . Her house of course was very popular amongst a certain class of servants. When a vacancy occurred in the establishment, there was quite a rush made to secure it. But wo to those families into which her domestics entered. They carried, as it were, the plague with them, and by their example and discourse soon corrupted their new fellows.”

Such was the lady who rustled into the little drawing-room in Danube Street, to inquire into Nelly’s “character;” and such was

the house in which soon afterwards Nelly found herself located. The truth must be told, that the poor girl had been, for some time before, falling away from her old straightforwardness of conduct and honesty of speech. A necessity for concealment had arisen. She had begun, under the auspices of Janet, to turn her Sunday afternoons to other accounts than those of church-going, and had formed an acquaintance, through the agency of her friend, with one of those fast young clerks, who, according to our authoress, frequented Mrs. Maxwell Grey's kitchen. Whether young gentlemen who visit at such houses as Mrs. Maxwell Grey's are also to be found at times as guests in the kitchen, we do not pretend to know. Our own impression is, that although they might not be unwilling to associate with pretty young maid-servants out of doors, the kitchen-companionship alluded to in the above extract, is not of very frequent occurrence. This, however, is a matter of no great moment. The fact, in either case, still remains, that young serving-girls are peculiarly exposed to the dangerous attentions of men a little above them in birth and station. In the first place, there is no class of young females—except that of milliners and dressmakers—who are more personally attractive, by reason of the care which they bestow upon their dress, and the propriety with which they regulate their movements. It is not to be doubted, that where there is constant association with people of good education and elegant manners, something of refinement is gained to domestic servants by the contact. At all events, the natural imitativeness which is common to all classes here comes into play; women are more plastic and impressible than men; they have more innate propriety and elegance: and they rapidly learn to simulate the gentleness of their superiors, whilst no such progress is made by their brothers. It has been often remarked—*so* often, indeed, that we hesitate to repeat it—that if you observe, on a Sunday or a holiday, a party of both sexes, belonging to the working classes, in their best attire, you will be struck by the extreme disproportion between the appearance of the men and of the women. The former are far more common-looking—far more ungainly in their movements than the latter. There is often a degree of elegance and grace about the women which is wholly absent from their brothers and their husbands. Now, domestic servants have advantages peculiar to themselves; and it rarely happens that they are not the best dressed, the smartest, the liveliest—the least awkward, vulgar, and ungainly—of all the girls, in their own village or country town. These are dangerously attractive properties; and then, in most cases, the poor girls are independent of the immediate control of parents or other guardians; they have no one to counsel, no one to restrain them. When they are once outside

their master's door, they obey their own impulses; they are easily flattered, easily cajoled. They are of all others the most likely to appreciate the advantages of that cleanliness of person and propriety of costume which belong to the upper classes of society, but not to the working-men of their *own* class. When Mr. Thackeray in his story of *Pendennis* made the little girl in Shepherd's Inn fall in love as much with his fine linen as his handsome face, he illustrated a truth which grave didactic writers have insisted upon in a more authoritative strain, and which all men of any experience will fully recognise. We think that from these premises some of the dangers which beset our female domestic servants may be easily inferred.

Nelly Armstrong, as we have said, formed an acquaintance with a young lawyer's clerk whilst she was still a member of Mrs. Elliot's innocent household. When she was transferred to Mrs. Maxwell Grey's, the intimacy increased. Mrs. Maxwell Grey, we are told, allowed her servants the privilege of spending on alternate Sabbaths "the whole day abroad if they chose." "Where some of them spent the evenings," continues this earnest-minded writer, "we decline mentioning. But we affirm it to be a sad and startling fact, and one that deserves the notice of the heads of families, that the greater proportion of those poor lost outcasts who nightly haunt our streets, can trace their fall into various habits to the liberty allowed them of attending Sabbath evening sermons, or of visiting their friends on that night. But Mrs. Maxwell Grey found it more convenient to spare her servants on Sundays than on other days. She kept little company on that day, having a great regard for appearances." This, indeed, is a lamentable truth. It is one, indeed, on which we have heretofore emphatically enlarged;* and we are glad to repeat the warning in other language than our own. Those Sunday evenings—more harm is done upon them than on all the other six days of the week; and yet well-meaning people who would not upon principle give their servants five minutes' unnecessary work, suffer them to go abroad, perhaps for five hours, and go whithersoever they will, on the transparent pretext of attending divine service and taking a country walk.

These Sabbath evenings ruined Nelly Armstrong, as they have ruined many another member of the same peril-girt class. The wiles of Mr. Shepherd, the lawyer's clerk, succeeded—and poor Nelly fell. We need not enter into the sad history of her fall. It is treated with equal skill and delicacy in these pages. The indiscretion bore the wonted bitter fruits. "The ninth of

* See No. XXXIII., Article—"Village Life in England."

July arrived," we are told, "and found Nelly much changed. Her spirits were very low, her colour and eyes were grown dim, and her step dull and heavy. She was now often in tears—tears that would not be repressed, and which gushed forth on the most trivial occasions. She was evidently most unhappy, though she would not avow the cause of it. No longer did she steal down to gossip with her fellows and have a share in any amusement that might be going on among them; sad and solitary she sat and worked in the room allotted for the purpose, though her trembling fingers could sometimes ill guide her needle. *A letter from home kept her crying one half of the following night.* As to her correspondence with her friends, it was much less regular than it used to be. *Nelly could not endure to write.* Strange significant nods, winks, and surmises began to be exchanged by the other servants concerning her. . . . *Any remark about her parents seemed to agonize Nelly, as well as the mention of her lover's name.*" It need not be stated after this that she was about to become a mother.

After a while a fellow-servant—"No spy so acute and dangerous as an irritated and experienced fellow-servant"—reveals the truth to her mistress. Mrs. Maxwell Grey is of course indignant in the extreme, as such people commonly are. "Such a thing to happen," she exclaims, "in a well-regulated family like mine. I am quite ashamed to think of it." Her daughter, with girlish kindness, endeavours to intercede for the wronged one; and then Mrs. Maxwell Grey is of course ashamed of *her*. The *fiat* is, that Nelly Armstrong should pack up her things and go instantly. Miss Grey suggests that perhaps she has no friends in the neighbourhood; but the virtuous mistress of the household silences her by saying "Nonsense! such people always have friends. I have nothing to do with that. But I will not encourage such immorality by permitting her to remain another hour under my roof." And so Nelly Armstrong is paid her wages, right to a fraction, and cast adrift on the world.

No one seemed to sympathize with her in her sorrow, bitter as it was, save the old cook, who "grasped Nelly's hand with real feeling," and said to the man-servant, whom she met as she turned away, "What are ye snickering at, ye loon? Is it anything to laugh at to see a puir creature thrown that way on the world? I dare say that if ye had your deservings, you wouldna be lang here either." And so Nelly "found herself outside of that gay mansion which she had so desired to enter—from which she was now expelled in disgrace."

Of the subsequent history of Nelly Armstrong we cannot speak. The reader who would know what were the bitter sufferings of the poor and much injured girl, must turn to the

second volume of this most touching narrative. How she seemed to be at one time on the brink of irretrievable ruin, until the saintlike charity, the heroic courage of Mary Elliot rescued her from a state worse than death, is told, as only a woman, and that a most true-hearted woman, could tell it, in these pages. The book has served our purpose. We have done with it—so after the manner of men we throw it aside. But it has not passed out of our hands with a bad name. We trust that “Nelly Armstrong’s” character is even better than before.

To couple together two such people as Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Maxwell Grey would be manifestly wrong. It would, indeed, be something worse than a blunder. But it is not to be denied that both erred—the one from over-conscientiousness and over-scrupulousness; the other from unconscientiousness and unscrupulousness—and that the errors of both were grievous in their influences upon the life of poor Nelly Armstrong. In these two very different persons we see personified the two great classes into which employers may be divided. There are numerous minor varieties and modifications—but under one or other of these two classes there are few masters and mistresses who may not fairly be ranged; those who set too strict a watch upon their servants, who do not sufficiently take account of the wants and weaknesses of poor humanity, and exact from imperfectly educated young people such an amount of forbearance and self-denial, of patience and courage, as might with difficulty be acquired, in a college of martyrs and saints; and those, on the other hand, who leave the weaklings entirely to themselves, never counselling them, never restraining them, but with the coolest and most contemptuous indifference leaving them to sink or swim. In the one case human nature is put violently into a strait waistcoat; in the other it is allowed free scope and exercise to run into any excesses and play any fantastic tricks. We need not say that between these two extremes there is a mean and not a narrow one. But some how or other these means, called “golden,” not less for their rarity than for their preciousness, are seldom preserved even by people virtuous, and in a manner, wise. What a happy world it would be if we could keep ourselves from slipping on either side beyond the limits of this golden mean.

The first thing is, of course, a clear recognition of the responsibility of employers. We must start fairly from this point. Food, shelter, and clothing are not all the goods we are bound to bestow upon those who dwell beneath our roofs, and take part with us in the daily concerns of life. For the time at least we stand in the relation of parents to them; they have left father and mother to follow us, and it is our duty in some sort to supply the places of those early and best friends. We must

do this as much by considerate kindness as by wholesome restraint. It cannot be too often repeated that a servant girl on taking a "place," does not bind herself to discard all the instincts and appetences, and to smother all the affections of humanity. She does not cease to be a woman, because she wears an apron and a cap, and receives twelve guineas a year from her employers. It is assumed that she has inclinations which it is neither irrational nor immoral to gratify in moderation. We may be sure that it is utterly vain to endeavour to suppress all these instincts, and that nature will have way in secret, if not before our eyes. We have heard people say, "Oh, I know that such and such things must happen; I cannot help them, and I do not care so long as they are not brought before me." There is a sort of tacit compromise indeed; but of all things in the world these compromises are the most mischievous and inexcusable. There are doings which only become wrong when they are covert. Why then should we make wrong? To say "You shall not do this or that" may be injudicious—may be tyrannical; but to say in effect, "Do what you like, so as I do not know it," is to hold the candle to Satan, and actually to create vice.

It is hard to calculate the amount of practical evil that comes out of these concealments. If we admit, as every rational person must admit, that our domestic servants, like other people, must have friends and desire to associate with them, is it not far better that it should be an understood thing between the employer and the employed, that the latter should be visited at seasonable hours, by respectable relatives and friends, and that even if there be something more than mere common acquaintance, it should not be a thing denied? Why is not Ruth, or Kate, or Fanny to have her "followers," as well as Miss Amelia Maria, after whom Captain Sabretash is always dangleing, or Mrs. Plumb, the wealthy widow, who is perseveringly "followed" by the Reverend Isaac Pew? Amelia Maria expresses her horror of followers, even to the Captain himself, and the widow lives in a state of excitement regarding them, which seems likely to shorten her days. If one of their pretty serving girls has been seen shaking her cherry-coloured ribands, at the back gate, as the carpenter's son goes by after his day's work, or has actually had the audacity to invite the grocer's assistant to sit down and take a dish of tea in the kitchen, there is no end to their lamentations and revilings. The unfortunate girl is denounced in the harshest language; she is impertinent and immodest, bold and artful—perhaps she loses her place. How much better, under such circumstances, would it be for the mistress of a household to endeavour to win the confidence of her domestics, and to be the depositary of their most

cherished secrets? Why a comely parlour-maid, or housemaid, or even a buxom cook, should not receive the honest addresses of a worthy young man, and, in due course, have the banns put up in the parish church, we cannot by any means conjecture. They do not vow themselves to perpetual celibacy when they advertise for a place. But we know very well that the concealments forced upon them by the harsh, grudging spirit in which too often the gratification of their natural instincts is regarded, are laden with a world of evil. It is a melancholy fact, that a very large proportion of the unhappy young women who are tried every year in our criminal courts, for the murder of their illegitimate children, are domestic servants. This is not to be attributed to the peculiar depravity of the class, but the peculiarly disadvantageous character of their social environments. How much of it comes out of those three well-known words, "No followers allowed," it is difficult to say. If young women are afraid of their admirers being seen within the shadow of their own rightful homes, they will meet them abroad, where no restraints and impediments exist, and the tempter, Opportunity, is at their elbow.

There are other terrible things, too, which come out of this want of "familiarity," we use the word advisedly, between the employer and the employed. What is it that peoples our streets at night with so many degraded outcasts? A very large number of those who ply the wretched trade from which their inmost souls shrink in abhorrence, and from which they would thankfully extricate themselves if they could, have been domestic servants. It would be instructive to ascertain how many of these have been ruined by the injudicious harshness of their employers. A poor girl, led astray by temptation, commits some venial offence and is dismissed. Like Nelly Armstrong, she is cast adrift suddenly on the world, and, perhaps, she has no friends to whom to betake herself. With perhaps only a few shillings in her pocket, she is left to shift for herself in a large town, where there are ever sure to be panders of the worst kind prowling about, and seeking whom they shall devour. This is a common evil. It is a wickedness against which the authoress of *Nelly Armstrong* indignantly protests. She says, and she says truly, after tracing in a few expressive sentences the downward career of a dismissed serving-girl,—

"And this, madam, is your work! yet you are a woman highly esteemed in society; mothers quote you to their daughters as a model of propriety, of severe irreproachable virtue, nay, of active benevolence. Year after year, with comfortable self-approval, you behold your name enrolled among other subscribers to Magdalene asylums, and shelters for the outcast and profligate. Woman! little do you

dream of having been instrumental in fashioning an asylum for them. You did not anticipate the consequences, I grant you, when you turned your servant from your door, without doing her the justice of listening to her trembling explanation; but it is as truly yours as if you had planned it. Listen to what the Great Master says: 'For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' . . . We do believe that if mistresses were more aware of the dreadful consequences that often flow from rigorous severity towards their domestic servants, such things would seldom happen. To discharge a servant suddenly from her situation, unless for some very aggravated offence, is wantonly to expose her in many cases to great danger. . . . Oh! we have great responsibility laid upon us! A few reproving words, a little timely admonition, might, perhaps, in many cases, prevent a repetition of faults, and might be the means of saving poor girls from lives of debauchery and deaths of horror."

"We complain," continues the writer, "of the carelessness, ingratitude, and low morality of our servants; but may we not ourselves be to blame for this?" May we not?—indeed, *are* we not? Our servants are very much what we are pleased to make them; but, in most cases, we leave them to make or to unmake themselves. We do not mean to say that they are blameless—we do not mean to say that there are not some instances of kindness being unrepaid—of earnest teaching being thrown away. Doubtless, too, servants are troublesome—provoking; they are often thoughtless, often headstrong. They are sometimes untruthful in word—dishonest in act. They have seldom or never a high sense of honour; they are almost always extremely curious. They are very prone to play the part of spies—listeners at doors, and readers of letters not their own. In a few words, it may be said of them, that they are imperfectly educated, and have not as clear a perception either of conventional propriety, or abstract right and wrong, as though they had been more tenderly reared and more carefully instructed. It must be admitted, too, that they are often very unthrifty—unthrifty of other's goods, unthrifty of their own—that they seldom care to save their master's money, and that they very foolishly squander their own on articles of finery, which rarely have any other effect than that of marring the comeliness of their personal appearance. But some at least of these are faults which belong very much to their position, and which if they are not created, are strengthened by the failures and short-comings of their employers. Others, doubtless, are the results of previous training—that dreadful training of the streets, the evil influence of which every master and mistress of a household should thoughtfully and earnestly endeavour to counteract. Let us talk as we may of the vices of the poor, and thank God that we are not as these paupers—but

the vices of the poor are the disgraces of the rich, and DIVES is answerable for the very abominations from which he turns away with expressions of disgust.

It is not our wont to take one-sided views of such questions as this. Inasmuch as we are writing now principally for the perusal of employers, we have discoursed chiefly upon the manifest obliviousness of their responsibility, which is one of the crying evils of the times. Their responsibility is far the greater, for more is required from those to whom more is given; and from the higher, not from the lower, are we to look for the first example of self-reform. But we do not close our eyes to the fact, that this subject of domestic service is very lightly regarded by those whose birth-right it is to serve. It is supposed that nothing else is required, before a young girl enters a family as a cook or a house-maid, than that she should obtain a "place." In some few instances she may have held a subordinate situation, as a kitchen-maid, or an under house-maid, in a large establishment, where there are graduates in each class of service; or she may have, perhaps, been a household drudge, a maid of all-work, and learnt a little of all kinds of service; but as a general rule, any kind of preliminary training is supposed to be entirely superfluous, and thousands obtain places who are totally incompetent to perform the duties of their situation, without injury both to the patience and the property of their employers. The "incompetency," indeed, of our domestic servants is not, on the whole, a groundless complaint. In an artistic sense a large proportion of them are lamentably bad. They do not know how to keep a room clean, or to serve up a dinner—and, what is worse, they do not care to know. Ignorance, too, is for the most part arrogant and self-sufficient; and the most incompetent servants are the most unwilling to learn. They will tell you sometimes, if you put a manual of instruction into their hands, and tell them that they may derive some useful hints from it, that they do not see any thing in the book—that there is nothing there they did not know before. It is no uncommon thing for servants to go on, from year's end to year's end, in the same routine of household work, gathering no improvement from practice, adding nothing to their experiences; and mistresses will often say that they dislike interfering with their servants, especially in the way of instruction, as every effort to improve their attainments is resented as a reflection upon their general capacity. We know that it requires some firmness and some tact to deal successfully with servants as with children; but if we are never to do what is unpleasant to us, we shall very rarely succeed in doing good.

The fact is, that these household duties are seldom seriously regarded as things to be *learnt*. A knowledge of them is sup-

posed to come by instinct ; it is not considered necessary to serve an apprenticeship to such a trade. This is the old belief—the old practice with which we have been for too many years contented. But we see some hopeful assurance of a better state of things in prospect. Industrial education of all kinds is visibly on the ascendant. The age is eminently a practical one. The institution of Servants' Training Schools, which has been attempted with some success, within the last few years, is a movement in the right direction, from which the happiest results may be anticipated in the fulness of time. There is a practical difficulty, we fear, in the way of the general establishment of such schools. They are necessarily somewhat costly, and can only be established at first on a large scale in central situations. We have heard of attempts to institute village schools of this description, which have broken down under the burden of excessive expenditure. Perhaps, when the subject comes to be better understood, this difficulty may be overcome. In the meanwhile, such institutions, as that for example at Finchley, in the neighbourhood of London, are worthily fulfilling their mission, if they only proclaim the fact that Domestic Service is something to be *learnt*. This is to elevate the class of domestic servants by publicly recognising the importance of the duties which they are called upon to perform. And we do not know anything more likely to supply a remedy for many of the evils on which we have commented, than this elevation of the class, "Domestic Servant," in the social scale.

For—to make our meaning somewhat more clear—it is an unfortunate fact, that there is, in these times, a growing inclination among respectable people—the better classes of our poorer neighbours, such as the small tradesmen in our country towns and villages—to endeavour to obtain for their children "something better than domestic service." If the matter were rightly understood—if the relationship between the employer and the employed were properly regarded and conscientiously maintained—there could be nothing better for them than Domestic Service. But, now-a-days, the wives of such small tradesmen, or better class operatives, as were formerly eager to obtain for their daughters situations in good families, bring them up with higher notions, and prepare them to become governesses, nursery-governesses, companions to ladies, "young ladies" in large dress-making or millinery establishments, or shop-girls in town or country where they are called "Miss." There is not one of these who does not endure much greater suffering and privation, and who is not more entirely and more distressingly a servant than any lady's-maid, house-maid, or cook in a gentleman's house. Besides, in such capacities the chances of employment are infinitely less. The degradation is certainly not in

the work itself. If there be any, it must lie in the *prestige* that attaches to it.

And, perhaps, as long as any one, however ignorant, however untrained, however undisciplined, is considered "good enough for a servant," something of this evil prestige will attach itself to the occupation. A recent writer, in a cheap popular periodical, distinguished not less by its literary ability than its earnestness in the cause of social reform,* has spoken of the Great University in which so many of our household servants graduate; and that University is the *street*. It is a great thing doubtless to transfer an unhappy child from the streets to any decent house, in which she can obtain a situation even as a household drudge. It is better that she should live in such painful drudgery, as "the Marchioness," in Charles Dickens' story, than that she should grow up among thieves and prostitutes, and become both, almost before she has entered her teens. We would not, therefore, close any door of honest occupation against the children of the streets. But to elevate Domestic Service into something more of an art is not necessarily to impede the advances of the very poor. There are gradations of Domestic Service, which even now are very clearly understood; and all we desire is not to lower the scale of respectability and education which is to be possessed by those who are candidates for the "Household Brigade." We are convinced that, apart from its bearings upon the immediate question which we are now considering, this restless desire on the part of respectable parents to make their children anything but domestic servants, has a very evil influence upon society. Thousands who have been educated for "something better," have only found something worse. Thousands painfully acknowledge what a mistake they made, or what a mistake was made for them, when either some idea of gentility, or some feeling of independence, caused them or their parents, when a provision was to be found for them, to discard the thought of Domestic Service.

If we look at the status of the domestic servant merely in its outward relations, it is difficult to form any other conclusion than that they who live under others' roofs, with food, shelter, and clothing provided for them, are as a class the most comfortable and careless people in the world. Often what a weight of sorrow presses on the heart of the employer, when the employed eats and drinks joyously, sleeps heavily, and has not a thought for the morrow. There are bad masters and mistresses—inasmuch as there are masters and mistresses who, as we have said, are very heedless of their responsibilities; but these faults are those rather of omission than commission, and actual *ill-treatment* of a servant is very rare. We are not unmindful of such

* We need hardly mention Mr. Dickens' "Household Words."

cases as that of the Sloanes, in the heart of London, and the Birds, in the remote places of Devonshire, which have within the last few years obtained such painful notoriety ; but the very fact of this notoriety and of the universal indignation that it created, proves the rarity of such instances of cruelty towards a domestic servant. Our domestic servants seldom know what suffering and privation are. They generally live in extreme comfort ; they have no thought of pounds, shillings, and pence. They are well housed—well clothed—well fed. Their physical welfare is altogether well provided for. If employers only thought as much of the moral welfare of their servants, a “ place ” in a good house would be really a prize.

We are not here speaking of *great* houses. The truth is, that the subject before us is so large, there is so much to be said about it, that we cannot afford to discourse upon all the various points of interest it presents. Great houses are few. The large aristocratic establishments, to which we now parenthetically allude, are exceptional cases, upon which it is scarcely necessary now to descant. It can hardly be said here that there are any relations at all between the employer and the employed. There are middle-men and middle-women—house-stewards, house-keepers, &c., upon whom all the responsibility is made to devolve. In such establishments, perhaps, there is greater strictness, greater formality, greater conventional propriety, and altogether more order and regularity, than in those lesser households where the servants, one and all, are immediately responsible to those who pay them their wages. There are few actual mistresses of whom servant-girls stand in as much awe, as of the stiff house-keeper who reigns supreme in the servants’ hall. This middle-woman knows their ways—is ever on the watch. Her vigilance and her tyranny are not to be matched in any drawing-room in the country. This watchfulness over the Household Brigade may do much to counteract the evil of the intermixture of male and female servants. We do not believe, therefore, that there is more immorality—if there is as much—in large establishments than there is in small ; but there is something very indurating in the environments of this high life below stairs. There is profligacy of another class. There is much waste, there is much vulgar pretence. There is much contempt for, and disregard of, the really poor. Even the poor gentry these high-bred flunkies condescend to pity.* But, as we have said before, we are not writing

* See an amusing illustration of this in Mrs. Thistlethwayte’s “ Life of Bishop Bathurst of Norwich.” The Bishop used to relate that a valet having applied for a situation as attendant on a nobleman, asked what wine was given at the second table. On being told “ Port and Sherry,” he answered that for his part he liked a glass of Madeira. “ Why,” said the nobleman, “ there are many highly educated gentlemen—as parish curates and others—who cannot afford to drink wine

of flunkeydom. The servants of the middle-classes constitute the great mass of those who live by domestic service ; and they are principally women. It is well that it should be so. For our own, we confess, that even to the extent of some prejudice and illiberality, we dislike flunkeys. There is no form in which human vanity betrays itself more ridiculously than the desire to keep a man-servant—"a desire which impels people often to sacrifice comfort and economy to an absurd notion of the gentility of being waited upon even by a clumsy boy in buttons, in preference to the "neat-handed Phyllis" who does the work far better for smaller pay. Moreover, when we consider how limited is the field of female employment, and how the difficulty of finding respectable occupation for young women of the lower classes is one of the crying evils of the times, we cannot help regarding this intrusion of men into the domain of domestic service almost as an unrighteous usurpation. There are so many other channels for the free vent of masculine labour, that we hold it to be the duty of every employer to give as much household work as he can to females, and to let "gentility" shift for itself.

In a very large majority of cases there is fortunately no choice. A "man-servant," indeed, is a taxable luxury enjoyed only by the rich. The proportion of male to female domestic servants is so small, that we have not considered it expedient to devote any portion of the limited space at our disposal to an inquiry into their social condition. But the "maid servant" is a member of a very numerous class—a class, indeed, so numerous, that we have seen a statement, the accuracy of which, however, we have not tested, to the effect, that in London alone there are seldom less than 26,000 female servants out of employ. It is easy to estimate the effect of such a state of things, upon what has been called "The great sin of great cities." What the difficulty of finding honest occupation for women has been, and, in spite of the increasing flow of emigration, still is, and what are the appalling results of this difficulty, writers of fact and writers of fiction alike have striven recently to proclaim to the world. Even as we write, a work is put into our hands, bearing the significant title of "*Margaret, or Prejudice at Home and its Victims*," one of the objects of which is to exhibit the obstacles which beset the path of a young woman eager to support herself and those dependent on her, either by the exercise of her intellect or by mere manual labour. The book, distinguished throughout by a quiet power, a homely pathos, which reminds us in some places of the more subdued passages of "*Jane Eyre*," and in others of "*Alton Locke*," con-

at all." "Ah!" said the valet, in reply, "I knows that—but I always pities gentlemen of that kind."

tains one of the most painful, the most chilling narratives of real life by which we have ever been enchained and absorbed. It appears to be the work of a woman—*all* young, who has seen much and suffered much in her journey through life, and whose experiences have cruelly stricken down all her faith in humanity. The constant burden of her story is that England is no place for honest poverty. "I know," she writes, "what every man and woman who may read this knows well, that no negro or quadroon in the worst Slave State of America is further removed from the pale of humanity, more really despised and downtrodden, than is poverty in this free and self-righteous land. . . . And if people well-to-do in the world, people of money and position, will analyze their own feelings, and take a retrospect of their own actions from day to day in connexion with their readiness to stand by their own class, and their inborn abhorrence of poverty in all shapes, they will acknowledge my experience to be nothing out of the way, though they may marvel at my assurance in attempting to bring anything so commonplace prominently forward."* We wish we could say that this—although there is a *piet  * in it which is somewhat overcharged—is in no respect true. It is a mere commonplace to say that between the rich and the poor, in this Christian land, there is a frightful gulf, and that the few who have attempted to bridge it over with kind deeds and gentle words have not the power to rear a structure strong enough to resist the torrent of prejudice, selfishness, and uncharitableness, which overwhelms their righteous efforts, and leaves the chasm wide as before.

* If this work—*Margaret, or Prejudice at Home and its Victims*—had reached us at an earlier period, we should have coupled it with "Nelly Armstrong," and deduced from it several very striking illustrations of the truths which we have insisted upon in this article. The book is distinguished by ability of no common order; and we have little doubt that the writer is capable of achieving great things in the domain of fiction. But there is something in the tone of the work which does not please us; and, if we had time and space at our disposal, we should consider so promising a writer well worthy of a detailed exposition of our views respecting the theories which she has expounded in these volumes. We may, however, take this opportunity of alluding to a bold innovation upon the conventional rules of publication of which they are the visible first-fruits. Mr. Bentley, the enterprising publisher of New Burlington Street, has announced his intention of publishing all new works of fiction issued from his house at one-third of the price which they have hitherto borne in his advertisements. "Margaret" is the first experiment in this direction, and if its successors equal it in intrinsic excellence, the project is likely to achieve as much success as it deserves. It seems certain that the old system has had its day, that it has gradually yielded to the pressure of the cheap reprints, which more than anything else the railways have now rendered a literary necessity. It remains now to be seen whether new original works, published at a price which will place them within the reach of thousands of individual purchasers, as well as of all the circulating libraries, however small, will be advantageous to publishers and authors. Whether it will be advantageous to the public depends principally upon the character of the works so published. We have no apprehension upon this score at present; and we wish the experiment all the success it deserves.

It is mainly in illustration of this unhappy truth, that we have entered upon the present subject. If there be such a want of sympathy between members of different classes, within the same family and under the same roof, how little chance is there of any genuine cordiality growing up between the inmates of the mansion and the cottage. Whilst these bitter class-prejudices grow up and are fostered at our very firesides, so that there is a great chasm between the parlour and the kitchen; so that mutual mistrust and suspicion, and no love anywhere, draw forth only stern exaction on the one side, and grudging service on the other, what hope is there of the rich and the poor out-of-doors being bound together by chains of confidence and affection—what hope is there that there will ever be any brotherhood between them? Surely, if we can ever learn the great lesson that we are all mutually dependent the one upon the other, and that the rich owe as much to the poor as the poor to the rich, it is to be learnt in the households of those whose privilege it is to be served by their fellows. Surely, if ever it be easy for the one class to cease to be strangers to the other, to draw closely the bonds of mutual esteem and reliance, to trust one another, to love one another, to cherish one another, the facility exists, the opportunity is before us, when the two classes under the same roof are brought continually face to face with each other, and are daily and hourly working out this great scheme of mutual dependence. Here then, if we would endeavour to bridge over the frightful chasm which yawns between the rich and the poor, our efforts should legitimately commence. We need not go in search of opportunities of testifying our ready sympathy with those to whom Providence has not granted the same blessings of outward prosperity as to ourselves—who have not been so tenderly nurtured, so watchfully guarded, so carefully educated; who have, indeed, from their very cradle, had almost everything against them, and who most deserve our pity when their errors are most apparent. Let us, we say, begin here. Let us think kindly of our domestic servants, as of members of our own families, who have an especial claim upon our regard; and let us act justly towards them, as towards dependents for whom we are responsible before God, and the neglect of whom, as fellow-creatures with souls to be saved, will surely be visited upon us. Let us do our duty to our neighbours, in our own household, and then let us look abroad for objects of kindness and sympathy, and do likewise in a more extended sphere. We are apt to think highly of what we see before us every day; but there is nothing for which we are more solemnly responsible—nothing of which we shall some day be called upon to give a stricter account, than our conduct towards our Domestic Servants.

ART. VIII.—*A History of the Royal Society, with Memoirs of the Presidents, compiled from Authentic Documents.* By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Assistant-Secretary and Librarian to the Royal Society. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1848. Pp. 1840.

AMONG the various questions connected with our social institutions, there is none which has been less discussed, and therefore less understood, than that which relates to their organization and endowment. It can scarcely be doubted that there are some institutions which demand protection and maintenance from the State, while there are others that may be safely left to voluntary support and individual liberality. Nor is it less manifest that there are national and personal duties of a social character, which, independently of higher sanctions, conscience and reason bind us to discharge. The defence of the country against foreign enemies, and its protection against pestilence and famine, require military, naval, and sanitary institutions, and every encouragement to agriculture and commerce, which does not involve a tax upon the necessities of life. But enemies are not always foreign, and pestilence not always physical. No country is safe without an educated, a moral, and a religious population, and no nation rightly performs its functions that does not provide religious and educational establishments for the instruction of its people. We have, it is true, many instances in which the better classes of society provide for their own religious and secular instruction, but the most numerous orders in the State are neither able nor willing to make such a provision, and require to be freely invited, if not allured to the altar, or driven to the school. The national safety, therefore, requires religious and educational establishments, and that State neglects its highest functions, which does not enable its subjects to read the records of its laws, and peruse with intelligence that nobler volume which is to prepare them for eternity.

But while the State has discharged either wholly or partially the obligations thus imposed upon it, there are other material interests for which it has been less willing to provide, and which there seems to be a tendency in the Anglo-Saxon mind to transfer to voluntary associations or individual care. While other nations have established and endowed colleges and universities, the most important of these institutions, both in England and America, have been endowed by pious and wealthy individuals, and have only received the countenance and support of the nation when their original endowments had become insufficient, and their system of instruction incomplete. In Scotland the

domestic character of our colleges has long ago disappeared, and even before the Union the State had provided for their maintenance and extension. The Treaty of Union declared them to be permanent institutions in the country, and the Government has from time to time made liberal grants for renewing their buildings and maintaining their endowments. In Ireland, too, the Government have added three new colleges to the noble institution already adorning her metropolis; and in England the State has assumed the power which doubtless belongs to it, of reforming her two great universities which have so long resisted every external interference. These certainly are great steps in the onward march of institutional reform, and the day is not distant when the nation must take under its immediate care, and foster with the most generous liberality, all the higher institutions for the professional and industrial education of the people.*

But however important are our collegiate institutions, there are other interests which demand patronage and endowment from the State, but which unfortunately have been left to the care of voluntary associations. In all the great continental kingdoms national academies or institutes have been established for promoting the advancement of science, literature, and the arts, and in their bosom and under their fostering care have sprung up men of lofty attainments, who, by their genius, their inventions, and their discoveries, have advanced the glory and promoted the best interests of their country. In England alone has the Government declined or delayed to take these institutions under their sole and immediate patronage. They have indeed encouraged them by their countenance, and in some degree by grants of money in their favour; but they are still voluntary associations independent of all Government control, and accomplishing the objects of their institution by means of funds obtained from the annual subscriptions of their members. We have already, in different articles in this Journal,† pointed out the defects of all such associations, and have endeavoured to rouse the Government to take them under their immediate care, by establishing in the metropolis a great central institute like that which exists in France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

In pleading for such a measure, and pointing out the defects of all voluntary associations, we have ever felt the deep obligations which the country owes to those patriotic and distinguished men, by whose liberality and talents these institutions were founded and maintained; and there is no feature of the Anglo-

* For an account of the great Industrial College of Art about to be founded by Prince Albert, see this Journal, vol. xvii. p. 519.

† See this Review, vol. iv. p. 410; vol. vi. p. 506; and vol. xiv. p. 281.

Saxon character more truly noble than that which has been exhibited in the sagacity, the energy, and the success with which they have maintained the literary and scientific character of the nation.

The earliest and the most interesting of the Institutions thus established and maintained, was the Royal Society of London; and we are persuaded that our readers will derive both pleasure and instruction from a brief and popular account of the rise, progress, and labours of that distinguished body. During the two centuries which have nearly elapsed since the foundation of the Royal Society, several histories of its origin and proceedings have been given to the world; but the most important of these give us very little information respecting the civil history and general proceedings of the Society, and contain chiefly an account of its scientific proceedings, with analyses of the more important papers published in its Transactions. A new and complete history of the Royal Society was therefore a desideratum in our literature, and it has been admirably supplied by the two volumes now before us, from the pen of Mr. Weld, who by his learning and talents, as well as by his position as the Secretary of the Society, and the custodier of its archives, was peculiarly qualified for so important an undertaking. By a diligent examination of the voluminous records of the Society,—its Journals, Reports, and Council Books, comprising some hundreds of volumes, with several thousand letters;—by perusing various documents, once the property of the Society, but now in the National Library of the British Museum, and by searching for others in the State Paper Office, the Archives of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and the Bodleian Library in Oxford, he has collected much valuable matter, hitherto unknown, and has produced a truly popular work, which, while it possesses a deep interest for the man of science, may be perused with pleasure and instruction by every class of readers. Its accomplished author has, with too much modesty, presented it to the public “as a contribution towards some future philosophical history of the Society, which proceeding from another pen than mine, shall at once embrace the entire subject;” but we are persuaded that no other pen is wanted, and no future history required. The discoveries which, from the time of Newton to that of Davy and Young, the Royal Society ushered into the world, have been merged in the general history of science; and the lives of her most distinguished members, unfortunately omitted from its Transactions, have been written in separate biographies, or in a foreign language by the eloquent secretaries of the academies with which they were associated. The Royal Society, therefore, requires no future historian but one, and that one we trust will be Mr. Weld, who

shall continue the history of its proceedings from the election of the Duke of Sussex in 1830, where it now terminates, to that desirable epoch when the Royal Society, and all the societies which sprang from it, shall be incorporated into a Royal Institute, liberally endowed by the State,—embodying the most distinguished individuals, and by the performance of all the scientific work required by the nation, returning to it an usurious interest upon its annual expenditure.

In order to enable his readers to form a correct estimate of the labours of those distinguished men by whom the Royal Society was founded, and of the impulse which they gave to the reviving science of the times, Mr. Weld has given, in his first chapter, an interesting sketch of the revival of literature and science in Italy, and of the development of scientific institutions in that hallowed land, into which the light of knowledge first penetrated, in spite of the ignorance and superstition under which it lay. In the Italian mind the seeds of intellectual truth found a genial soil; and though the highest authority in the Church declared that the land-marks of science were already reached, and could not with impunity be overstepped, yet the Roman spirit, noble in its aspirations, and intrepid in its pursuit, broke through the opposing barrier, and the tide of knowledge flowed deep and strong over the parched domains of tyranny and priestcraft. Barlaam, a Calabrian monk, and afterwards Bishop of Locri, was one of the earliest cultivators of literature. He was the intimate friend of Petrarch, rich in ancient learning, and far in advance of the age in which he flourished. In 1339, when he was Ambassador to Pope Benedict XII., he was the first to make known beyond the Alps the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and it was doubtless under his patronage, and through his example, that several of the Calabrian monks studied on Mount Athos, and in the schools of the East. On the recommendation of Petrarch, the Republic of Florence founded a chair of Greek literature in 1360; and such was the passion for learning, inspired by Petrarch, Dante, and Boccaccio, that every monastery in Europe was ransacked for the literary treasures of antiquity. In order to monopolize the profits of copying the MSS. of classical writers, the monks were unwilling to part with them; and such was their ignorance of their value, that they were sometimes sold as waste paper for making rackets. Chapelain the poet asserts, that “the titles of the 8th, 10th, and 11th Decads of Livy,” were found upon the parchment of rackets purchased at Saumur; and the racket maker himself stated, “that a pile of parchment volumes, some of which contained the History of Livy, had been procured from the Abbess of Fontevrault, out of which he had made a very great

number of battledoors.”* But though banished from our convents, literature found a warm hospitality in the sumptuous halls of the family of the Medici. Cosmo and Lorenzo were its most ardent patrons : and when intellectual darkness lay thick round the thrones of Europe, the rays of knowledge had shot through the azure sky of Italy, and were gilding the princely villas of Florence.

But though literature had thus entered upon a brilliant career, science and philosophy had scarcely risen from their mediæval grave. A single light indeed had flashed from the meteor soul of Roger Bacon, but only to disappear, shrouded in the errors of the Aristotelian philosophy. This great man was the true founder of the inductive philosophy. He taught† the scientific world all that it required to know,—that truth could not be obtained without experiment and observation, and that no reasonings, however ingenious, and no arguments, however sound, could of themselves satisfy a mind anxiously seeking for what is true. Some of his successors may have discovered this great but simple truth : Some may have repeated it, and urged it on public attention : and others may have engrafted upon it empirical rules and methods, but science wanted no other guide, and its votaries have employed no other principle of investigation, than that which is implied in the assertion of Roger Bacon. Nearly two centuries afterwards, Leonardo da Vinci taught and practised the same truth. It sprung up, heaven born, in the minds of Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho, Pascal, Huygens and Gilbert ; and Sir Isaac Newton, who, we believe, never learned it at any school, may be considered as having carried to perfection the true method of investigating truth by observation and experiment. When Tycho Brahe saw in the mind of Kepler who was his pupil, a tendency to rash speculation, he told him in the genuine language of induction, “ to lay a solid foundation for his views *by actual observation*, and then by ascending from them to strive to reach the causes of things ;” and it was doubtless in obedience to this advice that Kepler submitted his wildest fancies to the test of observation, and was conducted to his most splendid discoveries.

The great doctrine of induction thus innate in some minds, and acquired in others, was taught with peculiar eloquence and success by Lord Bacon. He pointed out the defects of all other systems of philosophy, and urged upon the cultivators of science

* It is but fair to the Abbess of Fontevrault to state, that Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original *Magna Charta* from the hands of a tailor, who was on the point of cutting it up for measures !

† *Opus Majus*. Part 6.

the necessity of being guided only by the light of observation and experiment. Founded on these views he constructed an artificial system of logic, by means of which the laws of nature might be investigated, and the inquiries of philosophers guided in every future age. On this process the highest praise has been lavished, and literary men who know nothing of science have presumptuously ascribed to it the merit of all the discoveries which have been subsequently made. We have endeavoured, in another place,* to point out the incorrectness of these opinions, and we are glad to find that Mr. Macaulay† has taken the same view of the subject, and has with much wit, as well as much force of argument, animadverted upon the vulgar opinion of the Baconian philosophy.

But while we thus limit the claim of Bacon to be called *The Reformer of Science*, we willingly give him the credit of having suggested an excellent method of suggesting an Association or Society of distinguished men, for collecting scientific facts, and extending the boundaries of human knowledge. After describing the building, the apartments, and the instruments and materials which are necessary for making all sorts of experiments, and carrying on all kinds of inquiries, he thus describes the members and fellows and their occupations:—

“ We have *twelve* that sail into foreign countries, who bring in the books and patterns of experiments of all other parts. These we call *Merchants of Light*.

“ We have *three* that collect the experiments which are in all books. These we call *Depredators*.

“ We have *three* that collect experiments of all mechanical arts, and also of liberal sciences; and also of practices that are not brought into arts. These we call *Mystery Men*.

“ We have *three* that try new experiments such as themselves think good. These we call *Pioneers* or *Miners*.

“ We have *three* that draw the experiments of the former four into Titles and Tablets, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them. These we call *Compilers*.

“ We have *three* that bind themselves looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about them to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life and knowledge, as well for works as for plain demonstration of causes, means, natural divinations, and the easy and clear discovery of the virtues of parts of bodies. These we call *Doing Men* or *Benefactors*.

“ Then after divers meetings and consults of our whole number

* See Brewster's *Life of Newton*, pp. 300-337.

† The celebrated Dr. Reid had previously taken a view of the subject similar to Macaulay, when he pronounced even “ Newton's *Rules of Philosophizing* to be nothing more than maxims of common sense which are practised every day in common life.”—*Inquiry into the Human Mind*. Intro.

(*twenty-five*) to consider of the former labours and collections, we have *three* that take care out of them to direct new experiments of a higher light, more penetrating into nature than the former. These we call *Lamps*.

"We have *three* others that do execute the experiments so directed, and report them. These we call *Inoculators*.

"Lastly, we have *three* that raise the former discoveries by experiments into greater observations, axioms and aphorisms. These we call *Interpreters of Nature*."

Without denouncing the absurdity of such a division of scientific labour, of which we think the admirers of the Baconian philosophy must be ashamed,* we accept the proposal as a valuable suggestion for organizing an active society in order to collect facts, make experiments, and thus furnish the materials of invention and discovery; and we have no doubt that the founders of the Royal Society, which was incorporated about thirty-six years after the death of Bacon, would have adopted, had it been in their power, some of the principal ideas which he suggested. It is very obvious that the institution which he had in view could only have been one patronized and amply endowed by the Government. The spacious building which it required, and the *twelve* merchants of light who were to visit foreign countries, and the domestic staff of *twenty-five*, pioneers, compilers, benefactors, inoculators, and interpreters, would have required an annual grant from the State, which at no period of our history could have been expected, either from the liberality of our sovereigns, or from the wisdom of their ministers. Rawley, in his preface to Bacon's *New Atlantis*, in which this Society is described, regards it as "in most things within men's power to effect," though too vast and high "to be imitated in all things;" and Tennyson justly considers it as "the model of a college to be instituted by some King who philosophizeth for the interpreting of nature and the improving of arts."

Influenced, no doubt, by the suggestions of Bacon, various attempts were made in England to found institutions for the advancement of literature and science. The Society of Antiquaries, founded by Archbishop Parker in 1572, and of which the present Antiquarian Society may be considered as the descendant, kept alive the love of antiquarian literature till the year

* We cannot resist making one observation on this scheme. Had such a society been formed, and its labours thus apportioned, there could have been no inventor or discoverer. The *interpreters* would certainly have carried off the laurels; and the *lamps*, the *doers*, and the *inoculators* would have struggled hard for a share of their leaves. It is manifest that Bacon had no idea of the mental process by which a discovery is made.

1604, when, from causes which are not known, it was dissolved by James I.

Without noticing the scheme of a Royal Academy started by Edmund Bolton in 1616, for the education of the young nobility, and the other aristocratical institution called the *Museum Minervæ*, projected in 1635, and consisting of six professors for teaching those who could bring "a testimonial of his arms and gentry," we shall proceed to give a brief account of those admirable establishments which sprang up in the 17th century for the promotion of science. The earliest and the most distinguished of these institutions was the Academy del Cimento, which was established in Florence on the 19th June 1657, by the celebrated geometer and pupil of Galileo, M. Viviani, and under the patronage of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. and his brother Leopold. The Academy, of which it was a fundamental rule to investigate truth by experiment alone, held its meetings in the palace of the Grand Duke, and it continued to flourish till Leopold became a Cardinal in 1667 and continued to reside at Florence. During the *ten* years, however, of its existence many interesting researches were made by its members, the most illustrious of whom were Castellio and Torricelli, the disciples of Galileo; and though its activity ceased with the retirement of its patron, it left in a volume of its reports, a satisfactory proof of the industry of its members, and held out to future institutions the prospect of a more successful and lengthened career.

Although the Royal Society of London was not properly established till the year 1660, yet there can be no doubt that it derived its origin from previous societies of learned men, who met together for the discussion of different subjects in science and the arts. About the year 1665, when the academical studies both at Oxford and Cambridge were interrupted by the civil wars, Mr. Theodore Haak, a German resident in London, suggested the weekly meeting of a number of persons "inquisitive into natural philosophy," to "discourse and consider of physics, anatomy, geometry, astronomy, navigation, statics, magnetics, chymics, mechanics, and natural experiments; with the state of those studies as then cultivated at home and abroad." Beside Mr. Haak, the Society consisted of the celebrated Dr. Wallis, Dr. Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Ent, Dr. Glisson, Dr. Merret, Mr. Samuel Forster, and many others. The meetings were sometimes held at Dr. Goddard's lodgings in Wood Street, where he kept an operator for grinding lenses, sometimes at the Bull Head Tavern in Cheapside, and sometimes at Gresham College. In consequence of Dr. Wallis, Dr. Wilkins, and Dr. Goddard having removed to Oxford

in 1648 and 1649, the Society was divided into two sections, one of which continued to meet in London, while the other held its sittings at Oxford, numbering among its members Dr. Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Bathurst, President of Trinity College, Dr., afterwards Sir William Petty, Dr. Willis, and several others. They met first at Dr. Petty's lodgings, in an apothecary's house, for the convenience of inspecting drugs, and after his removal to Ireland, at the lodgings of Dr. Wilkins, and after his removal to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the lodgings of the Honourable Robert Boyle, who then resided at Oxford. The Oxford Society, which was regularly organized in October 1651, continued its meetings till the year 1690, when they terminated. The branch of the Society which met in London, and which was known by the name of the *Invisible College*, or as they termed themselves, the *Philosophical College*, continued to hold its meetings till the year 1658, when Gresham College was made a quarter for soldiers.

Notwithstanding the discontinuance of the meetings of the Philosophical Society at Gresham College and the distractions of civil war, the friends of science did not cease to devise plans for its cultivation and advancement. In a letter to Robert Boyle, dated September 3, 1659, Evelyn suggested the plan of "a philosophico-mathematic College for the promotion of experimental knowledge." He proposed to purchase 30 or 40 acres of ground, not above 25 miles from London, on which should be erected a house, a chapel, and other buildings for the accommodation of nine persons. Evelyn offered to be one of the founders and to furnish the Pavilion, and the whole of the principal floor, with goods and moveables to the extent of £500, he and his wife "taking up two apartments as they were to be decently asunder." This scheme, as might have been anticipated, met with no encouragement, and it does not appear that Boyle took any other steps in the matter than to leave the communication of Evelyn among his papers.

About the same time Cowley the poet published an elaborate scheme under the title of a *Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*. The philosophical college which was to be instituted for this purpose was to be situated within one, two, or at most three miles of London. The revenue was to be £4000 a-year, and it was to consist of *twenty* philosophers or professors, with sixteen young scholars as servants. The salaries of the professors and officers amounting to £3285 per annum, £715 was left for keeping up the college and grounds. Sixteen out of the twenty professors were to be resident in the college, and four to travel in the four quarters of the world in order to obtain information respecting "the learning, and especially the Natural Philosophy of these parts."

Although not strictly in the order of time, we may mention here Sir Isaac Newton's "*Scheme for Establishing the Royal Society*," to which we have referred in a former article,* and in which he proposes the division of science into *five* distinct branches, and the appointment of four members of the Society to each branch, or *twenty* in all, to be paid by the State.† We mention it at present to shew that in every scheme for a philosophical institution suggested either before the establishment of the Royal Society or soon after it, the liberal endowment of it by the State was regarded as necessary to its success.

No sooner had the civil wars come to an end, than the distinguished individuals who had met at Gresham College again assembled to advance the interests of science. At the meeting held on the 28th Nov. 1660, when Lord Brouncker, Mr. Boyle, and others had assembled to hear Mr. Wren's lecture in Gresham College, they constituted themselves into a society for the promotion of experimental philosophy. They resolved to meet weekly on Wednesday at three o'clock, to pay ten shillings in advance, and one shilling weekly, and to prepare "a list of the names of such persons as were known to those present whom they judged willing and fit to join with them in their design, and who, if they should desire it, might be admitted before any other." A catalogue of forty-one persons was drawn up, in which we find the well-known names of Boyle, Ward, Evelyn, Wallis, Cowley, Wren, and Oldenburg.

At the next meeting, which took place on the 9th of December, "Sir Robert Moray brought in word from the Court that the King had been acquainted with the design of their meeting, and that he did well approve of it, and would be ready to give encouragement to it."

On the 12th of Dec. the Society adopted certain rules for the admission of members, which, though not of ordinary occurrence, exist at the present time. The number of members being fixed at fifty-five, it was resolved that "any person of the degree of Baron or above, shall be admitted without scrutiny and as supernumeraries; and that the members of the College of Physicians, and the public Professors of Mathematics, Physic, and Natural Philosophy of both Universities, shall be admitted as supernumeraries, paying as others do at their admission, and also the weekly allowance."

As the College of Physicians was, by these rules, connected

* See this Journal, vol. xiv. p. 281.

† This remarkable paper will be published entire in Sir David Brewster's *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*, now in the press.

with the Royal Society, and as a large proportion of the Fellows of the latter were physicians, Mr. Weld has devoted a few pages to an account of the college, and of some of its more distinguished members. The science of medicine which had long been in a degraded condition, received a great impulse by the establishment of this College, and the discoveries of some of its members. Linacre, a native of Canterbury, induced Cardinal Wolsey to obtain letters patent for its establishment in 1518. Although Linacre stood at the head of his profession, he was distinguished by no discovery or improvement in the healing art. The arts both of medicine and surgery made but slow progress till Harvey, about the year 1616 or 1618, made his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, and put an end to the ridiculous speculations of Paracelsus and Van Helmont, who maintained that the different functions of the body were carried on by spirits that resided within the human frame. Among the interesting incidents in the life of this great physician, there is one, apparently not known to Mr. Weld, which we cannot withhold from our readers.

In the time of Charles I. a young nobleman of the Montgomery family had an abscess in the side of his chest in consequence of a fall. The wound healed, but an opening was left in his side of such a size that the heart and lungs were still visible, and could be handled. On the return of the young man from his travels, the King heard of the circumstance, and requested Dr. Harvey to examine his heart. The following is Harvey's own account of the examination:—"When I had paid my respects to this young nobleman, and conveyed to him the King's request, he made no concealment, but exposed the left side of his breast, where I saw a cavity into which I could introduce my finger and thumb. Astonished with the novelty, again and again I explored the wound, and, first marvelling at the extraordinary nature of the case, I set about the examination of the heart. Taking it in one hand, and placing the finger of the other on the pulse of the wrist, I satisfied myself that it was indeed the heart which I grasped. I then brought him to the King, that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart."

When the Royal Society, at their meeting on the 12th December 1660, passed their laws for the election of members, they resolved that their meetings should be held at Gresham College, "from week to week till further orders," and as this College "may be regarded as the cradle of the Royal Society, where they assembled for many years, Mr. Weld has given a

very interesting account of its establishment and extraordinary dissolution. In 1575 Sir Thomas Gresham left to the city of London one half of the building of the Royal Exchange to pay £50 per annum to each of four readers of lectures on Divinity, Astronomy, Music, and Geometry, and the other moiety to the "Commonalty of the mystery of the Mercers in London, to pay £50 yearly to three readers of lectures on Law, Physic, and Rhetoric." This liberal endowment of a college was confirmed by Act of Parliament, and after the death of Lady Anne Gresham in 1596, lectures were delivered by competent persons, which gave "great delight to many, both learned and lovers of learning." The professors occupied commodious and comfortable apartments in Sir Thomas Gresham's mansion-house, which stood in Bishopsgate Street, and which contained many spacious apartments, in one of the largest of which the Royal Society met on St. Andrew's Day for their annual elections.

When the ground in the city had greatly increased in value, the two corporations were more anxious to let the ground on building leases than to maintain the literary character of the institution. In 1710 "the lectures had become an empty name," and the College had therefore fallen into contempt. Petitions were sent to Parliament for leave to destroy the building; but though they were rejected by the Governments of William III. and George I.; yet in 1767, in the reign of Geo. III., an Act was passed authorizing the destruction of the building, but at the same time empowering the trustees to provide proper places in which the seven professors might read their lectures. The sum received for the spacious buildings of the College, and all the land which surrounded them, was only £500; and the noble building of Gresham College, the original home of the Royal Society, was replaced by an Excise Office! But, as Professor Taylor in his inaugural lecture remarks, "this was not all; not only were the citizens of London deprived of their College, with the spacious lecture-hall in which they had been accustomed to assemble, but another part of the Act compelled the trustees and guardians of this property to pay £1800 for and toward the expense of pulling down the same. . . . A transaction," adds the Professor, "which has no parallel in any civilized country." "Thus," he continues, "was this venerable seat of learning and science, founded by one of our most eminent citizens, and hallowed by a thousand interesting associations,—the mansion in which successive monarchs had been entertained,—in which princes had lodged and banqueted,—which when London lay in ashes had afforded shelter and refuge to its citizens,—a residence to its chief magistrate,—an Exchange for its merchants,—and a home to the houseless; thus was the hall

in which Barrow, Briggs, Ball, and Wren had lectured; and the rooms where Newton, Locke, Petty, Boyle, Hooke, and Evelyn associated for the advancement of science,—razed to the ground.”

Having obtained commodious apartments in that noble building whose demolition we have been deploring, the Royal Society set themselves diligently to the task of exploring the arcana of the natural world by the collection of facts and the performance of experiments. New facts in science, and new wonders in the material world, rewarded their diligence, and as the tide of positive knowledge swept over England, and subsequently over Europe, the errors and superstitions of preceding centuries gradually disappeared. The superstitions which at this time degraded England were of the most extraordinary kind. Even Bacon believed in the existence of witches and enchanters, as the agents of the devil. James VI. complained of the number of witches that infested the country, and maintained the necessity of severely punishing them. During the civil wars no fewer than 80 persons were executed in Suffolk for witchcraft; and in 1649 fourteen men and women were burned for witchcraft in a little village near Berwick, where the entire population consisted only of fourteen families. It is stated by Hutchinson that there were but two witches executed in England after the Royal Society published their Transactions: and Sir Walter Scott has given it as his opinion, that the establishment of the Royal Society tended greatly to destroy the belief in witchcraft and superstition generally. The belief in sympathetic cures was another of the superstitions of the day which the prevalence of experiment and science could not fail to dispel. Bacon was not only a believer in such cures, but had himself experienced the benefit of them. “The taking away of warts,” says he, “by rubbing them with somewhat that afterwards is put to waste and consumed, is a common experiment; and I do apprehend it the rather because of mine own experience. I had from my childhood a wart upon one of my fingers; afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts (at least an hundred) in a month’s space. The English Ambassador’s lady, who was a woman far from superstition, told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side, and amongst the rest that wart which I had had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat towards the sun, upon a part of the chamber window which was to the south. The success was, that within five weeks space, all the warts went quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for

company. But at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in short time again ; but the going away of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me. They say the like is done with a green elder stick, and then burying the stick to rot in muck!"

Another of the absurd superstitions of the seventeenth century was the belief that scrofula, the king's evil, could be cured by the royal touch,—a belief which prevailed from a very early period till the time of Queen Anne, when Dr. Johnson was touched by her Majesty in 1712. Collier tells us that Edward the Confessor was the first sovereign that cured this disease, and that the power "descended as a hereditary miracle upon all his successors." "To dispute the matter of fact," adds this ecclesiastical historian, "is to go to the excess of scepticism, to deny our senses, and to be incredulous even to ridiculousness." Evelyn* has preserved a very interesting account of the ceremony of the royal touch, when Charles II. applied it on the 6th July 1660: "His Majesty sitting under his state in the banqueting-house, the surgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where, they kneeling, the king strokes their faces or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplain in his formalities says, 'He put his hands upon them, and he healed them.' This is said to every one in particular. When they have been all touched they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplain kneeling, and having angel gold (pieces of money having the figure of an angel,) strung on white ribbon on his arm, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, 'That is the true light who came into the world.' Then follows an epistle (as at first a gospel,) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration; lastly, the blessing; then the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer, and towel for his Majesty to wash."

It is impossible to read without disgust this account of the process of the royal touch. We may admire the condescension of the king, and excuse the folly of his patients, in trusting to the efficacy of the physical operation; but the addition of a religious service, and the presumption of the priests that performed it, were an insult to religious truth which cannot be forgiven. That the public did not attach any value to the interference of the priest, or to the sacred mummeries which he practised, is proved by a more summary form of the royal process, which is mentioned by Aubrey in his *Miscellanies*. A person of the name of Arise

Evans, "who had a fungous nose, said it was revealed to him that the king's hand would cure him; and at the first coming of King Charles II., in St. James's Park, he kissed the king's hand, and rubbed his nose with it, which disturbed the king, but cured him."

Although the royal physician had a prescriptive right to the faculty of curing fungous noses and analogous complaints, he was not allowed to enjoy the monopoly. Valentine Greatrix, the Stroker, possessed the power of curing the evil even when the king failed. Robert Boyle believed in the efficacy of Greatrix's touch, and the celebrated astronomer Flamsteed, not only believed that the healing power of Greatrix "was a gift given him by God," but he himself had been sent by his father to Ireland, in 1663, when only 19 years old, to be cured of severe pains in his knees and joints, with which he had been afflicted. Flamsteed's account of his journey from Derby to Cappoquin in Ireland, where Greatrix lived, is exceedingly interesting: he describes Greatrix as having "a kind of majestic yet affable presence, a lusty body, and a composed carriage." He was at first touched on his legs, but found not his disease to stir. Next day he was stroked by him all over his body, "but found as yet no amends in anything but what I had before I came to Cappoquin." Flamsteed, however, "saw him touch several, some whereof were nearly cured, others on the mending hand, and some on whom his strokes had no effect,—of whom (he adds) I might have said more, but that he hath been since in England, and so both his person, cures, and carriage, are well enough known amongst us. And though some seem to asperse him each way, for my part I think his gift was of God; and for the cause of his cures I dare fully acquiesce with what Dr. Stubbs hath written of him. For though I am an eye-witness of several of his cures, yet am not able to remember or write them out as I saw them."*

Mr. Weld has found in the archives of the Royal Society a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin from Greatrix, who gives the following curious account of the circumstances which led him to undertake curing by touch:—"I was moved by an impulse which, sleeping or waking, always dictated: I have given thee the gift of curing the king's evil. At first, I wondered within myself what the meaning thereof should be, and was silent; at length, I told my wife thereof, and that I had no quiet within myself for this impulse. and that I did verily believe that God

* *An Account of the Rev. John Flamsteed, &c.* By Francis Baily, Esq. Autobiography, p. 18. Greatrix refused to take money from Flamsteed, not even for his horse's grass.

had given me the power of curing the evil. She little regarded what I said, telling me only I had conceived a rich fancy. Soon after, such was the providence of God, one William Maher, of the parish of Lismore, brought his son, that had the evil in several places very grievous, and desired to know if I would cure him. Whereupon, I went to my wife and told her she should now see whether my belief were a fancy or no; whereupon I put my hands on young Maher, desiring the help of the Lord Jesus, for his mercies' sake; whereupon, the evil, which was as hard as possible for flesh and blood to be, dissolved and rotted within forty-four hours, run and healed, and so, through God's mercy, continues to this day."

Such were a few of the superstitions which prevailed at the time of the establishment of the Royal Society; superstitions not confined to the low and the ignorant classes of society, but credited by distinguished men, and by many of the Fellows of the Royal Society themselves. The efficacy of the divining-rod in discovering metals and water, the cosmœtic virtues of May-dew collected before sunrise, the efficacy of medicines strangely compounded, and even alchemy, or the transmutation of the baser metals into gold, were among the articles of faith of many members of the Royal Society. Hence we obtain an explanation of the absurd and ridiculous experiments which were tried by that learned body, not, as Mr. Weld would have us believe, because they wished "to clear away a rotten foundation ere a solid superstructure could be raised," but because they wished farther to investigate what they believed to be true. Nor is this any slur upon the Society. To believe without the desire of investigating is the characteristic of a fool: to believe and to test our faith is an act of wisdom;—the belief is the motive, and without a certain portion of it there would be no investigation.

Although the extinction of ancient superstitions was to a certain extent coeval with the establishment of the Royal Society, and in some degree promoted by the spirit of inquiry of which it set the example, yet it is strange to observe that after the Society has carried on its vocation for nearly 200 years, a phalanx of modern superstitions has sprung up which the brightest lights of physical science are unable to dissipate. We do not allude to bleeding portraits and winking statues, those monstrous creations of priestcraft, which neither science nor civilisation can abate; but to those forms of error which now haunt the gayest and the most intellectual saloons. If we do not believe in witches and burn them, we believe in the diabolical influences which they were supposed to exercise. If we do not believe in the curative efficacy of the royal touch, and of the pounded bones of malefactors, we rely on the power of a drop of the Atlantic

after a grain of poison has impregnated its mass. If we have laid aside the divining-rod as a guide to water and to metals, we can endow a silver spoon with such an attractive virtue as to lead its bearer to every other spoon however concealed from view. If we have renounced palmistry, and lost faith in the lines of the human hand, we can see all the depths of character in the lines which the hand has traced. We have, in short, substituted one set of superstitions for another, and have garnished the mass with table-turning, table-thinking, spirit-rapping, spirit-conversing, silent will, and clairvoyance.

Hitherto, the Royal Society was a private institution supported by the subscriptions of its members and unrecognised by the State. It was, however, incorporated by royal charter, on the 15th of July 1662, for the improvement of *natural knowledge*,—the word *natural* being introduced in contradistinction to *supernatural*, in order to discourage all belief in the art of divination, which was then so prevalent. This recognition of science by Charles II. gave great satisfaction, and is one of the few points in his character which have received general approbation. Anxious to promote its interests, he addressed a letter in his own handwriting to the Duke Ormond, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, recommending the Royal Society “for a liberal contribution from the adventurers and officers of Ireland, for the better encouragement of them and their designs;” but, though every exertion was made to realize this gift, the Duke of Ormond baffled all their attempts, and the lands destined for the Royal Society were given to his own friends.

Though thus disappointed by the loss of the royal grant, the Society proceeded with zeal and ardour in carrying on the objects of their institution. Hitherto no discovery of importance had illustrated their proceedings, and no very brilliant name had brought them reputation. Dr. Robert Hooke, however, was now added to the list of Fellows, and, with a single exception, contributed more than any other individual to advance physical science and extend the renown of the Royal Society. His inventive genius had been displayed in the Philosophical Society of Oxford, and he had for some time acted as assistant to Mr. Boyle, to whom he had been of great service in completing the invention of the air-pump. On the 12th of November 1662, “Sir Robert Moray, then President, proposed him for Curator of Experiments to the Society, whereupon, being unanimously accepted, it was ordered that Mr. Boyle should have the thanks of the Society for dispensing with him for their use, and that he should come and sit among them, and both bring in, every day of their meeting, *three or four* experiments, and take care of such others as should be mentioned to him by the Society.”

In the year 1663 the King granted a second Charter to the Royal Society, in which he constituted himself its patron and founder, gave it armorial bearings, and presented it with a mace of richly gilt silver, weighing 149 oz. avoirdupois. This mace, without which no legal meeting of the Society can be held, had for a long time been regarded with a peculiar interest, owing to the prevalent belief that it was the identical mace turned out of the House of Commons by Oliver Cromwell. Numberless visitors came to the apartments of the Royal Society to see the famous "Bauble," and so general and firm was the conviction of the identity of the two maces, that the proprietors of the Abbotsford edition of the *Waverley Novels* have actually illustrated the novel of *Woodstock* with an engraving of the "Bauble Mace," as formerly belonging to the Long Parliament, and now in the possession of the Royal Society.

This popular and unfounded illusion has been dispelled by the researches of Mr. Weld, who has not only traced the history of the Bauble mace, but discovered the warrant for the preparation of the new one, as a gift to the Royal Society. "We cannot forbear observing," he says, "that though the mace may not be as curious as before to the antiquary, divested as it now is of its fictitious historical interest, *yet it is much more to be respected*; for surely a mace designated a 'Bauble,' and spurned from the House of Commons by a Republican, would scarcely be an appropriate gift to the Royal Society." We admire the ingenuity of Mr. Weld, in thus consoling himself for having dispelled an illusion which the public seemed to value; but, we confess, that though we are neither antiquaries nor republicans, we should greatly prefer the ancient mace that lay on the table of the Long Parliament, notwithstanding the kick which it received from Cromwell. The exiled mace, like the exiled Sovereign, derived new lustre from its restoration.

A gilt mace and a royal title were hitherto the only gifts which Charles II. bestowed on a Society of which he claimed to be the founder, and called himself the patron. He had, indeed, mocked them with the false hopes of a grant of land in Ireland; and he again, with a generous intention, doubtless, was about to propose a still more liberal donation. At the Society's anniversary dinner the Fellows were regaled with a haunch of venison presented by the King. Their poverty at this time was very great. The arrears due by the Fellows was £158. Mr. Colwall presented the Society with £50, and Mr. Balle promised £100. "These sums, however, proved so insufficient to meet the growing wants of the Society, that, early in 1664 it was proposed to solicit from the King a grant of such

lands as were left by the sea, and a motion was even made, 'that the King might be spoken to, to confer such offices in the Courts of Justice, or the Customhouse, as were in his Majesty's gift, UPON SOME MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY, FOR THE USE OF THE WHOLE!' It was further resolved, "that every member of the council should think on ways to raise a revenue for carrying on the designs and work of the Society." The result of these deliberations was, that the Society should petition the King, praying him "to grant Chelsea College, and the land belonging to it, to the Royal Society." This petition was presented to the King in the month of June; but difficulties came in the way, and the Society, as poor as ever, and owing nothing to the patronage of their Royal founder, prosecuted their inquiries with their usual zeal and diligence.

The year 1664, though in many respects an unfortunate one in the affairs of the Royal Society, was distinguished by the commencement of the *Philosophical Transactions*, a work which will ever hold a high place in the history of British science. Mr. Oldenburg undertook to compose this work out of the writings submitted to the Society, and he published it on the first Monday of every month, a duty which he discharged till his death in 1677. The Transactions were not printed at the expense of the Society. They were published at the risk and responsibility of the Secretary, and the sale in 1665 was so small (only 300) that it is doubtful whether it would defray the expense of paper and printing. The proceedings of the Society were interrupted by the plague in 1665. Most of the Fellows retired into the country, and it was not till February 1665-6, that a sufficient number had returned to resume their meetings.

Oldenburg, who had remained at his post during the whole of the time that the plague raged in the city, continued to carry on his extensive correspondence, both with English and foreign savans, as he was permitted to do by the Charter. His indefatigable zeal, however, in the cause of the Society met with a singular check, which had the effect of causing a suspension of their proceedings from the 30th May to the 3d October. On the suspicion of carrying on a political correspondence with parties abroad obnoxious to Charles II., Oldenburg was arrested and sent to the Tower on the 20th of June 1667. Pepys remarks in his Diary, that he was put into the Tower for writing news to a virtuoso in France, with whom he constantly corresponded on philosophical subjects, and adds, that this event "made it very unsafe at this time to write or almost do anything." Poor Oldenburg, who was a loyal subject, and guiltless of "dangerous designs and practices," was without any just cause kept a close prisoner nearly three months, and after being

"stified by the prison air," and having "quite lost his stomach," he was liberated on the 26th August.

As if to atone for the incarceration of its secretary, Chelsea College, with about 30 acres of ground, was presented to the Society as a gift from his Majesty. The Society took possession of it on the 27th September, but as it was in a dilapidated state, and as the grant had not passed the Great Seal, they resolved not to make any repairs upon it till they had it in legal possession. Immediately before this grant was made, the Society had received subscriptions to the amount of £1075 for building a College or place of meeting, upon a piece of ground in Arundel Gardens, granted by Henry Howard of Norfolk, and Sir Christopher Wren had given a design for the building. The grant of Chelsea College, however, rendered the execution of the plan unnecessary, as it would seem to have been the intention of the Society to repair that building for their use. This project, however, was never carried into effect. Various attempts were made to obtain a tenant and make the building useful by repairs, but it remained unproductive in the hands of the Society till 1682, when Sir Christopher Wren, on the authority of the Society, sold it to the King for £1300, as the site of the Royal Hospital.

The year 1667 was memorable in the Society's history by the successful performance of the experiment of transfusing the blood of a sheep into a man in perfect health. The subject of this experiment was one Arthur Coga, who, as Pepys says, was a kind of minister, who read for Dr. Wilkins in his church, and who being in want of money hired himself for a guinea. The operation was performed in Arundel House by Drs. Lower and King, in presence of the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Howard, and several members of Parliament. The patient made no complaint during the injection of 12 oz. of blood; his pulse and appetite were better than before, and his sleep good. He drank a glass or two of Canary, took a pipe of tobacco, and went home with a stronger and fuller pulse than before. He slept well, perspired two or three hours, and was so well next day that he was willing to have the experiment repeated. It was accordingly repeated at a public meeting of the Society, on the 12th December, when 14 oz. of sheep's blood were substituted for 8 oz. of his own. Pepys went to see him and heard him give an account, in Latin, of the operation and its effects. Coga was fond of drink, and in order to discredit the Royal Society and make the experiment appear ridiculous, several malicious persons who frequented the Coffee-houses "endeavoured to debauch the fellow." When Coga was asked why he chose the blood of a sheep, he replied, "*Sanguis ovis symbolicam quandam facultatem habet cum sanguine Christi, quia Christus est agnus Dei.*"

About this time a brilliant name was added to the list of the Fellows of the Royal Society. Mr. Isaac Newton, Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, was proposed as a Fellow on the 21st December 1671, by Seth Ward, Bishop of Sarum. Newton, then in the 30th year of his age, had made several of his greatest discoveries. He had discovered the different refrangibility of light. He had invented the reflecting telescope. He had deduced the law of gravity from Kepler's theorem, and he had discovered the method of fluxions. When he heard of his being proposed as a Fellow, he expressed to Oldenburg, the secretary, his hope that he would be elected, and added, that "he would endeavour to testify his gratitude by communicating what his poor and solitary endeavours could effect towards the promoting their philosophical design." The communications which Newton made to the Society, excited the deepest interest in every part of Europe. His little reflecting telescope, the germ of the colossal instruments of Herschel and Lord Rosse,* was deemed one of the wonders of the age, and his discoveries with the prism, while they were received as grand and remarkable truths by most of his colleagues in the Society, were opposed by Hooke and Huygens, and by a number of foreign critics who knew nothing of the subject, and whose names will be remembered only, and contemned while they are remembered, as the assailants of demonstrated truths, and the disturbers of Newton's tranquillity. With a patience and a temper which no other disputant could have shewn, Newton replied again and again to all their objections; and at last succeeded in silencing them all, and establishing his doctrine of colours on an impregnable basis.

While Newton was making his communications to the Society, and had been little more than two years one of its Fellows, some change seems to have taken place in his pecuniary affairs. He had paid his admission money of £2, and for one or two years the annual payment of £2, 12s. or a shilling a week; but on the 1st March 1673, he expressed to Oldenburg his desire "to be put out from being any longer a member of the Society." Oldenburg communicated to the Society the contents of this letter, and having ascertained that his desire to resign was from the inconvenience of making the quarterly payments, the Society, as a matter of course, agreed to excuse him. We may well appeal to an event of this kind as an argument of some weight against voluntary associations for the promotion of science. Mr. Hans Sloane, Dr. Wallis, Dr. Green, and Dr. Hooke received the same mortifying privilege, which in more modern

* See this Journal, vol. ii. p. 175.

times was extended to Thomas Simpson and James Ferguson. In 1709, as Mr. Baily* informs us, the council of the Royal Society ordered Flamsteed's name to be left out of the list of Fellows on account of his not having paid up his arrears; although, in the course of that very year, Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Halley, Dr. Lister, Dr. Smith, Mr. Lowthorp, and *seven* other Fellows had been excused from such payments. Mr. Baily adds "that many even of the nobility had been favoured (some of them more than once) in a similar manner in other years."

Another distinguished name which may be placed near, though not next to that of Newton, was about this time added to the list of Fellows. John Flamsteed had so early as 1670 communicated a paper on Eclipses to the Society. He was at this time in the 24th year of his age, some years younger than Newton. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1676, after he had been appointed "Astronomical Observator" under the Royal Sign Manual, with a salary of £100 per annum. The history of this appointment, and of the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, is extremely interesting, and has been given by Flamsteed himself in the History of his own Life.

"Betwixt my coming up to London and Easter (1675) an accident happened that hastened, if it did not occasion, the building of the Observatory. A Frenchman that called himself Le Sieur de St. Pierre, having some small skill in astronomy, and made an interest with a French lady (the Duchess of Portsmouth) then in fashion at Court, proposed no less than the discovery of the longitude, and had procured a kind of commission from the King to the Lord Brouncker, Dr. Ward, Sir C. Wren, Sir Charles Scarborough, Sir Jonas Moore, Col. Titus, Dr. Pell, Sir Robert Moray, Dr. Hooke, and some other ingenious gentlemen about the town and court to receive his proposals, with power to elect and receive into their number any other skilful persons; and having heard them, to give the King an account of them, with their opinion whether or not they were practicable, and would shew what he pretended. Sir Jonas Moore (in whose house in the Tower, Flamsteed was hospitably entertained) carried me with him to one of their meetings, where I was chosen into their number; and after the Frenchman's proposals were read, which were—

"1. To have the year and day of the observation.

"2. The height of two stars, and on which side of the meridian they appeared.

"3. The height of the moon's two limbs.

"4. The height of the pole: According to degrees and minutes.

"It was easy to perceive from these demands that M. Sieur under-

* Life of Flamsteed, p 90, note.

stood not that the best lunar tables differed from the heavens; and that therefore his demands were not sufficient for determining the longitude of the place where such observations were or should be made, from that to which the lunar tables were fitted; which I represented immediately to the Company. But they considering the interest of his patronage at court, desired to have him furnished according to his demand. I undertook it . . . and gave him observations such as he demanded. The half-skilled man did not think that they could have been given him, but cunningly answered *they were feigned*. . . I then wrote a letter in English to the Commissioners, and another in Latin to M. Sieur, to assure him they were not feigned. . . I heard no more of the Frenchman after this; but was told that my letters being shewn to King Charles, he startled at the assertion of the fixed star's places being false in the catalogue, and said, with some vehemence, 'he must have them anew observed, examined, and corrected for the use of his seamen;' and further, (when it was urged to him how necessary it was to have a good stock of observations taken, for correcting the motion of the moon and planets), with the same earnestness, 'he must have it done.' And when he was asked Who could, or Who should do it? 'The person (says he) who informs you of them.' Whereupon I was appointed to it, with the incompetent allowance afore-mentioned; but with assurance at the same time of such further addition as thereafter should be found requisite for carrying on the work."

There was at this time no Observatory; and the next step was to choose a proper site for one. Chelsea College, Hyde Park, and Greenwich Hill, were proposed. The latter was chosen, and the King having allowed £500, and some bricks from Tilbury Fort, the Observatory was founded on the 10th August 1675, and finished by Christmas. As there had been an Astronomer Royal without an Observatory, so there was now an Observatory without an instrument. The few instruments belonging to the Royal Society were lent to it; but fifteen years elapsed before a single instrument was furnished by the government.

The conduct of the King in thus leaving the Observatory without instruments, is what might have been expected from his illiberal treatment of the Royal Society; and Mr. Weld has justly placed in painful contrast with it the conduct of Louis XIV., and of "Peter the Great, to whom Russia is indebted for her Academy of Sciences, and the first national Observatory."*

When Sir Joseph Williamson resigned the Presidency of the Society in 1680, the Honourable Robert Boyle was chosen as

* Peter the Great visited the Observatory at Greenwich on the 6th February 1697-8, and also on the 8th March, when he made "a complete observation of Venus."

his successor; but as he had "a great tenderness in point of oaths," and had many weighty reasons for not "taking the test and oaths," in which he was confirmed not only by the opinion of his own counsel, but by that of another eminent lawyer, he declined to accept the office, which was then conferred upon Sir Christopher Wren. Boyle was now in the fifty-fourth-year of his age. He was a man of a noble and generous mind, an ardent and indefatigable cultivator of experimental philosophy, and a warm friend of the Royal Society, to whom he bequeathed his valuable collection of minerals. Owing no doubt to the religious and moral character of Boyle, and the regard in which he was held by his scientific friends, he has received a degree of praise to which he is by no means entitled. The excessive eulogy of friends is often more fatal to reputation than the severest animadversions of enemies. When Boerhaave tells us that "we owe to Boyle the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils, so that from his works may be deduced the whole system of natural knowledge," he defrauds the whole fraternity of philosophers, and places them in an attitude of hostility to the unfortunate object of his praise. Boyle made more experiments than any of his contemporaries; and obtained many facts which were individually interesting;—but facts are not discoveries, and in a bushel of them there may not be found a single grain of wheat,—a single germ of any useful scientific truth. Facts must be sifted, and viewed in every azimuth, till we discover the master phase that lights us into the path of generalization. Boyle was destitute of the philosophical faculty; and we were gratified to find, in looking over the correspondence between Huygens and Leibnitz,* which has been recently published, that both these distinguished philosophers entertained the same opinion of Boyle which we have now expressed. Leibnitz says to Huygens, "I am of your opinion, that we ought to follow the plan of Verulam upon physics, *in adding to it, however, a certain act of guessing, for otherwise we should make no progress.* I am astonished that M. Boyle, who has made so many fine experiments, has not arrived at some theory in chemistry, after having meditated so much on the subject. In all his writings, however, and in all the consequences which he deduces from his observations, he draws the conclusion, which we all know, that every thing is done mechanically. He is perhaps too reserved. Excellent men ought to leave us even their conjectures, and they are only wrong when they give them as certain truths. This may be said even of yourself, who have doubtless an infinity of

* Christiani Hugeni aliorum que seculi xvi. virorum celeberrimorum Exercitationes Mathematicæ et Philosophicæ, Ed. P. J. Uytlenbroek. Hays, 1833, Fascio. I. Pp. 117, 120.

fine thoughts on physics." In his reply to this letter, Huygens remarks, "The art of *guessing* in physics upon given experiments, has not, I think, been neglected by Verulam, as we may see in the example which he gives in ascertaining the nature of heat in the bodies of metals, and other substances, where he has succeeded pretty well, were it not that he has not thought of the rapid motion of a very subtle matter, which ought to keep up the agitation of the particles of bodies.* You will have heard of the death of Mr. Boyle. It appears very strange that he has built nothing on the great number of experiments of which his works are full; but the thing is difficult; and I have never believed him capable of an application sufficiently great to enable him to establish real principles. I am of your opinion in wishing even the conjectures of excellent men in these matters. But they do much mischief when they wish their conjectures to pass for certain truths, as Descartes has done, for their followers taking them as such, have no desire to seek for anything better."

Robert Boyle died on the 31st Dec. 1691, in the 65th year of his age, and was interred in St. Martin's Church, Westminster. Though we have been unable, and unwillingly unable, to concur in the high eulogy which Boerhaave has pronounced upon his scientific character, we cheerfully adopt the other expression of that eminent physician, that Boyle "was the ornament of his age and country."

The year 1685 was marked in the history of the Society by the death of Charles II., the nominal founder, and the nominal patron of the Society. Dr. Sprat, in his dedication to him of his *History of the Society*, "assures him of immortal fame for having established a perpetual succession of inventors," but we fear that the details given by Mr. Weld have deprived the compliment of all its value. His Majesty's connexion with the Society is both historically and traditionally ludicrous. He granted them lands in Ireland, but he failed to give them possession. He gave a paltry sum to found an observatory; but he gave no instruments with which to observe. He appointed Flamsteed his astronomer; but he both overwrought and starved him. He gave the Society a mace constructed expressly for its use; but it would have possessed more interest had it been the bauble which Cromwell kicked, instead of the mace which the Sovereign gave. It was not given to make the Society respected, but to make it royal. He presented the Society with five little glass bubbles,—a suitable emblem of the generosity of the donor. He sent a poisoned

* This is a very strange opinion from such a man as Huygens, if it is not ironical; as it is universally admitted that Bacon has failed completely in deducing any valuable result from his accumulation of facts on the subject of Heat.

dagger to the President ; but the kitten lanced with it refused to die of the wound. He gave the society a gift of Chelsea College; but he got it back again when repaired, a great bargain. He professed to be fond of experiments ; but though the curators made frequent preparations to receive the King, he did not "pay the contemplated visit." Had the Copley-medal, the olive branch of the Society, been founded in his reign, Charles II. would certainly have received it. His Majesty, through the channel of the President, wagered £50 to £5, "for the compression of air by water." Hooke made the experiment, and the Society acknowledged in its minutes "that his Majesty had won the wager!" It is not told by whom the £5 was lost, or to whom it was paid. He gave the Society *their* charter, but not *one* farthing to pay its clerks and doorkeepers, the postages of its correspondence, the expenses of its experiments, and the printing of its Transactions. The Fellows were his Majesty's staff of paupers living from hand to mouth. The gorgeous mace glittered on the table when Newton, the "poor Cambridge student," as Mr. Weld not very correctly calls him, petitioned for the remission of his weekly payments. At every meeting the cry of poverty arose ;—lists of increasing arrears were laid on the table, and the very nobles were unable to bear the burden of advancing science, when, as Mr. Weld says, the time and attention of the King were entirely engrossed with the intrigues and pleasures of the court. But not only was the Society kept on less than pauper allowance : it was to a certain degree persecuted. The Society could not exist unless its President, Vice-President, and their deputies took such "test and oaths," as the consciences of some of its most distinguished members would not allow them to take. Boyle, as we have seen, was thus deprived of the honour, and the Society of the advantage, of his being President. The three royal charters gave the Secretary authority to carry on a correspondence on science with all sorts of foreigners, and yet poor innocent Oldenburg, their faithful and loyal Secretary, was conveyed a prisoner to the Tower, and liberated without any explanation or apology. "Thus neglected by the Sovereign," as Mr. Weld remarks, "and occupied in pursuits so totally at variance with those of the Court, it will not be very surprising that the decease of Charles II. is not alluded to in the Council or Journal books. The King died on the 6th of Feb. 1684-5, and the Society met as usual on the 6th of the same month : The *minutes contain no reference to the monarch's death*, and they are equally silent respecting any endeavours to gain the patronage of his successor, James II."

The next important event in the history of the Royal Society was the presentation to that body, by Dr. Vincent, Fellow of Clarehall, of the MS. of the first book of Newton's immortal

work, the *Principia*. It was received on the 28th April, 1686, and was dedicated to the Society. A letter of thanks was addressed to its author, and Halley, now clerk to the Society, was ordered to write a report upon it to the Council. On the receipt of this report the Society came to the resolution, on the 19th of May, "that Mr. Newton's *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, should be printed forthwith in quarto in a fair letter." In communicating the resolution, Halley thinks it necessary to inform him, "that Hooke has some pretensions upon the invention of the rule of decrease of gravity being reciprocally as the squares of the distances from the centre, and that you had the notion from him, though he owns the demonstration of the curves generated thereby to be wholly your own." In refutation of this claim of Hooke's, Newton addressed a long letter to Halley; but before this letter was despatched, Newton received a letter from another correspondent, stating, in strong terms, "that Hooke was making a great stir in the matter, pretending that Newton had all from him, and calling for justice." This aggravation of the charge irritated Newton, and led him to add an angry and satirical postscript, in which he rashly conjectured "that Hooke might have looked into a letter of his to Huygens, and thence taken the notion of comparing the forces of the planets arising from their circular motion, and so what he wrote to me afterwards might be nothing but the fruit of my own garden." This admission of Newton was certainly in Hooke's favour, and sanctioned Hooke's claim, unless Newton was able to prove that he had seen the letter to Huygens. In reply to this letter, Halley, with much good sense, assured Newton that Hooke's "manner of claiming the discovery had been represented to him in worse colours than it ought, and that he neither made public application to the Society for justice, nor pretended that you had all from him." Newton was gratified with this assurance, and in replying to Halley on the 14th July, he not only expresses his regret at having written the angry postscript, but recounts the different new ideas which he had derived from Hooke's correspondence, and suggests it as the best method "of compromising the present dispute," to add a "scholium to the first proposition of the first book, in which Wren, Hooke, and Halley are acknowledged to have independently deduced the law of gravity from the second law of Kepler."

The finances of the Society were at this time in so low a condition, that the resolution to print the *Principia* at their own expense, as implied in the minute of the 19th of May, was withdrawn by the Council at their meeting on the 2d June, when it was resolved that "Mr. Newton's book be printed, and that Mr.

Halley undertake the business of looking after it, and printing it at his own charge, which he engaged to do." The inability of the Society to take this expense upon themselves, arose from their having expended £400 on the publication of 500 copies of Willughby's *Historia Piscium*, which seems to have had a tardy sale. The Council was obliged to pay the arrears of salary due to Hooke and Halley by copies of Willughby's work, and when Halley undertook to measure a degree of the meridian, the Society resolved that "he be given £50, or *fifty* books of fishes!"

In the letter to Halley of the 20th of June, to which we have already referred, Newton intimated his intention of suppressing the third Book of the *Principia*, influenced no doubt by the misrepresentation of Hooke's conduct, which had been improperly communicated to him. "The proof you sent to me," he says, "I like very well. I designed the whole to consist of three Books; the second was finished last summer, being short, and only waits transcribing, and drawing the cuts fairly, and one new proposition I have since thought on, which I can as well let alone. The third waits the theory of comets. In autumn last I spent two months in calculations to no purpose, for want of a good method, which made me afterwards return to the first book, and enlarge it with divers propositions, some relating to comets, others to other things, found out last winter. The third I now design to suppress. Philosophy is such an impertinently litigious lady, that a man had as good be engaged in lawsuits as have to do with her. I found it so formerly, and now I am no sooner come near her again but she gives me warning. The two first books without the third will not so well bear the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, and therefore I have altered it to this, *De Motu Corporum Libri Duo*: but, on second thoughts, I retain the former title. 'Twill help the sale of the book, which I ought not to diminish, now 'tis yours."

In his reply to this letter, Halley implores him in the name of the Society not to let his "resentment run so high as to suppress your third book, wherein your application of your mathematical doctrine to the theory of comets, &c., . . . will undoubtedly render it acceptable to those who will call themselves philosophers without mathematics, which are much the greater number." Newton readily yielded to this remonstrance. The second book was sent to the Society and presented on the 2d March 1686-7, and on the 6th April the third book was presented to the Society. The whole work was published about midsummer. "The MS. of this immortal work," says Mr. Weld, "*entirely written by Newton's own hand*, is in admirable preservation, and is justly esteemed the most precious scientific treasure in the possession

of the Royal Society." This is doubtless a mistake. Newton himself tells Halley that the second book only waits transcribing, and we can scarcely suppose that Newton wasted his time in that species of labour. Mr. Edleston,* on whose judgment we confidently rely, distinctly states that "he does not think the MS. to be in Newton's autograph, and that he believes it to be written by the same hand as the first draught of the Principia in the University Library." "The author's own hand," he adds, "is easily recognised in both MSS. in additions and alterations."

The year 1695 had for its President an individual whose name, though associated chiefly with literature, will ever be remembered in the History of Science,—Charles Montague, grandson of Henry Earl of Manchester, and afterwards Earl of Halifax. He was born on the 16th April 1661, and was the fourth son of George Montague of Harton, in Northamptonshire. From Westminster School, where he was elected king's scholar, he went in 1682 to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he distinguished himself by his talents and became acquainted with Newton, with whom he co-operated in endeavouring, though fruitlessly, to establish a Philosophical Society in that town. A poem which he wrote upon the death of Charles II., induced the Earl of Dorset to invite him to London, where an incident occurred which "led him on to fortune." Having published in conjunction with Prior a parody, with the title of *The Country Mouse and the City Mouse*, Lord Dorset introduced him to King William in the following terms,—“May it please your Majesty, I have brought a mouse to have the honour of kissing your hand,” at which the king smiled, and having learned the reason why Mr. Montague received the name, he gaily replied, “You will do well to put me in the way of making a man of him,” and he immediately gave orders that a pension of £500 per annum should be allowed him out of the Privy Purse, till he had an opportunity of giving him an appointment.

Mr. Montague sat along with Newton in the Convention Parliament, and such were his powers as a public speaker, that he was appointed a Commissioner of the Treasury, and afterwards a Privy Counsellor. In 1694 he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; and in the face of much opposition, but with the advice of Newton, Locke, and Halley, he had the adulterated and debased coin of the nation recoined and restored to its intrinsic value. At this time, Mr. Overton, Warden of the Mint, had been appointed a Commissioner of Customs, and on the

* See his very interesting volume, entitled *Correspondence of Sir Isaac Newton and Professor Gotes*, pp. lvii., lviii. London, 1850.

recommendation of Montague, the king appointed Newton Mr. Overton's successor. Newton held the office till 1699, when he was promoted to the Mastership of the Mint, a situation worth from £1200 to £1500 per annum, which he filled till the time of his death. In 1698, Charles Montague was made First Commissioner of the Treasury, and was created Earl of Halifax in 1706. After the death of his first wife he conceived a strong attachment to Catherine Barton, afterwards Mrs. Conduit, the beautiful and accomplished niece of Sir Isaac. Though regarded by all who knew her as a woman of strict honour and virtue, she did not escape the censures of her contemporaries. No reason has been assigned why he did not marry her instead of the Countess of Manchester, but such was the esteem in which he held her, that he bequeathed to her a large part of his fortune. Voltaire gave circulation to the scandal in the following extraordinary passage: "I had believed in my youth," says he, "that Newton had made his fortune in consequence of his extraordinary merit. I had imagined that the Court and City of London had named him by acclamation Grand Master of the Royal Mint. But it was not so. Isaac Newton had a very amiable niece, called Madame Conduit, to whom the Grand Treasurer Halifax was much attached. The infinitesimal calculus, even gravitation would have been of no use to him without a beautiful niece." This ambiguous passage may be read two ways. Voltaire knew what we have elsewhere affirmed, that though "the generous hearts of Englishmen are always open to the claims of intellectual pre-eminence, and ever ready to welcome the stranger whom it adorns, yet through the frozen life-blood of a British minister such sympathies had seldom vibrated, and that amid the struggles of faction and the anxieties of personal and family ambition, he turns a deaf ear to the demands of genius, whether she appear in the humble posture of a suppliant, or in the prouder attitude of a national benefactor."—He had learned that the same Newton, the inventor of fluxions and the apostle of gravitation, had craved remission of his weekly payments to the Royal Society, and had been allowed to live in penury by preceding ministers and preceding sovereigns; and when he saw so striking an exception to the general rule as was exhibited in the conduct of Charles Montague, he found the readiest explanation of it in the beauty of the niece, and in the susceptibility of the minister. We honour Charles Montague for having set the example of a noble deed, even though the motive was susceptible of misinterpretation; and we should like to learn that even amid the social puritanism of modern times, the beauty and accomplishments of a niece, or the fascination of a virtuous wife, had wrenched from the British Treasury a sacrifice for science or a home for genius.

On the death of Queen Anne, Lord Halifax was appointed one of the Regents, and after the coronation of George I, he was created Earl of Halifax, and First Commissioner of the Treasury. He died suddenly on the 19th May 1715, in the 54th year of his age. "Himself a poet and elegant writer, he was the liberal patron of genius, and among his intimate friends we may number Congreve, Halley, Prior,* Tickell, Steele, and Pope. His conduct to Newton will be for ever remembered in the annals of science. The sages of every nation and every age will pronounce with affection the name of Charles Montague, and the neglected science of England will continue to deplore, that he was the first and the last English minister who honoured genius by his friendship, and rewarded it by his patronage."

In painful contrast with the treatment experienced by the Royal Society, Mr. Weld gives some account of the arrangements in the New Charter, granted in 1699, to the Academy of Sciences in Paris; "which gave the members considerable powers, and at the same time advanced and rewarded science." "The fact," he adds, "is worthy of attention, as marking the different manner in which the great learned societies of England and France were treated by their respective sovereigns. In the latter country, science was thus early fostered and rewarded, while in England the Royal Society was left to struggle with poverty. M. Geoffroy, in writing to Dr. Sloane, speaks of "the great splendour that the Academy of Sciences had received from the regulations, increase, encouragement, and orders obtained for it from the King, by the Abbé Bignon;" and Dr Lister, in his *Journey to Paris*, states that "if any member shall give in a bill of charges of any experiments which he shall have made, or shall desire the impression of any book, and bring in the charges of graving required for such book, the President allowing it and signing it, the money is forthwith reimbursed by the King." "Such royal patronage," says Mr. Weld, "it must be confessed was wholly unknown to English philosophers."

In the year 1703, the Royal Society suffered a severe loss in the death of the celebrated Robert Hooke, a man of powerful intellect and inventive genius. He died on the 3d March, in the 68th year of his age, worn out with want of sleep, and with excessive study. He was the very soul of the Royal Society, supplying it with experiments at almost every meeting, and bringing it reputation by his writings and discoveries. Infirm

* Prior, the *Country Mouse*, was aggrieved that he had been so much less fortunate than his friend the *City Mouse*, and he thus wittily expressed his grief:—

"My friend, Charles Montague's preferred;
Nor would I have it long observed,
That one mouse eats while t'other's starved."

in body and bent in form from his infancy, his temper partook of his physical infirmities, and he was "melancholy, mistrustful, and jealous." His temper had been soured by a long Chancery suit, to recover the salary of £50 granted to him by Sir John Cullen, and when this had terminated in his favour, on the 1st of July 1696, he made the following entry in his diary—" *Deo optimo maximo summus Honor, Laus, Gloria, in secula seculorum, Amen.* I was born on this day of July 1635, and God has given me a new birth: may I never forget his kindness to me: whilst he gives me breath may I praise him." Educated religiously under the roof of his father, who was a clergyman, he retained his religious principles, and studied the Sacred Scriptures in their original languages. We mention these facts to protect his memory against charges which have been rashly preferred against it. In two of the disputes which he had with Newton, his conduct had been misrepresented by an enemy; and Newton himself has acknowledged his obligations to Hooke, both on the subject of light and of gravity. With these views of the character of Hooke, we cannot but express the high disapprobation, which we trust every philosopher will feel, when he finds that Biot has applied to Hooke the coarse language which D'Alembert applied to Fontaine. "*Hooke est mort; c'était un homme de génie et un mauvais homme; la Société y gagne plus que le géométrie n'y perd.*" Mr. Weld has briefly summed up the merits of Hooke in the following just encomium:—"His errors and failings were alike forgotten over his grave, to which he was attended by all the Members of the Royal Society in London at the time of his decease, and who unanimously lamented him as one of their greatest ornaments and prosecutors of science. His energy was truly astonishing; and although this fact is most amply confirmed by his posthumous works, we must examine the journal and register books of the Royal Society, to become fully aware of the labours of this great philosopher. They are a wonderful monument of his mathematical and mechanical genius; for there is hardly a page during many years, in which his name does not appear in connexion with new inventions."

In the same year in which the Society lost Hooke, Sir Isaac Newton became its President. He was elected a Member of the Council for the first time, and also President, at the anniversary in 1703, and he continued to preside over the Society, for a quarter of a century, till his death in 1727. He attended almost every meeting of the Society, and when his duties at the Mint interfered, he had the day of meeting changed from Wednesday to Thursday, in order that he might be able to give his undivided time to the Society on that day. We have already nar-

rated the proceedings of the Royal Society in reference to the great discoveries of Newton, whether optical or astronomical. During his occupation of the President's chair, he added nothing to science. His Treatise on Optics indeed was presented to the Society on the 16th Feb. 1704, about three months after his election, but it contained nothing new excepting his experiments on the inflexion of light, made long before that period. This work, containing all his previous optical discoveries, was first published in English, and afterwards translated into Latin by Dr. Clark, to whom Newton presented £500 as a remuneration for his labour. It has been generally stated by the biographers of Newton, and repeated by Mr. Weld, that he was prevented by a dread of Hooke's animadversions and claims, from publishing his *Optics* during the lifetime of his colleague. It is true that in the Preface to his Optics, written in 1704, a year after Hooke's death, and quoted by Mr. Weld in support of his opinion, Newton states that "to avoid being engaged in disputes about these matters, he had hitherto delayed the printing;" but he adds another statement which Mr. Weld has strangely overlooked, though it is part of the very sentence which he has quoted, namely, "*and should still have delayed it, had not the importunity of friends prevailed upon me.*" Now here is a distinct declaration by Newton himself that his delay had no connexion whatever with Hooke. The truth is, that Hooke, in so far as Newton's optical discoveries were concerned, was the most amiable of Newton's opponents, and his objections arose from his attachment to what is now almost universally considered as the true theory of light. Hooke's explanation of the colours of thin plates was the right one, and Newton's the wrong one, and a letter to Hooke and other documents have been found among Newton's papers,* in which he acknowledges his great obligation to Hooke for the most important facts on the subject of the colours of thin plates. But even if it had been true that Newton delayed the publication of his optics till Hooke's death, his motive must have been the fear of Hooke's animadversions on the only new part of it, namely, that upon the *Inflexion of light*,—the least original and the most imperfect of Newton's researches, and the very one in which Hooke's theoretical views have obtained a signal triumph. We have not the slightest hesitation in asserting, and we do so with the conviction that every optical philosopher of any eminence will concur with us, that if Newton and Hooke had come into collision on the subject of the inflexion of light, Hooke would have remained victorious on the field. It is not by depressing this

* This letter, highly honourable to Newton, along with one from Hooke, equally creditable to him, will appear in Sir David Brewster's forthcoming "Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton."

truly great man,—subject to constitutional infirmities, both mental and physical,—annoyed by the anticipation of discoveries which he was about to publish,—and ungenerously neglected by his country,—it is not, we assert, by such means that the reputation of Newton is to be extended, or the interests of science advanced.

During the quarter of a century that Newton occupied the chair of the Royal Society, no discovery and no invention of any marked importance was communicated at its meetings. The great discoveries of the seventeenth century seem to have exhausted the gigantic powers which were allotted to our country; and nearly a century of repose had passed before the giant awoke from his slumbers. The foundation of the true system of the world had been firmly laid by Kepler, Newton, and his contemporaries; but it was by foreign mathematicians,—by the Eulers, the Clairauts, and the D'Alemberts of other lands, that the great superstructure was raised—a monument, though based on the earth, rising to the heavens—displaying on one of its sides the trophies of human genius, and recording on all of them the wisdom, the power, and the beneficence of the Great Creator.

Sir Isaac Newton died on the 20th March 1727, in the 85th year of his age, lamented and honoured—crowned with the triple laurel of piety, virtue, and genius.

“How greatly humble, how divinely good!
How firm established on eternal truth!”

The history of the Royal Society during the eighteenth century was not distinguished by many brilliant discoveries and inventions. If we except the great discovery of aberration and nutation, by Bradley,—of the achromatic telescope, by Hall and Dollond,—of the composition of water, by Cavendish and Watt, and of Uranus, and other celestial bodies, by Herschel, the Society cannot boast of having done much for science. It was still smitten with poverty, and though nominally patronized by the Sovereign, it derived from the crown no very substantial benefit. Science had sought a wider field for its operations, and the Royal Society, once its only patron in the British Isles, and the sole emporium of its riches, was doomed to descend to a lower, though not less honourable sphere,—to rejoice, as it may well do, in its numerous, though unwillingly begotten children,—and we trust to lay down its hoary head, blessing its progeny, and supplanting for them the happiness and the glory of a united family.

Our waning space will not permit us to refer, at any length, to the glorious revival of science in the 19th century,—to the

influence exerted by the Royal Society—or to the individual achievements of those distinguished men who have thrown a lustre upon their age and country. The banners of Davy, Wollaston, and Young hang conspicuous, to the mental eye, in the Temple of Science;—but no physical memorial—no obelisk of granite, nor monument of bronze, remind our youth that they belong to a grateful country. Of the living members of the Royal Society we dare not speak. A brighter galaxy never shone in the firmament of science. With a President worthy of the chair which Newton adorned, and a staff of willing auxiliaries which has been equalled at no other period of our history, the Royal Society will maintain a high place among the scientific institutions of Europe, whether it is destined to labour in its now limited sphere, or to form the nucleus of a grand and national institution.*

In the preceding pages we have given a brief account of the origin and progress of an Institution of the most comprehensive kind, generously devoting the time and the subscriptions of its members, to the prosecution of almost every branch of human knowledge. We have seen it struggling with poverty, unable even to pay the salaries of its office-bearers—crippled in its schemes of research—enduring the ridicule of fools—driven from house to house without a roof-tree of its own—neglected by kings and by statesmen, and yet nobly surmounting the difficulties which beset it, and attaining a high and an honourable place among the institutions of civilisation. In the same proportion, however, in which it was successful in its objects, and useful to the public, its arm was shortened and its range restricted. When wealth and population increased, new wants and new luxuries demanded new arts to supply them; and after the physical and natural sciences had divided themselves into distinct branches, which required separate study and investigation, the Royal Society became unable to cultivate so wide a field.

As the only Philosophical Institution in the empire, it had long enjoyed the monopoly of eliciting and diffusing knowledge, and though it was a noble monopoly without gain, the Society was unwilling to part with it. It had no objection to increase, but it was averse to multiply. In the sister kingdoms, and even

* Mr. Weld has with much good taste, and much independence of spirit, devoted a whole chapter to the History of Mr. Babbage's calculating Machine,—a History which reflects as little credit upon the Society, as it does upon the various statesmen who refused to grant the necessary funds for its completion. We have already referred to this chapter in our review of Mr. Babbage's *Exposition of 1851*, (vol. xv. p. 529,) and we earnestly recommend it to the dispassionate perusal of our readers. By a timely discussion on this important subject, the *Calculating Machine*, like Lord Rosse's telescope, one of the wonders of the age, may yet be prevented from finding a patron and a home in some foreign land.

in the provinces, it was willing to countenance institutions like itself, but in the metropolis it desired to stand alone in its glory. The first attempt to interfere with the unity of the Royal Society was in 1738, when Dr. Peck, in a letter to the President, Sir Hans Sloane, conveyed a proposal to the Society, to raise a stock of £1000 for the *Encouragement of Arts and Science*. Upon considering the subject, after some farther correspondence with Dr. Peck, the Society resolved "that Dr. Peck should be informed *that this Society cannot, as a Society, assist in the establishment of such a foundation, nor will they give any interruption to the design of any other society which the proposer seems to be in hopes may be formed thereon.*" The scheme of a Society of Arts was therefore abandoned, but it was resumed in 1753, when "The Society for the Prosecution of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce," was established.

A more serious encroachment on the Royal Society was made in 1788, by the establishment of the *Linnean Society*, through the exertions and influence of Sir James Edward Smith. Viewing the Society of Arts as not properly one of Science, Mr. Weld justly regards the establishment of the Linnæan Society as "presenting the first instance of a subdivision of *scientific* labour in the metropolis, by the establishment of a distinct association under Royal Charter." It was promoted even by Sir Joseph Banks, when President of the Royal Society; but as this may have arisen from his love and knowledge of Botany, it is probable that he would not have countenanced the scheme had he foreseen that it was the first of a series of numerous secessions from the parent establishment.

In 1807, the Geologists found that a separate institution was required for the advancement of their important science, and the *Geological Society*, one of the most valuable institutions in the country, was established. Sir Joseph Banks and some of the leading members of the Royal Society, viewed its progress with a jealous eye; and in 1809, they drew up a "Plan for consolidating the Geological with the Royal Society, as an *Assistant Society.*" A meeting of the Geologists was held on the 10th March 1809, to consider this proposal; but it was decided by a large majority that they could not admit any change upon their institution, which would make it dependent on and subservient to the Royal Society.

In the very same year, a society was projected for the improvement of *Animal Chemistry*, but as the members agreed to publish their papers in the "*Philosophical Transactions,*" it became merely an *Assistant Society* to the Royal, and was recognised by that name.

The process of splitting the Royal Society into separate insti-

tutions now became infectious. Dr. Pearson, an ardent astronomer, proposed an *Astronomical Society* so early as 1812, and he resumed the scheme in 1816, when he drew up a preparatory prospectus and address, which he submitted to Lord Erskine, with the view of obtaining his Lordship's countenance and aid. It was not, however, till the beginning of 1820, when Babbage, Baily, Herschel, Pearson, and others, succeeded in founding *The Astronomical Society*, an institution which has been eminently successful in advancing the interests of the noblest of the sciences. On this occasion, some of the leaders of the Royal Society, and Sir Joseph Banks in particular, opposed its establishment as injurious to the Royal Society, and to such a length was this opposition carried, that the Duke of Somerset, who had accepted the office of President, resigned it, and refused even to leave his name on the list of members, on the sole ground of his unwillingness to give offence to his old friend Sir Joseph Banks, who "apprehended the ruin of the Royal Society." Those who know the liberal and enlightened views of the amiable and distinguished nobleman who made this personal sacrifice to private friendship, will not suspect him of any want of appreciation of the value of astronomical science.

After the failure of every attempt to preserve the unity of the Royal Society, it was in vain to oppose the formation of other separate institutions, and indeed we are not aware that any such attempt was made. The process of separation became easy and general, and we shall content ourselves with enumerating the various institutions in the metropolis into which the Royal Society has been split,—institutions nobly vying with each other in the active and generous prosecution of their respective sciences.

The Society of Arts.	The Society of Civil Engineers.
The Linnæan Society.	The Meteorological Society.
The Geological Society.	The Microscopic Society.
The Astronomical Society.	The Ethnological Society.
• The Geographical Society.	The Horticultural Society.
The Entomological Society.	The Chemical Society.
The Photographical Society.	The Chronological Society.

We omit the *Agricultural* and *Statistical*, and some other societies, as the papers generally read at their meetings are not likely to find a place in the Transactions of the Royal Society.

It will appear from the preceding list, that *Optics*, *Electricity*, *Magnetism*, and *Physiology*, are the only sciences which are not provided with a separate institution for their promotion, and we might therefore infer, that these were the only subjects treated of in the Philosophical Transactions published by the Royal Society. *This, however, would be an erroneous inference. The

medals adjudged by the Royal Society, namely, the Copley, the Rumford, and the Royal Medals, induce members of the separate societies to send their best communications to the Royal Society in competitions for these prizes; and the communications of its own office-bearers, though on subjects belonging to other institutions, are naturally reserved for the *Philosophical Transactions*. Lord Rosse, for example, could not, with propriety, have sent his interesting papers on *Nebulæ* to the *Astronomical Society*, in whose *Memoirs* they would have found a more congenial place. From these causes the *Transactions* of the various scientific institutions in London have a heterogeneous character, which it would be desirable to remove.

We have not spoken of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Royal Irish Academy, or the provincial institutions at Oxford, Cambridge, and Manchester, all of which publish very valuable *Transactions*: Nor have we alluded to the *British Association*, which more than all the institutions put together has contributed to the encouragement of science and the arts. This migratory body has limited its *Transactions* to Reports on subjects undertaken by its members, and to brief analyses of the communications made to its different sections; but we have reason to think that this limitation will not long continue. In an excellent article just published in the *Athenæum*, and obviously by some warm and judicious friend of the Association, the removal of this limitation seems to be suggested. "From the light," says the writer, "in which the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is viewed on the Continent, and the rapid republication, principally from our columns, in the French, German, and American Journals, of communications made at its meetings, we are surprised that it is not more frequently made the medium through which new discoveries may be given to the world. We would urge upon the younger cultivators of science, the advantage of holding back for a season, the subjects on which they may have been employed, and communicating them in a more complete form in one of the sections of the Association."* To this recommendation we would add that of publishing such communications in the *Transactions* of the Association; and we would suggest the propriety of employing part of its funds in rewarding by medals or prizes, the individuals who should thus communicate valuable discoveries.

A candid and disinterested reader of these pages will, we have drawn the conclusion that the science of England is added in a strange conglomerate, and that the time has come when a great plan of union might be safely adopted, whether by

* *Athenæum*, October 15th, 1853, No. 1355, p. 1229.

a mutual and internal arrangement of its accordant and antagonist ingredients, or by a high external pressure converting it into a tough granite or an elegant and enduring porphyry. The time we say has come. It had come in 1851, as we have already had occasion to shew,* when one great palace was exhibited combining in friendly union all the mighty interests of art and science; and it had come in 1852, when the First Report of the Royal Commissioners had proposed, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, to devote £150,000 to the purchase of ground, and the establishment of a Great Central Institute at Kensington, where the various societies, whose history we have been detailing, are invited to take up their abode. The Prince had reason to believe, from a few of their leading men, that this plan would be readily adopted, and the more so, as the buildings of Somerset House were required for the public service. The Royal Society, however, and others, have refused to transfer their head-quarters to Kensington, on the ground of its distance from the Metropolis. We have already seen, that in former times the Royal Society would have willingly occupied Chelsea College, and that their charter allows them to meet three miles from London. It cannot therefore be any hardship to go to Kensington, towards which London is rapidly extending; and where they would enjoy advantages which no other locality could afford them. As they must quit Somerset House, and as the Government may be unable, even if they desired it, to find any more suitable locality, it is probable that their removal to Kensington may be a matter of necessity, if not of choice. Had we a thousand voices in this question in place of one, we should cheerfully embrace the opportunity now offered to the different societies in the Metropolis, of forming along with the National Gallery and the College of the Industrial Arts, a city of knowledge, surrounded by parks and gardens, peculiarly fitted for observations and experimental inquiries. In one locality—with one head—under one system of management—and with the grants now expended on scientific objects, the Institution at Kensington would advance science and the arts—promote the best interests of the country, and add fresh lustre to the national glory. May we not hope that the sagacity and patriotism of the Prince, already engaged in the great cause of industrial education, may be combined with the wisdom and energy of Lord Palmerston in undertaking so great an enterprise?

* See this Journal, vol. xvii. p. 854

- ART. IX.—1. *Progress of Russia in the East.* London, 1836.
 2. *Portfolio or Collection of State Papers Illustrative of the History of Our Times.* 4 vols. Ridgway, 1836.
 3. *Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South.* By D. URQUHART. London, 1853.
 4. *Medicval Greece and Trebizond.* By GEORGE FINLAY. Edinburgh, 1851.
 5. *Sketch of the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations.* By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI. Edinburgh, 1851.
 6. *The Lands of Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope, as visited in 1851.* By JOHN AITON, D.D. London, 1852.
 7. *The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk.* By a BRITISH RESIDENT Twenty Years in the East. 2 vols. London, 1853.
 8. *The Greek and the Turk, or Powers and Prospects in the Levant.* By E. CROWL. London, 1853.
 9. *Travels in the Steppes between the Caspian and the Black Seas.* By HOMMAIR DE HELL. Translated from the French. London, 1847.
 10. *A Religious Journey in the East in 1850 and 1851.* By the Abbé ST. MICHON. Translated from the French. London, 1853.
 11. *The Morning Land, or Thousand and One Days in the East.* By FREDERIC BODENSTEDT. London, 1851.
 12. *Histoire de l'Empire Russe.* Par KARAMSEN. Traduit du Russe. Paris, 1822.
 13. *La France et la Russie à Constantinople. La question des Lieux Saints.* Par M. POUJOULAT. Paris, 1853.
 14. *La Turquie et les Cabinets de l'Europe depuis le 15me siècle, ou la question d'Orient.* Par BOUVET. Paris, 1853.
 15. *Lettres Slaves.* Par CHRISTIAN OSTROWSKI. Paris, 1853.
 16. *Recherches Historiques et Statistiques sur les Peuples de l'Origine Slave, Magyare, et Roumaine.* Par W. A. KUBALSKI. Paris, 1852.
 17. *Recueil des Documens pour la plupart secrets et inédits.* Paris, 1853.
 18. *Das Türkische Verhängnis und die Grossmächte.* Von FRANTZ SCHUSSELKA. Leipsic, 1853.

— world has been startled by an unprovoked aggression on independence of Turkey, which commenced with the note of Prince Menschikoff demanding nothing less than the acceptance of a Russian Protectorate over Twelve Millions of the subjects of

the Ottoman Porte belonging to the Greek Church, a demand which was followed by the occupation of the Danubian Principalities that constitute part and parcel of the Turkish Empire. Almost the whole press of Western Europe has been ringing with denunciations of this flagrant violation of international law, which has placed in jeopardy the peace of the civilized world, maintained with so much care by its cabinets and diplomatists for nearly forty years. The seeming marvel of the outrage is increased, when we consider that it has been committed by one whom the statesmen of Europe have hitherto regarded as the most resolute guardian of the present arrangements of things. A large part of the public were so amazed by what they regarded as a sudden freak of the Czar's ambition, that they questioned the sanity of his mind; whilst many of our diplomatists seemed to consider the whole business in the light of an affair of punctilio, which might be arranged by the interference of mutual friends without much difficulty. It is, however, superfluous to dwell upon these opinions now. Every one now discerns a deeper meaning in this new movement of Russia. She has obviously seized a favourable moment (the opportuneness of which her cabinet was the first to recognise) in order to attain by a military movement, advantages which could hardly be secured by a long, bloody, and successful war.

Volumes have been written to denounce the ambitious policy of Russia, and the steady progress of her aggressions, as well as the serious danger which must inevitably follow to the world in general, and to our Indian possessions in particular, from her extension in the East.* The principal cause of this onward movement of Russia, particularly in a south-eastern direction, has generally been referred to the ambition of her rulers, who are supposed to be animated by the same feelings that have prompted the principal empires of the ancient as well as of the modern world continually to extend their frontiers, even at the sacrifice of their true interests and internal welfare. And it cannot be doubted that similar motives to those which have actuated other conquerors, are, to a large extent, influencing the policy of Russia. Yet it is to be carefully observed, that the schemes of aggrandizement conceived and executed by the monarchs and statesmen of other countries, were generally the result either of the personal ambition of individuals or of temporary circumstances. The tendency of Russia, however, continually to advance towards Constantinople, is the necessary consequence of her geographical position, as well as of her past

* Nowhere have these dangers been more impressively illustrated, than in the work whose title stands first at the head of this article.

course of religious and political development. These circumstances have been operating for ages with the regularity of a natural law, and a crisis has now arrived which stimulates the intensity of their action. Following what we may call the law of *ethnical gravitation*, which formerly impelled the populations of the north to press upon those of the south, the Russians were a thousand years ago pressing on Constantinople, even with greater force than they have been doing during the last hundred years; whilst the religious and political development under which Russia has grown into her present gigantic dimensions has been such as greatly to increase the geographical pressure. Placed between Europe and the East, she belongs by the nature of her ecclesiastical and civil polity more to the latter than to the former type of social development, notwithstanding the varnish of western civilisation forced upon her by Peter the Great. The Russian Empire is essentially different from those states of Europe which have developed themselves under the influence of the Western Church and feudal institutions, modified as these have been in several cases by religious and political revolutions. She has grown up under the guidance of the Eastern Church, and beneath the rule of an Asiatic despotism. It is this Oriental character of Russia—in religious as well as political respects, together with her geographical position, and her ethnical relations, which have constantly impelled her to extend her empire in the East, and which have given her, for the accomplishment of this object, material and moral advantages such as no other country, however powerful, is able to command. This condition of things, the effects of which we are now feeling every day more and more, cannot be well understood and fully appreciated without some historical exposition of its origin and progress. This we shall endeavour to present in the following article.

The extensive region between the Baltic and Black Seas was inhabited, from time immemorial, chiefly by Slavonic Tribes. They are referred to by Herodotus,* who designated those countries under the general appellation, Scythia. The Greeks had, even at that early period, colonies with an extensive trade on the northern coast of the Black Sea. The expedition of Darius Hystaspes into these countries proved to the Persian army nearly as fatal as those which were undertaken by Charles XII. and Napoleon to the same regions. The Romans in the time of Trajan not only made expeditions into that territory, but even attempted to form a permanent settlement. During the period

of the great immigration of the northern populations to the south of Europe, the Goths passed through these regions on their way from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Black Sea, and their celebrated historian, Jornandes, has given so correct a description of many of the localities that it may be applied to them even in our own days. Scandinavian adventurers made frequent expeditions in the same direction, but the country was generally traversed by those of them who went to Constantinople in order to enter the imperial service. The attempts of the Scandinavians to settle themselves there were unsuccessful until the latter part of the ninth century, when Rurik, one of their chiefs, established a permanent dominion over the Slavonic and Finnish tribes in the neighbourhood of the Baltic. The name of Russia, we are told, was bestowed upon his new dominion, and this name was extended with the limits of the new empire, of which Rurik was thus the founder.

Soon after the establishment of Rurik's dominion at Novogorod, a number of his countrymen proceeded southward, and following the course of the Dnieper, arrived at Kioff, where they formed a permanent settlement. They established their dominion over the Slavonic population who inhabited the surrounding regions, paying tribute to the Khozars, who were allies of the Greek emperors. Their number must have been considerable, since they were able to undertake an expedition to the Bosphorus in 865, when they made an unsuccessful attack upon Constantinople, where the name of Russia was then heard for the first time. Thus almost one thousand years have elapsed since the Russians first assailed the metropolis of the East. The assault was followed by a series of Russian invasions of the Greek Empire, and the history of the nineteenth may perhaps in this respect be a counterpart to that of the ninth century. Constantinople was more than once besieged, and the Russians extended their ravages even to the southern shores of the Bosphorus. In short, during the ninth and tenth centuries the East was the scene of a constant struggle on the part of the Russians to extend their dominion over the highly favoured countries which surround the Black Sea, and history records the successive negotiations and concessions of the Greek emperors to their barbarous invaders. The wars of Sviatoslav in particular, who invaded and conquered Bulgaria, and advanced to Adrianople, occupy a large place in the Russian annals of the tenth century.

When we study the history of the East of Europe in these early ages, the fact that similar social forces are still in operation there, is naturally suggested to us. The Czars and their subjects still seek to exchange the frozen marshes of St. Petersburg for the shores of the Bosphorus. It still delights the Russian

armies to march from the cold and barren north-western provinces of the Empire, where so many of them are usually quartered, into the rich plains of Moldavia and Wallachia. Nearly nine centuries have elapsed since the event to which we have alluded, but things remain nearly as they were, and we see no more difference between Sviatoslav in the tenth century and Nicholas now, than that the one openly proclaimed his object, whilst his modern successor endeavours by his manifestos and diplomacy to mislead the public opinion of Europe.*

The details of these early wars are given by the historian Nestor, as well as by the Byzantine writers, particularly by Leo Diaconus. It is curious, indeed, to find the records of a conflict which occurred 882 years ago, between the mediæval Russians and the Greeks, in the very same locality where a similar collision between the modern Russians and the successors of the Byzantine emperors seems now on the point of taking place. Nestor relates, that Sviatoslav consoled himself for his retreat on that occasion, by saying, "Whenever we next find occasion of quarrel with the Greeks we shall assemble a more numerous army, and we know now how to find our way to Constantinople,"—a consolation which the Emperor Nicholas will have still better grounds than Sviatoslav to indulge in, if European diplomacy succeeds in compelling him to evacuate the Danubian principalities.

In the close of the tenth century, Vladimir, the reigning monarch of Russia, embraced the Christianity of the Greek Church, which had been already widely spread among his subjects. He applied himself with great energy to the establishment of the Christian religion in his dominions, which extended from the vicinity of the Baltic to the shores of the Black Sea, and from the banks of the Volga and the foot of the Caucasus to the ridge of the Carpathian Mountains. This vast tract was inhabited by various Slavonic populations, and in the north by Finnish tribes, all of whom, though comprehended under the general appellation of Russians, greatly differed among themselves, and were kept together not by any regular system of government, but by the bond of a common sovereign. Vladimir died in 1015, and divided his dominions among his numerous sons, who were to hold their respective states under the suzerainty of

* When Sviatoslav, having returned for a short time to his own country, was preparing a new expedition to Bulgaria, and his mother and principal nobles had intreated him to remain in his own dominion, he gave the following reasons for preferring Bulgaria to the north: "It is situated in the centre of the riches of nature and art. The Greeks bring their gold, silver, stuffs, wine, and fruit; the Bohemians and Hungarians silver and horses, and the Russians, poultry, slaves, wax, and honey."

the eldest, who enjoyed the title of Grand Duke of Russia. The internal disorders occasioned by this arrangement were for a time mitigated during the supremacy of Yaroslav, who greatly promoted the consolidation and civilisation of Russia in the eleventh century. In his reign, and under his orders, the Greek empire was invaded with a numerous military and naval force. The invasion was occasioned by the circumstance, that a Russian of distinction was killed at Constantinople in a quarrel between his countrymen and the Greeks. Yaroslav demanded satisfaction; and not having obtained it, he sent, in 1043, an expedition under the command of his son Vladimir, and of one of his generals, against Constantinople, and which, like that of Oleg, in 901, and those of Marshal Diebitch, in 1828 and 1829, marched on the western coast of the Black Sea, supported by a fleet on the coast. The Greek Emperor sent an embassy to meet the invaders, and wrote a letter to Prince Vladimir, representing, that the friendship which had existed between the Greeks and the Russians for so many years ought not to be disturbed for so trivial an event. The Russian Prince gave to the Imperial messenger an insolent answer, *à la Menschikoff*, and continued his advance. The fleet having arrived off Pharos, near the entrance of the Bosphorus, found the Greeks arranged in order of battle. An engagement ensued, in which the Russian navy was almost entirely destroyed. The army, which had penetrated as far as Varna, deprived of the support of the fleet, was destroyed by the victorious Greeks. A peace was concluded three years afterwards. This was the last of the many expeditions of these mediæval Russians against the Greek empire. The internal commotions which prevailed in Russia among the successors of Yaroslav, deprived her of the resources needed for external action.

Yaroslav, like his father, divided his empire amongst his sons, giving the title of Grand Duke and the supremacy to the eldest. This arrangement led to a long course of troubles and embarrassments. Russia was partitioned into a number of petty states, warring among themselves. The authority of the Grand Dukes sank, under these circumstances, into insignificance. The numerous states into which Russia was then divided were inhabited by Slavonic populations differing from one another as much as they differed from the Poles, Bohemians, and other Slavonians, whilst, in the northern parts, there was a large admixture of the Finnish element, which has not yet been entirely absorbed by the Slavonic one. They were, however, comprised under the general appellation of Russians, and were governed by the same dynasty to which all the sovereigns of those numerous principalities equally belonged. The only

real bond of unity amongst these numerous states was an ecclesiastical one—the Greek Church, governed by the Archbishop of Kioff, its metropolitan, whose office dates from the tenth century.

Russia formed, during the period which intervenes between her conversion to the Christian religion, towards the end of the tenth, to her conquest by the Mongols in the middle of the thirteenth century, a kind of connecting link between the East and Europe. Having received her religion from Constantinople, she received, at the same time, to a considerable extent, the material and intellectual civilisation of Byzantium, the only part of Christendom in which literature and art were cultivated at that time. The upper clergy were Greeks either by birth or education. An active commerce between Greece and Russia was carried on centuries before the establishment of the Christian religion in the latter country, and its conversion to the Greek Church could not but greatly increase it. The well-known German writer, Dittma of Merseburg, states, on the authority of some of his countrymen who had been at Kioff with the expedition of Boleslav, King of Poland, 1018, that the city might be considered as a rival of Constantinople, on account of the great number of churches, market-places, public edifices, and the quantity of riches which it contained; adding, that a great number of Greeks were settled in the place. When, in the latter part of the same century, Isiaslav, Grand Duke of Kioff, having been expelled by his brethren from the throne, came to Germany, to implore assistance from the Emperor Henry IV., the presents which he offered on that occasion to the Emperor and his court were so costly that the contemporary chronicles declare that nothing so magnificent was ever before seen in Germany. This wealth proves the importance of the commerce between Europe, Asia, and Greece, of which Russia was then the centre and the high road. Goods were carried from Constantinople by the Black Sea and the Dnieper, and from Central Asia, by the Volga. On the banks of that river, moreover, lived the Mahomedan nation of the Bulgars, which had an extensive trade on one side with the Caspian Sea, and the countries situated beyond, and on the other with Russia, and, by means of Novogorod, with the Baltic and the north-west of Europe.* The immigration from Scandinavia, whence the reigning family of Russia derived its origin, seems not to have continued long ;

* The importance of that trade is attested by the great numbers of Cufic coins of the time of the Caliphs which are continually found in the provinces bordering on the eastern shores of the Baltic ; so that the principal numismatic collections of Europe have been chiefly furnished from that quarter.

because, though we often find Scandinavian names at the beginning of the period which we have described, they soon disappear and give place to names of Slavonic origin. There was, however, a considerable intercourse between Russia and the north-west of Europe, and frequent intermarriages between their princes. Scandinavian influence is particularly manifest in the laws of Novogorod, proclaimed in 1024, which established trial by jury, and many provisions of an evidently Northern origin. Even the continual subdivision of the Russian principalities, though injurious to the strength of the whole against a foreign enemy, was favourable to the liberty of the inhabitants in each; because the petty sovereigns amongst whom Russia was divided were obliged, during their continual quarrels, to court the favour of their subjects, and to increase their liberties for the sake of maintaining their allegiance. It may, indeed, be said, that with the exception of Italy, there was in Russia, during these centuries, more wealth, liberty, and enlightenment than in any other part of Europe.

This state of things was, however, entirely changed through the subjugation of Russia by the Mongols,—an event which, in its consequences, has perhaps no parallel in the history of the world. It was the dominion of a foreign and Mahomedan nation which laid the foundation of the state of Muscovy or modern Russia, and of the power and prosperity of its church and clergy. The Mongols, commanded by the generals of Genghis Khan, appeared suddenly in the region which extends from the shores of the Black Sea to the banks of the Volga, in the early part of the thirteenth century. Having ravaged the country in a succession of excursions, they as suddenly retired to the plains of Central Asia whence they had issued. Several years passed without a recurrence of these Mongol incursions, the terror inspired by them was nearly forgotten, and the Russian princes had resumed their mutual quarrels, when the Mongols reappeared, in 1238, on the north-eastern boundary of Russia. They repeated their incursions in 1239 and 1240, and having ravaged Hungary and Poland, they penetrated as far as Liegnitz in Silesia, where they defeated a numerous Christian army, and the princes of Russia became vassals of the descendants of Genghis Khan. The consequences of this Eastern conquest to Russia, and especially to its Church, are thus described by the celebrated historian Karamsin:—

“ One of the most remarkable effects of the Mongol dominion over Russia was the increase of dignity which it imparted to our clergy, as well as of income to the churches and convents. The Khans, whose policy it was to oppress the people and the princes, were protectors of the Church and the servants of Christ. They showed

them particular favour,—treated the metropolitans and bishops with extreme kindness,—favourably received their petitions, and their respect for the pastors frequently disarmed the anger of the Khans against their flocks. Many persons of distinction, disgusted with the world on account of the calamities which Russia was then suffering, sought peace of soul in the sacred places of retirement, exchanging the costly vestments of the Boyar for the humble garments of the monk; they thus illustrated the ecclesiastical condition into which even the princes entered before their death. The Khans prohibited any one, under penalty of death, to pillage and even to molest the convents, and the pious enriched them by bequests of movable and landed property. Every individual was in the habit of leaving at his death something to the Church, and this was particularly the case during the pestilence which desolated Russia for so long a time. The estates of the Church, free from every tax paid to the Khans or to the princes of the country, were prospering. The bishops of Novogorod employed the treasures of St. Sophia* for the necessities of the State, but the metropolitans did not follow this praiseworthy example; and whilst the people were languishing in poverty, the monks, occupied with trade, and having no taxes to pay, thought of nothing else than of increasing their riches. Thus, without speaking of the high consideration which was attached to the monastic life, and of the impulses of piety, its temporal advantages alone were sufficient to induce crowds of the inhabitants of towns and villages to seek the repose of conventual establishments, because piety was rewarded there not only by the enjoyment of public respect, but also by that of wealth, and people secure from violence and want could reap without having sown. We have very few convents indeed that were built either previously to the dominion of the Tahtars or after its close. Nearly all are monuments of that period.”—(*History of Russia*, vol. v. chap. 4.)

The position which the Russian Church enjoyed under the dominion of the Khans increased its wealth without advancing its learning. We find no trace of any schools or literary productions of worth belonging to this communion during the period to which we refer. It does not appear, moreover, to have gained any such political influence in Russia as was enjoyed by the Western Church during these ages.

The dominion of the Mongols in Russia was no less favourable to the establishment of a despotic power on the ruins of the ancient liberties of the country than it was to the worldly interests of the clergy; and it was through the influence of these Asiatic conquerors that the State of Moscow or modern Russia was founded, and developed at the expense of the other states into which the country had formerly been divided. The princes of

* We have said above that Novogorod was a republic. Its cathedral was dedicated to St. Sophia.

Russia, overawed by the authority of their common suzerain, dared no longer to make war against each other, and sought now to overcome their adversaries by accusing them before the Khan, and by intrigues among his courtiers. About the beginning of the fourteenth century the petty prince of Moscow succeeded in ingratiating himself so much with the Khan as to obtain his sister in marriage, and the hereditary succession of the dignity of the Grand Duke, whilst it had been formerly bestowed, according to the right of seniority, upon the princes of different branches. His descendants adhered to this policy, courting the favour of the Khans with great obsequiousness, and obtaining the territories of their neighbours by calumniating them to these conquerors. It was by a strict and persevering adherence to this not over chivalrous policy that the Grand Dukes of Moscow were gradually increasing their power, whilst that of the Khans was at the same time declining by internal commotions, until the rulers of Moscow became so strong as to shake off the dominion of their Eastern Superiors. It was not by force but by cunning, not by war but by diplomacy, that Moscow has, from the beginning, developed its power. Is it, therefore, a wonder that she is so superior to other countries in an art to which she owes her very existence? • The same means which enabled the Sovereigns of Moscow to extend their territory at the expense of other Russian princes, served them to establish an absolute authority over their own subjects. The ancient order was entirely changed; everything which wore a character of liberty—everything which reminded men of the ancient rights that had been enjoyed by the citizens of Russia in mediæval times, was gradually abolished. The princes who in the Horde were crouching at the feet of the Khans, returned to their own country in order to exercise the tyrannical power which they had received from their masters. Under the dominion of the Mongols was accomplished, without violence, what had formerly baffled the efforts of the most powerful monarchs of Russia. The historian to whom we have already referred describes the origin of the Grand Duke's wealth during that critical period, in the following manner:—

“It is very remarkable that the yoke of the Tahtars served to increase the treasury of the Grand Dukes. The registration of the inhabitants, the introduction of the poll-tax and other imposts hitherto unknown, and levied in the name of the Khan, served by the address of the princes to increase their own revenue. It was easy to cheat, in the difficult and complicated accounts, the Baskaks, (Tahtar tax-gatherers,) who, though at first the tyrants of our sovereigns, soon perceived that the interest of their avarice required that they should be their friends. The people murmured, it is true, but they paid, be-

cause the fear of losing everything made them find the means of satisfying the cupidity of the barbarians."—Vol. v. chap. 9.

Is it then a wonder that the employés of the Czar rob his treasury as mercilessly as they plunder his subjects, when his own predecessors on the throne of Moscow acted the same part between their Asiatic sovereigns and their own subjects? The dominion of these eastern barbarians in Russia, which lasted two centuries, produced deplorable effects upon the national character, which must be taken into account in our own times.

Much has been said about the present vices of the Russian character, particularly as regards its administration, but these have been improperly attributed too much to the effects of an imperfect modern civilisation, and too little to the Mongol dominion. A French traveller, the Abbé Chappe d'Auteroche, who visited Russia nearly a century ago, said, "*Les Russes sont pourris avant de murir*;" and the well-known politico-philosophical writer of the same Roman Catholic school, Count de Montalembert, has observed, in speaking of Panslavism, which he fears will subjugate Europe, that "the moral condition of the West will not be improved by it, because the educated Russians are as corrupted as any inhabitants of Western Europe." Many, indeed, believe, that this unfortunate state of things has been produced by the type of civilisation which Peter the Great and his successors have forced upon Russia, which only served to introduce amongst its inhabitants, particularly of the upper classes, the refinements of luxury, and the corruption but not the solid advantages of the society of Western Europe; and it is supposed that this circumstance renders the power of Russia less formidable to Europe than it would have been with a higher degree of morality amongst its inhabitants. We would, however, observe, to those who wish to allay by this consideration the alarm felt at the progress of Russia, that the power of Rome was extended from the Tay to the Euphrates during the greatest corruption of its manners, and that a similar corruption will not prevent Russia from extending her limits. Though her morality was not greater under Catherine II. than it is now, she has continued to grow in the interval. The corruption of the Russian is not of a *western* but of an *eastern* origin and character; it is that of a barbarian, and not of an over-civilized, or rather over-refined nation, though it is often varnished with the gloss of a western polish. The long peace which has favoured a hitherto unprecedented development of industry and general welfare, has rendered the Western nations perhaps too fond of material enjoyments, and too anxious to accumulate and to preserve the means of obtaining them; so that, at least in many cases, they will not

be disinclined to submit to moral disadvantages in order to preserve from injury their material power, and to overlook real but distant dangers for the sake of avoiding minor but immediate inconvenience. The Russian, on the contrary, though perhaps even more passionately fond of material enjoyments than the inhabitants of Western Europe, is reckless in the use of means for procuring them. Like Catiline, he is *sui profusus alieni cupiens*, and he often acts like the savage who hews down the tree in order to gather its fruits. Like those Asiatics under whose dominion his national character has been formed, and much of whose blood is flowing in the veins of his nobles, he is greedy of spoil, which he nationally as well as individually wrings, whenever he can, from his own as well as foreign countries, in the shape of conquest, war contributions, bribes, and every kind of extortions. Every project of invasion and conquest must therefore be popular with such a nation.*

The Mongol or Tahtar dominion which has produced these important effects upon Russia, gradually declined in the early part of the fifteenth century. We have said that whilst the Grand Dukes of Moscow were increasing their power, that of their suzerains, the Khans, was decreasing by internal commotions. The sovereigns of Moscow, however, continued to pay tribute to its Khans as late as 1470. Under John III., the reigning Grand Duke of that period, the power of Moscow was rapidly developed, and it has ever since continued to advance under his successors, who assumed the title of Czars of Russia in the reign of his son. John married a niece of the emperor at Constantinople, and adopted on that occasion the double eagle of the Greek empire as the arms of Moscow. This marriage, suggested by the learned Greek Cardinal Bessarion, was encouraged by Pope Paul II., with the double object of promoting the union of the Russian Church with Rome, and of delivering Constantinople from the infidels by means of Muscovy. The former of these schemes failed, inasmuch as the princess, instead of bringing over her husband to Rome, renounced that communion herself; the latter may perhaps be accomplished now, though we doubt whether it will give great satisfaction to the Papal court. Meanwhile the Khanat of Kipchak, whose vassal Russia had been for about two hundred years, fell in the latter part of the fifteenth cen-

* We most particularly recommend to those of our readers who wish to have an insight into the state of Russian society the work of Hommair de Hell. It displays a remarkable knowledge of the subjects which it treats, whilst the descriptions of character, manners, and customs, as well as of the incidents of the voyage, written by the author's fair companion Mme. H. de Hell, are quite charming.

ture; and upon its ruins rose Kasan, which was soon obliged to acknowledge the suzerainty of Moscow, and the Crimea, whose Khans became vassals of the Sultan. Kasan tried several times to recover its independence, but was finally subdued by the Czar in 1552, and this conquest was followed by that of Astrakhan.

The conquest of Astrakhan brought the power of Moscow to the shore of the Caspian Sea, and established a communication with the countries situated in its vicinity, which spread considerable alarm among the Mahomedan population. It gave rise to defensive expeditions on the part of Turkey, and to an invasion of Russia by the Khan of Crimea, a vassal of the Sultan, which issued in the burning of Moscow in 1571, and the humiliation of the Czar.* The diplomacy of the Czar succeeded, however, in averting, without any sacrifice, the danger with which he was menaced by the Sultan and his vassal, and peaceful relations were restored with Turkey, which continued without interruption until Russia obtained from Poland, in 1667, the cession of the Ukraine on the left bank of the Dnieper. The arrangement brought her territory into immediate contact with that of the Porte. This led in 1677, to the first regular war between Russia and Turkey, but it produced no permanent consequences, and was terminated in 1681. In 1687, an alliance was concluded by Russia with Poland, and an immense army sent to conquer Crimea. The expedition completely failed; but in 1699 Peter the Great, having taken Azof, and constructed the port of Taganrog on the Turkish territory, obtained these two places by the Treaty of Carlovitz in 1699. His unsuccessful campaign against the Turks in 1711, compelled him, however, to restore the former, and to raze the fortification of the latter. Having failed to carry out his schemes of aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey, he bequeathed this task to his successors, and turned his views in a more eastern direction. Taking advantage of the troubles of Persia, he seized, under pretence of assisting the legitimate sovereigns of that country, Shah Hoosein and Thamasb, against the revolted Afghans, the provinces of Daghestan, Ghilan, and Asterabad, and retained them in his possession, though the

* It is very remarkable, that during the diplomatic relations which took place then between Moscow and the Porte, the Czar represented to the Sultan the advantage enjoyed by the Mahomedans in his dominions, in a manner which reminds us of the present declarations of the Porte about its Christian subjects. And indeed they have enjoyed, and enjoy now in Russia, all the privileges of Christians—a remarkable contrast to the hostile relations which subsisted for so many centuries between the Moors and Christians in Spain, and a circumstance to be taken into account in any estimate of Russian influence in the East. We need only suggest the advantage in this respect, even to an immoral and imperfectly civilized government, which opens full scope in all departments of its service to the ambition and energy of the natives.

promised assistance was never given. These provinces, which caused Russia more expense than profit, were restored, in 1732, to Nadir Shah by the Empress Anna. The same Empress was of opinion that the defeats which the Turks had sustained in Persia, afforded a good opportunity to regain what Peter the Great had lost in 1711. She accordingly contracted an alliance with Persia, and, taking advantage of a Tahtar foray into the Russian Ukraine, declared war against the Sultan. The German Emperor, Charles the Sixth, offered his mediation between the belligerent powers; but, as Russia obtained considerable advantages over the Turks, he ultimately joined that power in the hope of extending his territory at the expense of Turkey. Whilst Russia took Azof, and some other fortresses, ravaged Crimea and invaded Moldavia, Austria, defeated in three campaigns, was obliged in 1739 to conclude the Treaty of Belgrade, by which she lost that town, as well as a part of Servia and Wallachia, which she had acquired twenty years before, by the Treaty of Passarowitz. This compelled Russia also to conclude peace with Turkey, by which she obtained nothing more than the possession of Azof, and that on condition of dismantling its fortifications. After that peace was not again interrupted between the two powers till 1769, when Turkey, convinced of the dangers with which she was menaced through the occupation of the Polish territory by the armies of Russia, declared war against her dangerous neighbours.

The Turks were repeatedly defeated by the Russians, who occupied Crimea and penetrated beyond the Danube, while a Russian fleet sent from the Baltic to the Mediterranean raised an insurrection in the Morea, supported the rebels in Egypt and Syria, and burnt the Turkish fleet in the Bay of Chesmo near Scio. These advantages were almost entirely due to the British officers in the Russian service. Admiral Elphinstone, a Scotchman, proposed to pass the Dardanelles, and to bombard Constantinople. He might without doubt have accomplished this bold scheme, if he had not been prevented by the jealousy of Orloff, who was chief commander of the expedition.* The Porte was finally compelled to conclude, on the 21st July 1774, at Kaynardgi, a treaty by which the Khan of Crimea was declared independent. Russia obtained the ports of

* The fortifications of the Dardanelles were then in such an inefficient condition that Elphinstone, in order to prove the practicability of his scheme, actually passed with his ship between them, with a band on deck playing in honour of the Empress. Having fired some broadsides on the Turkish troops, who covered the coast on both sides of the strait, he returned without suffering any injury. It was after that event that the castles which now defend the passage were constructed by Baron Tott, a French engineer, and author of an interesting work on Turkey. •

Kerch, Yenikale, Kinburn, Azof, and Taganrog, and the free navigation of the Black Sea, as well as all the Turkish waters, for her merchant vessels. But the most important clause of that treaty, was the one in which Turkey promised protection to the Christian Churches, and permitted Russia to negotiate in favour of a Greek Church, which was to be built by the Russian government. It is in consequence of this stipulation that Russia now seeks to establish a protectorate over all the Greek Christians of Turkey.

The advantages which Russia acquired by the Treaty of Kaynardgi, as well as the dangers with which it was fraught to the independence of Turkey, and the interests of Europe, did not escape the sagacity of the celebrated Austrian diplomatist, Baron Thugut, who was then the imperial envoy at Constantinople. The following observations, extracted from his official report to Vienna concerning this treaty, constitute one of the most remarkable political predictions which perhaps was ever made by a statesman, and is one of those melancholy, but frequently occurring instances of governments and nations being drawn into a course, the dangers of which they see, and yet, as if led on by a fatality, work for their own destruction. A few days before the treaty of Kaynardgi was signed, Thugut wrote to his court as follows:—

“I have no doubt, that notwithstanding the insignificant declarations of the Reis Effendi, against the pretensions of the Russians, who claim the right of protection over their Greek *correligionaires*, the Russian plenipotentiaries will prove their skill, and know how to attain their object, by some more or less distinct stipulation of the treaty. It is with grief that I foresee the melancholy consequences which may result to the Catholic religion in the Levant, from the superiority of the Schismatic Church.”

But the most remarkable observations in these curious documents, are those contained in the Baron's despatch of the 3d September 1774, about six weeks after the conclusion of the treaty. We extract what follows:—

“As the present peace gives to Russia on one side the eastern part of Crimea, the fortress of Yenikale, and particularly the noble harbour of Kerch, and on the other side the possession of Kinburn, and of the mouths and banks of the Dnieper; as she moreover intends not only to restore the fortifications of Azof at the mouth of the Don, but also to complete the defence of the harbour of Taganrog; finally, as those countries produce in abundance timber, iron, hemp, and all the materials needed for the construction of ships, it will be easy for her to build at Kerch in a short time, and at little expense, a fleet of twelve or fifteen line of battle ships; and in the other ports which she has recently acquired, a number of smaller vessels; and thus to have

always ready the means for transporting a large number of troops over the Black Sea. On the other hand, as it is impossible to doubt that Russia will always keep in her new territory an army of thirty or forty thousand men, *it follows that whenever the Cabinet of St. Petersburg may choose, Russia shall always be able, without previously making any extraordinary armaments, to effect a landing on the coasts of the Black Sea, and to conduct with a favourable wind in thirty-six or forty-eight hours, twenty thousand men from Kerch to the very walls of Constantinople. In such a case a conspiracy arranged beforehand with the leaders of the Schismatic religion will undoubtedly break out.* Nothing will then remain to the Sultan, unless to leave his palace at the first news of the Russian movement, and to fly to Asia, abandoning the throne of the Eastern empire to a more skilful possessor. When Constantinople has been once conquered, terror, and the assistance of the Schismatic Christians of Turkey, may subject, without great trouble, to the Russian sceptre, the Archipelago, the coasts of Asia Minor, and the whole of Greece, to the shores of the Adriatic. Then the possession of these lands, so much favoured by nature, and with which no other country in the world can vie, in respect to the fertility and richness of soil, will raise Russia to a height of power surpassing the most fabulous accounts of the greatness of ancient empires. *As this great revolution may be at some future date effected from the Black Sea in a very short time, without noise, and without great and expensive preparations, it is not probable that Russia should choose again for the chief theatre of her operations the banks of the Dniester and of the Danube.* A war undertaken at such a distance from her frontiers, must be very difficult and expensive, and cannot be terminated except in several campaigns, or give any decisive results, *whilst she may from her new frontier at every time, and in the space of two days, make an attack on the very walls of Constantinople.*"

Is it necessary to observe that the banks of the Danube, which were then "at a distance from the frontier of Russia," constitute now one of her boundaries; or that the prediction of Thugut about the naval force which would continually threaten Constantinople from Kerch has been realized at Sevastopol, and that its efficiency has been increased by the power of steam, in a manner which nobody could have imagined at the time when these predictions were made by the Austrian envoy?

"Russia cannot, indeed," he adds, "flatter herself that she will be able at once to occupy all those countries and to maintain possession of them. She must expect that, at the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, the provinces situated on the frontiers of Austria will fall to the share of that power. The Russian Cabinet will not probably oppose this acquisition, at least it will not be able to prevent it. The acquisition of Bosnia, Servia, &c., which Austria would thus make, though important in other circumstances, cannot be of great value to Russia from the moment when the rest of the Turkish dominion falls into her hands."

The Austrian internuncio further states in his remarkable despatches, that—

*“The most delicate and dangerous part of all this business is, that the existence of the Porte appears henceforward to depend on the will of other courts. As soon as the works which are to be executed in the new Russian establishment shall be completed, we may expect any day the capture of Constantinople by the Russians. This capital may be conquered by an unexpected attack, before the news of the movement of the Russian army will have reached the frontiers of other Christian powers. By an adroit combination of the articles of this treaty, the Ottoman Empire becomes from this day a kind of Russian province, whence the Court of St. Petersburg may draw troops and money; and finally, as Russia will be henceforward able to dictate to the Sultan, and as she has the means of compelling him to yield, she may perhaps rest satisfied for some years to come by reigning in his name, until she thinks that the favourable moment is come to take complete possession of his dominions.”**

Thus the events which we now witness were predicted seventy-nine years ago, by this accomplished and sagacious Austrian diplomatist. His predictions were, however, nearly fulfilled at a much earlier date, under circumstances which have a striking resemblance to the present position of the Turkish question. The Empress Catherine declared Crimea a Russian province after having, contrary to treaty, expelled the Khan by means of a revolution arranged by her agents; and she developed her plans for subverting the Ottoman Empire with so much skill and energy, that she might have succeeded in her object if the other powers of Europe had not interfered in behalf of the Porte. Catherine's intention to expel the Turks from Constantinople, and to establish her grandson Constantine,—who had been avowedly thus named and educated with a view to that position, was confirmed by her immense armaments, and the intrigues of her agents in the Danubian principalities. These and other circumstances, indicating the same intentions, appeared to the Porte, in conjunction with the previous policy of Russia, to threaten its very existence, and the Sultan declared war to the great joy of Catherine, who had made all the necessary preparations for this contingency. She had, moreover, secured the co-operation of the Emperor Joseph II., who, undeterred by the predictions of Thugut, instead of opposing Russia, sent eighty thousand men to her assistance, in the hope of extending his own territory at the expense of Turkey. The united forces of Austria and Russia obtained important advantages over the Turks, and the Ottoman Empire would

have been exposed to serious danger had it not been for the interposition of other powers. Sweden concluded a treaty with Turkey and attacked Russia. Prussia was making preparations to take up arms, whilst England was fitting out a naval armament for the Baltic, and had it not been for the parliamentary opposition, Pitt would at once have declared war against Russia.* The Emperor Joseph II. died in 1790. His successor Leopold II. perceived the dangers of his brother's policy, and withdrew from the Russian alliance, concluding peace with Turkey by the treaty of Sistowo, through the mediation of Holland and Prussia. Russia thus isolated and exposed to the danger of being attacked by the other European powers, was obliged in 1792 to conclude peace at Yassi, and to forego the ambitious prospects entertained at the beginning of a war which had cost her two hundred thousand men. Thus the progress of Russia was arrested by the peaceful negotiation and interposition of England and Prussia. Instead, however, of maintaining their original proposition, and simply reverting to the *status quo*, which would have established the independence of the Crimea without allowing any further extension of the Russian frontiers, they permitted the cession to Russia by the Porte of the coast of the Black Sea as far as the mouth of the Dniester, and yielded her the possession of the Crimea, Kuban, and Georgia. These concessions were probably extorted by the alarm which the French Revolution was spreading over the whole of Europe.

It was probably owing to this circumstance that Turkey remained for some time free from the aggressions, though not from the intrigues of Russia. A favourable occasion for resuming his projects against that country, with the assistance of England, was presented to the Czar by the complications of Europe in 1806. By a clause of the treaty of Yassi, developed by a convention in 1802, the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia, appointed by the Porte for seven years, were not to be removed before the expiration of that time without the consent of Russia. The Porte, however, being informed of the infidelity of the Hospodars, Ypsilanti and Morusi, who were betraying her interests to Russia, replaced them by the princes Callimaki and Suzzo, on whose loyalty she could depend. This was done principally by the advice of the French ambassador General Sebastiani, who urged the Porte to conclude an alliance with Napoleon. The Russian ambassador and the British minister loudly complained of the infraction of the treaty. The threats of the latter to force the Dardanelles and to burn Constantinople, compelled the Divan

* We recommend to our readers the account of this curious affair contained in the *Annual Register* for 1791, which possesses particular interest at this moment.

to rescind its orders and reinstate the deposed Hospodars. Every pretence for a contest was thus removed, yet a Russian army of 40,000 men entered Moldavia without any formal declaration of war. This step was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was taken at the beginning of a campaign against Napoleon in Prussia,—a circumstance which proves the high value which Russia attaches to the possession of the Danubian principalities. The Russians, though hard pressed by the French in Prussia, continued to occupy these principalities, and put themselves in communication with the revolted Servians. The Porte, assailed in this manner, declared war against Russia, who applied for assistance to the British government. In consequence an English fleet, under Admiral Duckworth, forced the Dardanelles and appeared before Constantinople, demanding from the Porte the provisional surrender of the Turkish fleet, full satisfaction to Russia, and the dismissal of the French ambassador, General Sebastiani. The object of this bold undertaking was, however, completely baffled by the skill and energy of the French ambassador, and the English fleet was obliged to re-pass the Dardanelles with greater loss than it had suffered in forcing its way to Constantinople. The English expedition, sent about the same time and with the same object to Egypt, was equally unsuccessful.*

The armies of Russia were annihilated by Napoleon at the battle of Friedland on the 14th June 1807, and nothing would have been more easy to him, than to dictate to the Czar an advantageous peace on behalf of his ally the Porte. But instead of acting in this manner, he was making secret arrangements with the Emperor Alexander at Tilsit, which were continued at Erfurt, for the future partition of Turkey, refusing Constantinople alone to Muscovite ambition. The Porte obtained an armistice, with the promise of French mediation. This armistice lasted only as long as Russia required for wresting Finland from Sweden. She resumed hostilities in 1808 with great vigour, pursuing them at an immense expense of men and money, undeterred by the consideration, that by thus exhausting her resources, she was compromising her own safety in case of a breach with Napoleon. The Porte concluded peace with England in 1807, but, weakened by the troubles at Constantinople in which Sultan Selim lost his life, sustained considerable reverses from the Russians. The Emperor Alexander proclaimed, by an ukase of the 21st January 1810, the annexation of Moldavia and Wallachia, and declared the Danube from the Austrian frontier to the Black Sea the boundary of his Empire. Russia was, however, obliged to abandon this conquest on account of the impending war with Napoleon, and concluded a few days

before the French invasion of her territory the treaty of Bucharest, by which she extended her frontiers to the Pruth. The reasons which induced the Porte to conclude peace with Russia at a moment when that power was in such danger, seem to have been the recollection of Napoleon's conduct towards her at the treaty of Tilsit, the knowledge of the projects of partition discussed between him and the Emperor Alexander, and above all the well-founded apprehension, that the overthrow of Russia by France, would be immediately followed by a French invasion of Turkey.

The insurrection of the Greeks in 1821 produced new complications between Turkey and Russia, which lasted for several years, and ended in a declaration of war on the part of Russia, under very frivolous pretences. The real object of the war of 1828-29, as appears from a despatch of Pozzo di Birgo of November 1828, was the fear that the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud might render Turkey too strong for the projects of Russia.* The campaign of that year did not answer the expectations of the Czar, who took the command in person. Its only important result was the capture of Varna, and even this could not have been effected but for the assistance of the fleet, which blockaded the coast, and supported the army by facilitating the transport of provisions and the other necessaries of war. The troops suffered great losses from sickness, and the campaign was an acknowledged failure. Metternich, who seems to have shared the views of Thugut and not those of Joseph II., about the Austro-Turkish question, was meanwhile using every effort to stop the advance of Russia, by arranging an alliance with England, France, and Prussia. He met with great coldness, however, on the part of the English and Prussian cabinets, whilst Charles X. expressly declared, that he would regard any attack on the part of Austria upon Russia as a *casus belli* with

* "When the Imperial Cabinet examined the question, whether it had become expedient to levy war against the Porte, in consequence of the provocations of the Sultan, there might have existed some doubts of the urgency of the measure, in the eyes of those who have not sufficiently reflected upon the effects of the sanguinary reforms which the chief of the Ottoman Empire had just executed with so much violence, and also upon the interest with which the consolidation of that Empire inspires the Cabinets of Europe in general, and more especially those which are unfavourably disposed towards Russia. The experience we have gained must now reunite all opinions in favour of the resolution which has been adopted. The Emperor has put the Turkish system to the proof, and his majesty has found it to manifest symptoms of physical and moral organization hitherto unknown. If the Sultan has been enabled to offer a determined and regular resistance before he has consolidated even the elements of his new plan of reforms and ameliorations, how formidable we should have found him, had he had time to give to them more consistency, and to render that barrier impenetrable which we find so much difficulty in surmounting, although art has hitherto done little to assist nature."—(*Portfolio*, vol. i. p. 342, *et seq.*)

the former power. This compelled Metternich to desist from his project of forcible interference in behalf of Turkey, though he had already begun to make active preparations for this object.

The campaign of 1829 brought the Russians to Adrianople, which they reached, turning the Balkan Pass, by a march along the coast of the Black Sea; a manœuvre which they never could have executed if they had not previously obtained the command of its waters.* The power of Turkey was seriously weakened at this crisis by the insurrections in Bosnia and Albania, occasioned by an opposition to the reforms of the Sultan, before these reforms had been rendered efficient; and this was the principal cause of the Russian success during the war, which was terminated by the Treaty of Adrianople, which restored to the Porte all the conquered provinces, with the exception of the fortresses on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, and a part of the Pashalic of Akhaltzik on that coast. Russia also obtained possession of the islands of the Danube, and a right of interfering in the internal affairs of the Danubian principalities on various occasions, which renders their dependence on the Sultan almost nominal. Yet though the territorial concessions imposed upon the Porte by that treaty were,—in deference to the jealousy of Europe, extremely moderate, she was obliged to indemnify Russia for the expenses of war, and to leave several fortresses in her hands.

We shall not dwell upon the various diplomatic transactions subsequent to the Treaty of Adrianople, which have taken place among the great powers of Europe in relation to Turkey, and in which Russia has been gradually advancing her influence over that country. However important they may be in many respects, they are quite insignificant when compared with the attempt which Russia has now openly made *to obtain a religious protectorate over twelve millions of Turkish subjects*. This attempt is a development and necessary consequence of that system of ecclesiastical policy which Russia has long employed for advancing and consolidating her political dominion, but which has been systematically and completely developed only during the reign of the present Emperor.

We have related in the course of this article how the Russian Church increased its wealth and influence under the dominion of the Tahtars, in the thirteenth and two succeeding centuries. Its heads, the Metropolitans of Moscow, were consecrated by the Patriarch of Greece, and resorted for this object to Constantinople, until the capture of that city by the Turks. Since that

* This advantage Russia will not now possess in the event of a war.

time they have been consecrated* by the assembled bishops of the Russian Church, which obtained its own Patriarch in 1588. These ecclesiastics exercised considerable influence; and the Czar Alexis, discontented with the Patriarch Nikon, did not dare to depose him by his own authority. He convened for this object a Council of Russian bishops, but they declared themselves incompetent to judge their chief. He therefore summoned to a new council the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch in 1665, who pronounced the deposition of Nikon.

Peter the Great, after the death of the Patriarch Adrian in 1700, finally abolished his dignity, and placed himself and his successors at the head of the Russian Church. He instituted for its government a supreme council, called the Holy Synod, which is composed of several bishops and other ecclesiastics; but its decisions are not valid without the approbation of the imperial procurator, a lay member who takes part in all the transactions of the council. The Empress Catherine II. confiscated all the landed property belonging to the Church, and gave salaries to the dignitaries, and stipends to convents, as a compensation for their property. This measure completed the subordination of the Russian clergy to the sovereign of Russia. Every ecclesiastical dignity is now as much in the gift of the monarch as the military or civil appointments; and the Russian Church is thus rendered a powerful and easily managed political engine, by which the Czar may exercise over the great majority of his subjects a religious influence as absolute as his civil authority.

The power thus secured by the Russian monarchs over the Greek Church, has been employed by them until lately more for the purpose of restraining than exciting the religious fanaticism of their subjects. Their system at first was to maintain a full toleration for all religious communions. This was particularly the case under Catherine II., who was much flattered by the eulogies which Voltaire and other writers of his school bestowed upon the philosophical views and liberal sentiments with which she knew so well how to cloak her schemes of aggrandizement. There can be little doubt that she shared the opinions of that school upon religion, and that she expected that the influence of Christianity upon the course of human affairs would soon be entirely superseded by the progress of intellect. It is probably owing to this circumstance, that though she made use of the influence of the Russian Church for promoting her schemes in Poland and Turkey, there was nothing in her time at all corresponding to the present systematic employment of this powerful engine by the

* The Patriarch of Constantinople, Jeremiah, who had arrived at Moscow in quest of pecuniary assistance for his churches, consecrated the first Patriarch of Moscow.

Emperor Nicholas. The ecclesiastical rigour of the Russian government gradually increased. An ukase, issued by the Emperor Alexander, prescribed that all the children of mixed marriages should be educated in the religion of the parent who belonged to the Russian Church. But the systematic development of the Church, as a means of establishing a religious and political unity of all the inhabitants of Russia, was begun by the Emperor Nicholas, and has been carried on by him with a most energetic perseverance. A population of several millions, belonging to the Greek Church in union with Rome, was in 1839 withdrawn from that union in the most rigorous manner; and many clergymen who refused to adopt the imperial ordinance for the rule of their conscience, were punished by transportation to Siberia. Attempts, and not unsuccessful ones, were made to seduce the Protestant peasantry of the Baltic provinces to join the Russian Church; and the Protestant missionaries, who had been labouring for the conversion of Mahomedans and Pagans in various parts of the empire, were prevented from continuing their labours. In order to give our readers some idea of the immense power which the Russian government derives from its ecclesiastical character, we insert the following extract by a writer who from his long residence in Russia and his thorough knowledge of its language, must be considered as an excellent authority on the subject:—

“He who with attentive ear and eye travels through the wide empire of the Czar, surrounding three parts of the world with its snares, and then traces the sum of his contemplations, will tremble in thought at the destiny which the colossus of nations has yet to fulfil.

“He who doubts of the impending fulfilment of this destiny, knows not history, and knows not Russia.

“However different in origin and interests the strangely mixed hordes may be which constitute this giant realm, there exists one mighty bond which holds them all together—the Byzantine Church! Whoever remains out of it, will soon be forced into it; and ere the coming century begins, all the inhabitants of Russia will be of one faith.

“Already that great net, whose meshes the Neva and the Volga, the Don and the Dnieper, the Kyros and the Araxes, form, incloses a preponderating Christian population, in whose midst the scattered Islamitish race, the descendants of the Golden Horde, are lost like drops in the ocean. What a marvellous disposition of things, that the Russian empire, whose governing principle is the diametrical opposite of the Christian law, should be the very one to make of Christianity the corner, the keystone of its might! And a no less marvellous disposition of things is it, that the Czar, in whatever direction he stretches his far-grasping arms, should find Christian points of

support whereon to knit the threads of fate for the followers of Islam, artfully scattered by him ; that he shou'ld find Armenians at the foot of Ararat, and Georgians at the foot of Caucasus.

"But of what kind is this Christianity, that masses together so many millions of human beings into one great whole, and uses them as moving springs to the manifestations of a power that will sooner or later give the old world a new transformation ?

"Follow me for a moment into the Russian motherland, and throw a flying glance over the religious state of things prevailing there.

"See that poor soldier, who, tired and hungry from his long march, is just performing his sacred exercises, ere he takes his meal and seeks repose.

"He draws a little image of the Virgin from his pocket, spits on it, and wipes it with his coat sleeve ; then he sets it down on the ground, kneels before it, and crosses himself, and kisses it in pious devotion.

"Or enter with me, on a Sunday, one of the gloomy image-adorned Russian Churches. If the dress of those present is not already sufficient to indicate their difference of station, you may readily distinguish them by the manner in which each person makes the sign of the cross. Consider first that man of rank, as he stands before a miracle-working image of a Kazanshian Mother of God, bows slightly before it, and crosses himself notably. Translated into our vernacular, the language of this personage's face would run in something of the following strain -- 'I know that all this is a pious farce, but one must give no offence to the people, else all respect would be lost. Would the people continue to toil for us, if they were to lose their trust in the assurances we cause to be made to them of the joys of heaven ?'

"Now look at that kaftan-clad fat merchant, as with crafty glance and confident step, he makes up to the priest to get his soul freed from the trafficking sins of the past week.

"He knows the priest, and is sure that a good piece of money will meet with a good reception from him ; that is why he goes so carelessly, in the consciousness of being able to settle in the lump the whole of his sinful account. And when the absolution is over, he takes his position in front of the most miraculous image, and makes so prodigious a sign of the cross, that before this act, all the remaining scruples of his soul must vanish away.

"Consider, in fine, that poor countryman, who steals in humbly at the door, and gazes shyly round him in the incense-beclouded spaces. The pomp and the splendour are too much for the poor fellow.

"'God,' he thinks, 'but what a gracious lord the Emperor is, that he lets such fine churches to be built for us poor devils ! God bless the Emperor !'

"And then he steps timidly up to some holy image, where the golden ground and the dark colours form the most glaring contrast, and throws himself down before it, and crosses the floor with his forehead, so that his long hair falls right over his face, and thus he

wearies himself with prostrations and enormous crossings, until he can do no more for exhaustion. For the poorer the man in Russia, the larger the cross he signs and wears."*

It is this type of Christianity that the Czar desires to extend to so many millions of subjects of the Sultan belonging to the Eastern Church, whose present position is greatly superior to that of their brethren in Russia. The Greek Church has never been exposed to systematic persecution by the Sultans of Turkey, who have conferred upon it many valuable privileges, and a larger share of liberty than has been conceded by Russia. A few days after the capture of Constantinople, the conqueror installed a new patriarch of that capital with a ceremonial adopted from that which the Greek emperors observed on similar occasions. The same monarch declared the Greek churches inviolable, granted them many important rights, and shewed all his life so much favour to the new Patriarch Gennadius, that some writers believed him on that account to have been in secret a Christian. This state of things was maintained by Mahmood's successors, and the Greek patriarchs continued to enjoy all their original privileges. Whilst the highest ecclesiastics in Russia are only imperial officials, and have no independent political authority or even influence, the patriarch of Constantinople is a kind of political head of the Greek nation, whose orders are enforced when necessary by the Turkish authorities. His income, as well as that of his bishops, is much larger than that enjoyed by the Russian prelates. The Greek hierarchy cannot therefore be a gainer by exchanging the tolerant rule of the Sultan for that of the Czar, and we believe that, excepting some individual cases, they do not as a body entertain a wish for any such change. The case is different with the lower clergy, particularly in the Slavonic provinces of Servia and Bulgaria, where the prelates are generally Greeks, and unpopular on account of their being foreigners, as well as of their rapacity; whilst the lower clergy, being national and poor, are more open to the influence of Russia, from whom they receive presents in the shape of church-ornaments, devotional books, and pecuniary gifts. There can be no doubt that the Czar has many partisans in that class, which exercises greater influence over the inhabitants of those countries than the upper clergy.

It seems to follow from what we have said that the dangers to which the liberties of mankind are exposed by the progress of the *political-religious power of Russia*, are very serious indeed. We believe that they are greater than those with which civilisation is

* Bodensstedt's "Morning Land, or, Thousand and One Day in the East." Second Series, vol. i. p. 61, *et seq.*

threatened by the *politico-religious power of Rome*, and the reactionary movement which she is now developing with so much vigour in the West. The influence of Rome is immediate and tangible, whilst that of Russia is distant, and one with which the nations of the West have as yet never come into dangerous contact. Popery moreover is a power which has been for centuries in possession of Great Britain, and our ancestors got rid of it only after a severe struggle. The recent reactionary movement all over Europe has been accompanied by an extraordinary effort on the part of Rome to regain its former sway over these islands. Romanism gives constant trouble to our statesmen in Ireland; and penetrates into the bosom of our families, spreading strife and desolation in many hitherto happy homes. It has undoubtedly by these means made considerable progress within the last twenty years, and its pretensions as well as its persecuting spirit increase with the growth of its strength. But the sway of Rome extends over countries far advanced in civilisation, the inhabitants of which are becoming every day more aware of her religious cruels and malign social influences. Her authority has become so weak at the centre, that the government of her chief must be upheld by foreign troops. Moreover, Rome, even in the most palmy days of her power, had never a material force under her direct command, though her moral power could precipitate monarchs from their thrones and re-distribute crowns and kingdoms. Yet as soon as that moral power was weakened, she could no longer command the service of kings, but became not unfrequently herself a tool in their hands. In Russia, on the contrary, the ecclesiastical and political powers are placed in the same hands, and the authority which sends instructions to the ambassadors of the Empire and orders to its generals, dictates pastoral letters to the bishops, and presides in the councils of the Church. Such power is therefore, in many respects, more to be dreaded by the civilized world than that of Rome; and its progress cannot be restrained except by material force, whilst the best means of combating Popery are spiritual and intellectual weapons.

The writer of an article* in the last number of the *Dublin Review*, has discussed the *religious* part of this all-absorbing question,—and this we regard as the most important relation in which it can be contemplated. His views suggest some remarks on the present relations of the Greek and Roman Churches. We do not, of course, object to the right of the author of that article to select the Romish point of view for the discussion of the question, which he has as much right to do as we have to consider it from an opposite side. But we may express our decided opinion that the hope of submis-

* On the Russo-Turkish question.

sion to the Papal supremacy by the Russian Church, in which this article indulges, is quite delusive, and we are able to vindicate our opinion by the testimony of one of the most eminent Catholic writers of our times, who, by a long residence in Russia, has gained a thorough acquaintance with all that relates to that country; we refer to the well-known Count Joseph de Maistre. The writer in the *Dublin Review* rests his hope of the religious revolution to which we have alluded, on the fact that many Russians have deserted their Church for that of Rome, and he supports his opinion by a brilliant quotation from the celebrated Father Lacordaire. There is no doubt about the *fact* of these conversions, though their *number* we believe is inferior to that of our own Anglican perverts. We are by no means surprised that some individuals with whom the external unity and supremacy of the Church is all in all, should prefer the authority of an ecclesiastical to that of an imperial pontiff,—particularly as the two Churches are separated on doctrinal points, of which the great mass of their respective followers have little conception. De Maistre himself quotes passages from liturgical works of the Russian Church, which seem favourable to the supremacy of the Roman Pontiffs. But these works, imported into Russia with the Greek Church, date as early as the eighth century, and consequently refer to a time previous to the separation of the two Churches. The prayers are now, as De Maistre observes, repeated only through the influence of custom, and are systematically contradicted by the doctrine and practice of the Russian Church.

The corruption of the national character of Russia by foreign and domestic despotism, and the miserable state of religion in that country, to which we have already referred, are fully admitted by De Maistre, notwithstanding the compliments with which he tries to soften the severity of his judgment. He ascribes, however, too great a share in the corruption of the national character to the influence of France, which bears only on the upper classes of Russian society, and cannot be extended to the mass of the people, for whose vices the Russian government and church are mainly responsible. We cannot, of course, subscribe to his opinion, that the chief cause of the moral evils of Russia is her separation from the Church of Rome. But we might naturally expect that this able writer should indulge a sanguine hope of the accomplishment of an event which must seem to him so desirable. Yet his judgment on this subject has not been biassed by his predilections. He is decidedly of opinion, that there is no probability of the reunion of the Russian Church with Rome, but judges, on the contrary, that it is more likely that that communion will be *invaded and dissolved by Protestantism*, and—what seems more strange—he even desires this result, as the only means of bringing about an ultimate

union of Russia with Rome. In his opinion, the Protestants themselves will sooner join Rome than the Eastern, or, as he calls them, the Photian Churches. He supports this view by the assumption, that "in all matters of religion, *every church which is not Catholic is Protestant*. In vain," he adds, "has it been attempted to draw a distinction between schismatic and heretical churches. I know well what is meant; but in reality the whole difference lies in words, and every Christian who rejects the communion of the Holy Father is Protestant, or will soon be so."* De Maistre further states, that the Russian Church, though doctrinally more opposed to Protestantism than to Rome, unites with the Lutherans and Calvinists in a common hatred of the Catholic supremacy; and adds, that the most enlightened of the Russian clergy are imbued with Protestant doctrines. He even quotes the evidence of a Latin work, published at Moscow in 1805, by the Archbishop of Tver, on the primitive Church, in which that prelate testifies that a large number of the Russian clergy are Calvinists in their opinions.†

We may add to these statements of De Maistre, the fact that Baron Haxthausen found, in 1842, at the Theological Academy of Troitsa, a Russian priest, who was thoroughly acquainted with German philosophy, and well able to discuss the doctrines of Hegel and Schelling. Many other instances of a similar sort might be adduced, to show the spread of Protestant and even Rationalist ideas among the Russian clergy. If full liberty of private judgment and free inquiry were conceded to the clergy and laity of Russia, we have reason to believe that there is a disposition abroad in that country ready to receive Protestant and liberal opinions with facility. Under the present politico-ecclesiastical system, however, Protestantism has no more chance than Romanism of gaining any influence over the Church of Russia. On the contrary, both must expect to be gradually subjected to a systematic persecution, which will increase with the progressive development of the *ecclesiastical* state-policy of Nicholas. We have already said, that the principal object of this policy is to strengthen the political authority of the Czar, by the associated influence of religion, and thus to concentrate in his hands a material and moral power, such as, perhaps, never has been exercised by the monarchs of any civilized country. This object cannot be fully attained without destroying all foreign religious elements—Romanist and Protestant—which may impede the development of his peculiar type of policy. National

* *The Pope*, p. 302.

† *Hæc sane est disciplina illa (Cætrini) quam plurimi de nostris tantopere laudant decemantque.*

and religious feelings must be identified in such a manner, that the name of Russian and even Slavonian shall become synonymous with that of a follower of the Eastern Church. This union of nationality and religion, once completely established, will indeed form a power which may readily disregard all doctrinal polemics, and firmly maintain its ground, notwithstanding the doubts and even the positive unbelief of its supporters,—its leading object being worldly policy and not the advancement of religion. It will in this respect resemble the paganism of ancient Rome, which was strenuously supported, on national grounds, by those who laughed at its fables, and was preserved by a great part of the old Roman aristocracy for generations after the Cæsars had submitted to the religion of the Cross. The Czars of Russia would not attempt to impose upon their subjects a subscription to theological dogmas, or a strict observance of religious duties; they would be content with a nominal conformity to the national church, joined to a rigorous separation from every other ecclesiastical community.

Is it possible to admit, that a system which is so perseveringly, so laboriously, and, we may add, so successfully developed as that of the Russian ecclesiastico-national polity, should be ever willingly abandoned by a connexion either with Rome or with Protestantism, which, in dissolving its unity, would at once destroy all its political efficiency? There are some Romanists who indulge in the dream of a conquest of Russia by the Western Church, which has always been an object ardently desired by the papacy; but the more clear-sighted champions of that Church know well that they have more to fear than to hope from Russia; and their leading periodicals in France are just now strenuously opposing her proceedings in Turkey. And the politico-religious system of Russia is obviously by its very nature no less hostile to Protestantism than to Romanism. If it opposes the latter as a rival authority, it must dread the former as a revolutionary element, which may attack its vitals and overthrow its power, by undermining its foundation. It is, therefore, a natural consequence of the Russian system, as far as circumstances permit, to maintain a steady antagonism to Protestantism in the Empire, and to oppose its development abroad, particularly in countries whence it may act upon its own subjects. The present Russian aggression on Turkey, so immediately injurious to the material interests of Great Britain, threatens ultimately the missionary progress of Protestantism in the East, with which the names of England and America are so closely connected.

For France the case is even more urgent. The projects of Russian influence in Turkey endanger not only her material

and political interests in the Mediterranean, but also her traditional protectorate of the Latin Churches in the Levant. This protectorate may be said to have begun with the treaty of alliance between Francis I. and Soliman, in 1535, in which a claim of the Latin Christians to the Holy Places was inserted. Since that time the French ambassadors at Constantinople have been wont, on various occasions, to make friendly representations in favour of these Christians. They thus gradually acquired a protectorate over the subjects of the Sultan—nearly a million in number—who acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. In this protectorate France and the Catholic powers have a special interest. If Constantinople were to fall into the hands of Russia, the Latin Christians of the East would be exposed to the persecution of the Greeks, to whom they are more obnoxious than even the Mahomedans. The dangers to which the interests of the Roman Church are exposed by the extension of the power of the Czar in the East, undoubtedly add weight to the other considerations which must make Austria dread the absorption of Turkey by Russia. It is natural to suppose that the increase of influence which the Romish clergy have gained in that country since 1849, will strengthen the anti-Russian party in Austria; but, the decided part which France has now taken against Russia, must concentrate in her hands the chief sway over the Latin Christians of the East, and may probably deprive Austria of any share in that influence.

So much for the natural antagonism to the rest of Christendom, that animates the singular and almost unknown political organization, which Nicholas would now rouse into religious fanaticism and national enthusiasm. As regards the material means of conquest which Russia, thus converted into a vast military church, can employ for the extension of her influence and limits, the following sketch of the Russian soldier, by an author whom we have already quoted, may be interesting to our readers:—

“There is not in the world a droller creature than a Russian soldier. When, for the first time, a young countryman throws over him the grey cloak, and takes the gun on his shoulder, one can think of nothing more unwieldy and awkward than such a being. But this seemingly so unpliant creature shews himself in an astonishingly short time capable of the greatest improvement in any direction. The germ of all that is noble and common, of all that is good and bad, lies hidden in him. It lies of course in all men; but develops itself in the most heterogeneous manifestations among no people so easily and speedily as among the Russians.

“The Russian soldier is brave, cowardly—honest, thievish—human, cruel—diligent, lazy—everything, according to the pattern of his chief. With proper management, everything can be made of him;

but left to himself, he is nothing ; and without the influence of others would carry all his talents undeveloped to the grave, saving a certain good-naturedness and an indestructible hilarity. There is some truth in what a German officer once said to me half in earnest, half in joke. 'If I were to command one of my soldiers to set to on the spot and compose a song, he would not hesitate to obey, and the song would be forthcoming,' whether good or bad we need not stay to determine. At all events, this blind obedience—a child of fear and of firm faith in the infallibility of his guide—forms a peculiar and conspicuous trait in the character of the Russian soldier, as in general of the Russian people.

"This unconditional confidence, which among freer people, not rank and station, but only ascendancy of spirit can secure, has, in Russia, often been the mother of great deeds. Who will not here call to mind, from the late Turkish war, that characteristic anecdote which has preserved to us the words exchanged between a Russian and a German, on the occasion of storming a fort ? The German contemplates the defences with an experienced eye, and gives it as his opinion that it is impossible to take the fort. 'How so ?—impossible !' cries the Russian, amazed ; 'Why, the Emperor has commanded it.'"

We must add, that the author of *The Frontier Land of the Christian and the Turk*, himself a military man, who had an opportunity of examining both the Turkish and the Russian troops, when they conjointly occupied the Danubian principalities in 1850, gives a decided preference to the former. The Turkish artillery is also known to be excellent.* We have already quoted the testimony of Pozzo di Borgo to the efficiency of the Sultan's social and political reforms. But, on the other hand, the Turkish troops are inferior in numbers, and the resources of the Ottoman Empire are not equal to those of Russia. Turkey cannot cope single-handed with the Czar ; but with the assistance of England and France she may set his power at defiance, should he even be joined by Austria in his unprincipled aggression upon an unoffending neighbour.

We expressed, in our last Number, the opinion that war was imminent. Our opinion was founded chiefly on the fact that the Emperor of Russia has made an unprecedented appeal to the *religious* passions of his subjects, from which he cannot recede without injury to the prestige of his power. His rejection of the Turkish modification of the Viennese Note has gone far to confirm our opinion. We have endeavoured in this Article to prove that the present aggression on Turkey is not the result merely of the personal ideas of the reigning monarch, but of circumstances which were urging

* Bodensiedt's "Morning Land," First Series, vol. ii. p. 216.

Russia on Constantinople even during the middle ages, and that this tendency, though interrupted during several centuries, by adventitious causes, resumed its strength as soon as these causes were removed, and has now greatly increased in the course of events, and especially through the recent progressive tendencies of Turkish policy. An aggressive policy towards Turkey has become the recognised policy of Russia. As one of the best proofs of this, we may quote the opinion of the Corsican Pozzo di Borgo, who, though a devoted servant of the Czar, could not be biassed in his judgment of the interests of the Russian state by national feelings and prejudices. The propositions which Russia made to France, England, and Austria in 1825, to settle the affairs of Greece, by an arrangement with the Porte, and to *compel* Turkey to accept this arrangement, being rejected by these powers, Russia considered her influence in the East seriously compromised, and meditated a decided step to regain it. The Emperor Alexander accordingly ordered his ambassadors at London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, to state frankly their opinions on the conduct which the Russian Cabinet should adopt under these circumstances. In answer to this appeal, Pozzo di Borgo declared in his despatch to Count Nesselrode, (dated 16th October 1825,) that "should foreign injustice and jealousy resist our just demands, it becomes our duty to manifest our firmness, and to maintain by force the rights which force would presume to deny to us. If other powers are to take up arms against us, we must be resolved to defend ourselves to the last, without any fear of what the vicissitudes of war or fortune may bring about; and it is impossible to act otherwise without sacrificing the *dignity*, the *rights*, and the *interests* of Russia, which have been endangered." Prince Lieven, Russian Ambassador in England, coincides, in his despatch on the same subject, (dated 18th October 1825,) with the opinion of Pozzo di Borgo, and concludes with the following words:—"If next spring finds Russia in the same position in which she is now, war alone can cut short her difficulties, and this war must be prompt, and take Europe by surprise."* Diplomacy, however, on that occasion gained its point, without having recourse to arms. It seems that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg was satisfied with the position in which Turkey was placed towards Russia, in 1829, by the treaty of Adrianople. That position is described by Count Nesselrode,† in a despatch

* These curious despatches have been very recently published at Paris, under the title of *Recueil des documents utiles à consulter dans la crise actuelle*.

† Count Nesselrode was commissioned by the Emperor to give the Grand Duke Constantine a periodical account of the state of the foreign relations of Russia.

addressed (on the 12th February 1830) to the Grand Duke Constantine in the following remarkable terms:—

“ It depended upon our own armies to march on Constantinople, and to overthrow the Turkish Empire. No power would have opposed it. No immediate danger would have threatened us if we had given the last blow to the Ottoman monarchy in Europe. But the Emperor was of opinion, that this monarchy, reduced to exist only under the protection of Russia, and made to obey no other wishes than hers, suited better our political and commercial interests than any new combination which would have compelled us either to extend our dominions too rapidly by conquest, or to substitute in place of the Ottoman Empire other states which might soon become our rivals in power, civilisation, industry, and riches. It is upon this principle of his Imperial Majesty that our present relations with the Divan are established. Since we thus do not wish the ruin of the Turkish Government, we seek the means of maintaining it in its present dependent state. Since this Government cannot be useful to us except by its dependence, we must demand from it a strict observance of its engagements and a prompt realization of our wishes.”—
Recueil, p. 60.

Here is exactly the state of things predicted by Thugut in 1774:—that Russia will seek to govern Turkey in the name of the Sultan until the favourable moment comes for taking formal possession of the Turkish dominions. Does the Emperor of Russia, we may ask, consider that this “favourable moment” has *now* arrived? Rather, is he not afraid lest the rapid progress which Turkey is making in every kind of social improvement shall render such an occurrence impossible? Does he not perceive that the progress of civilisation and religious liberty among the Christian population of Turkey must render them every day more and more averse to a connexion with Russia; that it will soon be impossible to convert even the natural bonds of a common race and religion into snares for imposing the Muscovite yoke upon the Christians of Turkey,—and, finally, that the spread of Protestantism, propagated among the Armenians by the American missionaries, and which, according to the evidence of Mr. Layard, has, in these years, made great progress, will not only gain ground among the Greeks and Slavonians of Turkey, but thence spreading, diffuse itself through the Russian Church,—a contingency which would be more dangerous to the absolute authority of the Czar, and to the ascendancy of the Russian politico-religious power, than any secular conspiracy, or perhaps even than a European war?

